The California Padres and Their Missions

By J. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders

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By J. Smeaton Chase

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THE CALIFORNIA PADRES AND THEIR MISSIONS. Illustrated.

The California Padres and their Missions

AT MISSION SAN JOSÉ

THE SAN CARLOS MISSION AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS ACTIVITY

The California Padres AND THEIR MISSIONS

BY

CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS
AND J. SMEATON CHASE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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Preface

In making another presentation of the oft-told story of the Franciscan Missions of California, a few words in explanation of the plan of this volume may not be amiss.

A chapter is devoted to each of the Missions, except that the three closely associated Missions near the Golden Gate are treated in one: and each chapter is divided into two sections. In the first section, the historical facts most likely to interest the general reader are discursively woven into a personal narrative, together with matters pertaining to the present-day condition and activities of the establishment. Following upon this, and forming a second section of the chapter, is an essay or story, designed to portray some feature of Mission life or history. While in many instances the treatment of this second section is fictional, when it takes the form of a story it has for its nucleus some tradition or historic fact, in every instance except in Chapters VIII and X, where the story is purely fanciful.

A special feature of the volume is the collection of facts presented (for the first time in popular form, the authors believe) regarding the Padres themselves. Those remarkable characters have been practically unknown, even by name, to the thousands of travelers who every year visit the California Missions, and even to many residents of California: yet many of them deserve to be household names in the land they did so much to civilize. The Franciscans were never self-advertisers, and the personal element in their written records is accordingly very meager. Nevertheless, by gleaning a little here and a little there, one gets a fair taste of their quality, finding them in general a very human and lovable sort.

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Preface

For the facts regarding both the Missionaries and the Missions, the authors are indebted particularly to Fr. Francisco Palóu's *Life of Junípero Serra* and *Noticias;* the narratives of such travelers as Vancouver, Beechey, and Duflot de Mofras; the books of residents under the Mexican régime, such as Alfred Robinson and William Heath Davis; and the histories of Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt and Hubert Howe Bancroft. To Father Alexander Buckler, of Mission Santa Inés, and Father St. John O'Sullivan, of Mission San Juan Capistrano, an especial meed of thanks is due for invaluable assistance on many points, as well as for hospitalities enjoyed by the authors which have been peculiarly serviceable in putting them in touch with somewhat of the Missions' inner life that it would not otherwise have been possible to obtain.

C. F. S.
J. S. C.

Pasadena, California,
December, 1914.

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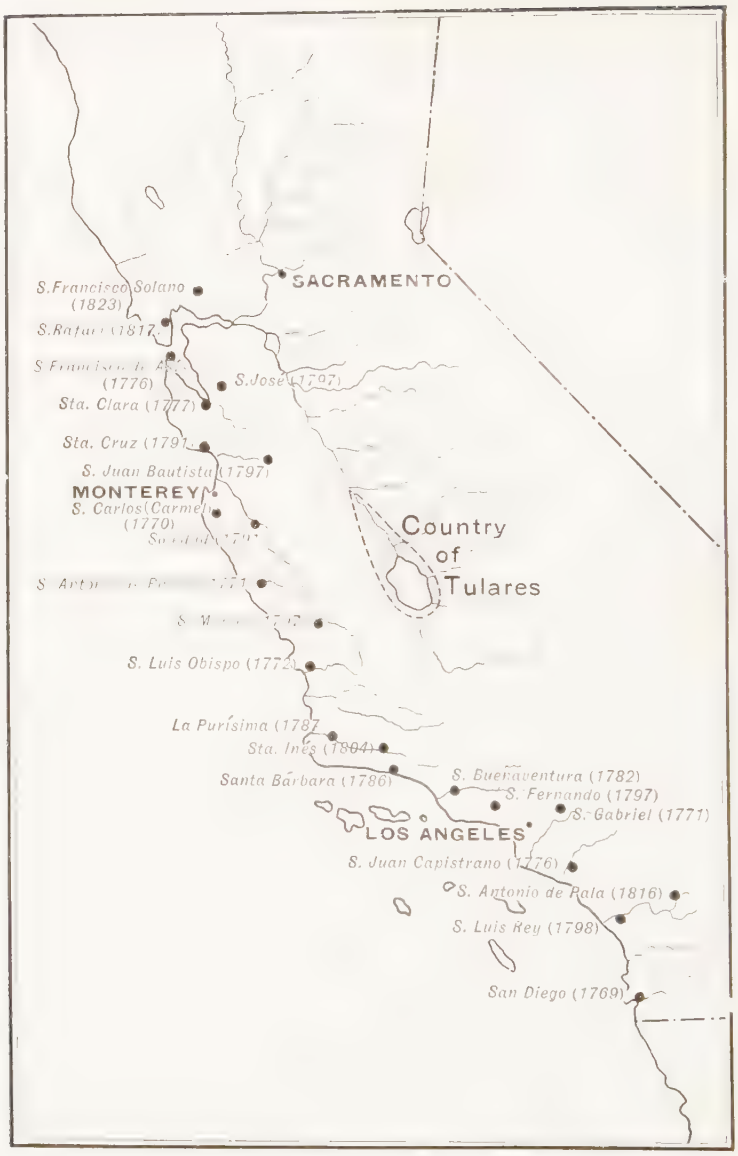
Chapter One

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ



MAP SHOWING APPROXIMATE SITUATIONS OF THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

I

San Diego de Alcalá, the Mother Mission, and how the Devil had a Beating there

San Diego's antiquities center at Old Town — the adobe cradle of modern California. There, in the spring of 1769, foregathered the friars and leather-jacketed soldiers, the ships and the mule trains, the servants and the cattle of Portolá's motley expedition; their purpose, to make a start at insuring the title of Catholic Spain to her long-claimed Upper California coast, upon which Russia and England were showing signs of pouncing; the means, not arms, but religion. And there on July 16 of that year, upon the slope of a hill overlooking the San Diego River Valley and the placid mirror of False Bay, was founded very modestly the Mother Mission of California, and dedicated to St. James of Alcalá. A wooden cross had been planted and blessed and a little brush chapel constructed, and in it high mass was celebrated by Padres Junípero Serra and Fernando Parrón. A few soldiers, muleteers and Indian servants from the Missions of Lower California, kneeled on the ground while the aid of Mary Most Holy was implored for this undertaking of her suppliants who were zealous to put to flight the army of hell in the region roundabout, and place upon its savage folk the easy yoke of Christ.

To-day all that remains of those beginnings of civilization in California is one ancient date palm and some mounds of melted adobe. Amid the latter rises a huge cross, built of pieces of square tile and bearing a commemorative inscription in Spanish and English. There were some little girls watching

me idling about, and I asked one where the tiles came from — from the old Mission buildings? "Oh, no, sir," she replied joyously; "they come out of the ground. Us girls helped pick 'em" — which I record as first-hand evidence for future antiquaries.

It seems that first site proved undesirable for at least two reasons — proximity to the Presidio's corrupting influences, and lack of fertile soil at hand. The buildings were accordingly turned over to the Presidio in 1774, and a fresh start was made with the Mission at a place two leagues farther up the river where was an Indian *ranchería* called Nipáguay. That is the site of the Mission as we know it to-day, and, because of the adjacent aboriginal village, it was often referred to as San Diego de Nipáguay.

I found it a pleasant five-mile walk on an old-fashioned country road from Old Town to the Mission. Cattle grazed in the river bottom, half hidden in *guatamote*, as old San Diegans call the groundsel bushes; little ranch houses smiled at me from amidst their palms and olives, figs and pomegranates; and far ahead the mountains lifted their alluring peaks, cumulus clouds, thrust up by the desert, drifting along them. By this way walked the old[1] Padres, sandal-shod, journeying between Mission and port; and along it, too, the screeching ox carts, piled with hides and tallow, jolted their slow way to the beach when the droghers of Yankeedom awaited them there. No ox carts or Padres passed me, but an occasional automobile did; and from the crest of the hills that walled the little valley in at the south, the trim bungalows and villas of twentieth-century San Diego looked coldly down. Only a shy wild "rose of Castile," lifting its blessed face from the wayside

[1] I say "old," merely meaning long ago. In point of fact, most of the Missionaries were youngish men — at least on the sunny side of forty — when they entered into their wilderness work. It took the enthusiasm and physical vigor of life's prime to carry forward an enterprise of that sort.

tangle, and the meadowlarks pouring liquid melody down the air, spoke of the Padres' day.

Where the highway turns to cross the stream by a bridge, I cut down by an old wagon track through the willows and across the dry river bed to reach the Mission by the back way. Skirting the old olive orchard, whose olives, tradition says, were the equal of Seville's, I came to a white cross attached to a boxlike arrangement of paling fence, such as often encloses graves in Mexican cemeteries. There was no inscription, and the whole affair was tottering on the brink of a gully. A teamster was resting his horses near by and refreshing himself with a pull at his pipe.

"That marks where a priest dropped once when he was killed by the Indians," he remarked, in reply to my inquiry. "Yess'r. You see, it was like this. In them days the Mission up there — you see it on the hill — was all walled in, they say, and this here priest, he was a young fellow, yess'r, and enthusiastic like, and he said, begosh, *he'd* go outside and preach to the Indians, and the wall be hanged to it. Yess'r; and so he did; and, while he was preaching, one of them red devils up and shot him dead with a bow and arrow. Yess'r; and the Padre he dropped in his tracks, with his head where the cross is and his legs the other direction. They put that fence there to mark the place. Of course, the priest ain't there: they buried him up at Old Town safe enough. This here fence gits rotten every once in so often, and then they put up a new one. They're mighty partic'lar about that. Yess'r."

In such crabbed fashion is the story of California's first Christian martyrdom passed along; for the little cross does stand for that — hallowing the spot where, so far as known, Padre Luis Jayme[1] was brutally murdered. San Diego de

[1] There is a difference of authorities about this name. Engelhardt, who ought to know, writes it as above, which is the spelling in the Spanish text

Nipáguay had been established little over a year, and the zeal of Padre Jayme and his *compañero*, Fr. Vicente Fuster, had been blessed with many conversions. On a single day, indeed, October 3, 1775, the remarkable record of sixty baptisms was made. This conspicuous encroachment upon the devil's kingdom, as Padre Palou, the Franciscan historian, saw the matter, aroused "the infernal fury," and two apostate neophytes were diabolically inspired to spread a report throughout the tributary territory that the Padres had started a campaign to force all gentiles to embrace Christianity willy-nilly. Accordingly, a plot was hatched involving about five hundred gentiles[1] to wipe the Mission out of existence.

Of this plot the Fathers had no warning: and when, in the middle of the night of November 4–5, Indian shouts and the glare of burning buildings aroused them from their beds, they thought only of some accident having occurred, and rushed out to see what. Fray Luis ran into the midst of a yelling mob whom, taking them for his neophytes, he saluted with the customary "*Amar á Dios, mis hijos*" — "Love God, my children." The response was a cruel shower of blows from wooden swords and stones, under which the blinded friar dropped; and then, like the proto-martyr of Christianity, he "fell asleep," a prayer upon his lips. When his body was found next day, near the river, it was, Palou tells us, without other garment than a garment of blood — a mass of wounds from head to foot — "only his consecrated hands uninjured."

of Palou's *Life* of Serra. Bancroft, on the other hand, uniformly writes it Jaume, which I notice is the spelling of Serra's manuscript preface to the San Diego Mission Book of Deaths and Burials.

[1] In the language of the Franciscans, the unchristianized Indians were called "gentiles." When baptized and attached to the Mission, they were *neófitos*, i.e., neophytes. Perhaps it need hardly be said that baptism, far from being forced on the Indians, was administered only after preliminary instruction; except, of course, in the case of infants, and then parents were consenting.

The total white population, opposed to that frenzied mob of five hundred, was but nine men and two boys. Of the eleven, two were killed outright and one mortally wounded [1] before the situation was realized; and one marvels that a single Spaniard lived to tell the tale. The remaining eight were soon forced out of the blazing buildings and took refuge in a small adobe enclosure, about eight feet square. Here, assailed on all sides, they fought it out with the courage of old Romans, their musketry and prayers to the saints pitted against Indian arrows, stones, and firebrands. In this devoted band (all, sooner or later, suffering from wounds) Padre Fuster made a striking figure. While two men reloaded the muskets and handed them up to the corporal to fire at the savages, who continued discharging their missiles under cover of the dark, this doughty friar covered with his outspread skirts the stock of gunpowder, thus perilously shielding it from falling firebrands. His trust in God was sure, but he was the sort that keeps the powder dry, too.

With the dawn the cowardly crew made off to the hills. The night of horror was ended, and the neophytes, who claimed to have been imprisoned in their huts by the gentiles during the fight, straggled in to talk it over around the Mission's smoking ashes. Serra, when the news reached him, thanked God for the blessing of a martyr; for, now that the land was watered with such blood, gentilism could not longer hold out, he thought. Of course, the military government was for bloody vengeance; but Serra pleaded forgiveness, and, through his

[1] This man was a carpenter named Urselino, who gave a remarkable exhibition of practical Christianity. He was sick at the time of the attack, and some Indians shot arrows into him as he lay in bed. Feeling himself mortally struck, he cried: "*Ha, Indio, que me has muerto! Dios te lo perdone!*" ("Ah, Indian, you have killed me. May God forgive you!") He died a few days later, but, before he died, made a will, and, having no legal heirs, he left his estate (the savings of his wages for some years) to the selfsame Indians who had murdered him. Had a king done so, would not all the school-books record it?

influence with the Viceroy, carried his point — gaining for his graceless Indians a literal application of the law of Christ; but, like the practical dreamer he was, he did not object to an increase in the Mission guard. "Let the living Padres," he exhorted, "be guarded as the apple of God's eye; but let the dead one be left to enjoy God: and thus good be returned for evil." There was no further uprising. The Mission was rebuilt the following year, Serra himself working with the rest, and the "conquest" was peacefully resumed as if nothing had happened. So successfully, indeed, did it proceed that San Diego was the first Mission to score one thousand baptisms, and was for years the most populous of all. Obviously Satan had met his match in Padre Junípero.

The Mission church, whose façade we now see, is not that which rose from the ashes of 1775, but is of much later date, having been finished and dedicated in November, 1813. It was never architecturally ambitious, but the present wreck gives little idea of the original look. An old painting now in St. Joseph's rectory, San Diego, shows a triple-storied belfry at the west corner of the church. There were corridors, too, extending not only along the front of the *convento* wing where the Padres' living-rooms were (now practically gone), but before the church entrance also.

It would seem as though of all the landmarks in California this Mother Mission should be especially cherished, holding as it does somewhere within its bounds the dust of the martyr Jayme, as well as of others of Serra's "seraphic and apostolic squadron"; yet none has been more shamefully treated. The French traveler Duflot de Mofras found it in 1841 in sad disrepair, its fields and vineyards waste for want of workers, and the only occupants of the decaying buildings one white family, a few Indians, and faithful old Padre Vicente Pascual de Oliva, an Arragonese Franciscan who had been there since

1820. His companion friar for sixteen years, Padre José Bernardo Sanchez, had passed away years before at San Gabriel. Fat and jovial with a kind word for everybody, Padre José died at last of a broken heart, it is said, because of the secularization of the Missions.[1] In 1846 Padre Vicente, too, gave up the game, departing sadly to San Juan Capistrano where soon he was laid to rest. Then came the American soldiers, during the war with Mexico, occupying the buildings as barracks and stables; and after them followed the stripping of timbers and tiles by *rancheros* in need of building material.

To-day the Mission is all but abandoned. There are still a few acres of land belonging to it, which are farmed out, and from 1891 until four or five years ago, a Sisters' school for Indian children flourished in a big barn of a building erected for the purpose hard by the Mission church. Some Federal law put a quietus on that educational effort, and now the schoolhouse is as silent as the Mission, save when divine service is held, as it is occasionally, in its tiny chapel. The visiting priest — a quiet, kindly Frenchman — happened to be present the day of my call, and showed me what there was to be seen: a few relics in the chapel, the remains of some ancient irrigation works that brought water from miles back in the hills, the old well at the foot of the slope whence a tunnel ran up to the Mission to connect the Fathers with their water

[1] Secularization, it may not be amiss to say, was in effect the depriving of the Missionaries of all control over the Mission's temporalities, which then reverted to the State, barring provision of a bit of land to each neophyte family. These Indians, however, seem rarely to have had wit enough to hold it long against white cupidity and *aguardiente*. The Missions thus became reduced from what were practically great ecclesiastical manors to the status of parish churches. With this change of estate, the Missionaries in some instances left for fresh fields of usefulness: in other cases, remained with shorn authority as curates, to serve the Indians as spiritual fathers so long as life was spared them and there were any Indians left to serve.

supply in event of an Indian siege. And, of course, the olive orchard was to be inspected — the first planted in California — and the fine old date palms.

Excepting Carmel, no other Mission is so intimately associated with Junípero Serra as is San Diego, though these associations cluster more particularly about the original site at Old Town. It was there that occurred that dramatic victory of his faith which is credited with saving the whole Mission enterprise from the defeat that threatened it at its very outset. This first Mission began amid great discouragement. Scurvy had attacked the Spaniards to such an extent that their camp on the shores of the bay was literally a hospital, and men were daily dying. As time ran on, food supplies became low; the Diegueño Indians, by no means of a kindly sort, were thieving and troublesome and had finally to be taught the lesson of gunpowder and lead to be held in check at all. Moreover, they were so indifferent to missionary effort that, for the first twelve months, not a single convert was made. Then the expedition of Portolá northward in quest of the lost port of Monterey, had returned after six months' absence, reduced to the verge of starvation, "with the merit of having suffered much, eaten their mules, and finding no such port as Monterey," as Serra puts it. Worst of all, a ship that had been dispatched early in July (1769) to Mexico for supplies and reinforcements, had still not returned in the following February, and the days could be counted to the bottom of the barrel. Accordingly Portolá, as commander of the expedition, notified Serra that if succor did not arrive by the day of the Feast of St. Joseph (that is, March 19, 1770), he would start back with all to Mexico on the day following. Remonstrance was futile. The bluff *comandante* declared the Mission might be a failure, anyhow, and he had not brought his men to that wilderness to perish of hunger.

This decision, if carried out, meant the postponement indefinitely, if not forever, of Serra's passionate desire to rescue Alta California from the grip of Satan — a glorious spiritual conquest which was the dream of his mediæval soul. It was in anticipation of such a triumph that he had purposely selected for the founding of this first of his Missions the date of July 16, which, in the Catholic calendar, is the feast day of the Triumph of the Holy Cross — the day in 1212 when Spanish Christendom, under that holy standard on the field of Las Navas de Tolosa, broke forever the Moorish power in Spain. All the zeal of his intense spirit flamed up at the thought of possible frustration to his hopes, now, of all times, when the enemy was before his eyes. It had taken one hundred and sixty-six years since Vizcaino's christening of the harbor of San Diego de Alcalá, to get an expedition there to found the Mission. If, now, this expedition departed, abandoning the pitiful little tule buildings to rot away within their stockade, might not its going be forever — *para siempre jamás?* Night and day, Serra besieged the Throne of Heaven with his prayers, imploring God to bring the relief ship quickly that the work, undertaken for his glory, might go on. Meantime the heroic priest made up his mind that, even if the expedition did desert, he would himself remain if one friar would stay with him, and Padre Juan Crespí said he would be the one. Joyous Padre Juan! Is it any wonder that, as we shall see later, Serra's dying wish was to lie forever by his side at Carmel? So, we find Serra comfortably taking advantage of some soldiers' going south to dispatch a letter to Palou in one of the Lower California Missions, requesting him to send up a supply of incense and holy oils. Of course, Heaven helped such a spirit.

The Feast of St. Joseph at last arrived, but no sign of the ship; and the preparations for departure, which had been car-

ried on simultaneously with Serra's praying, were complete for the following morning. For nine consecutive days at the last, prayers had been addressed to St. Joseph himself, as patron of the California Spiritual Conquest (he had been so nominated before the expedition set out from Mexico), and the invocations culminated in a high mass. Then, as evening drew on, a response came. To the eyes of watchers scanning the lonely waters of the South Sea there appeared with perfect distinctness a ship: and then it disappeared. But the sight was enough to stagger Portolá, and the Mission got a reprieve. Four days later, the relief ship was seen heading gallantly into the harbor. She had, it seems, on leaving Mexico been ordered to make directly for Monterey where it was expected the Portolá party would then be; but mishaps in the region of the Santa Bárbara channel had forced her to put about and make for San Diego for repairs. Was that vision of St. Joseph's day really the ship, or was it a miracle graciously vouchsafed in response to the prayers of faith? Pious Padre Palou, who has recorded the details in his "Life" of Serra, has no doubt about its being a case of heavenly intervention; and had you been through all that lonely little band of Spaniards underwent for the best part of a year, you, too, would doubtless join with them in giving God and St. Joseph the credit. As for Serra, so great were his joy and gratitude that he said high mass in honor of the Patriarch on the nineteenth of each month thereafter till the end of his life.

The Fulton Sheen Guild
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II

Padre Urbano's Umbrella

Padre Urbano, priest in charge of the Mission of San Diego, was in a bad humor. If he had been asked what was the most necessary article in the cargo of the supply ship Santiago on the first of her half-yearly visits in the year 1830, he would almost certainly have said, the umbrella. The candles were important, no doubt; so was the new altar-cloth, for the present one had become shockingly worn under the unskillful treatment of the Indian *lavanderas;* so were the seeds, all the more so because he had included in the list seeds for an onion-bed, and onions were a delicacy to which his soul had long been a stranger. And many others of the articles he had named in his requisition had passed from a state of shortage into one of absolute vacancy on the storeroom shelves. But foremost in his thoughts was the umbrella. He had specified it with care, — such an umbrella as he had used in Spain, before ever he came to this destitute and heathen land; the size, a *vara* and a half across; the material, silk; the color, yellow; and as the warm spring sun smote ever more fervently upon his tonsured head, his thoughts had daily turned with yearning towards the good, ample *quitasol* that was to shield him from the fiery persecutions of his enemy, the prince of the power of the air.

Well, the vessel had come that day, and with it the umbrella; and now, most cruelly dashing his long-cherished hopes, one of his Indians had stolen it! Moreover, to-morrow he was to start on his annual visitation of the outlying stations, and he had especially relied for comfort, on that long, hot, dusty round, upon the umbrella, — the fiend fly away

with the miscreant who had taken it! thought the Father in his wrath.

This is how it happened: The ship had sailed into the bay at early morning, and the lieutenant at the fort had straightway sent a runner up to the Mission with the cheering news, adding that the articles for the Father's personal use had been thoughtfully packed separately from the heavier goods, and the captain had obligingly kept the special package in his own cabin, so that it could be delivered to the expectant consignee at once on arrival. The Father had immediately dispatched two of his most trusted Indians, Pio and José, to receive the goods, which the captain had promised to have brought ashore in the first boat-load.

The sergeant who delivered the goods to the Indians, in order to make the unwieldy package easy of transportation by the two men over the two leagues of road that lay between the bay and the Mission, had unwisely opened it in the presence of the Indians, so as to arrange the contents in two loads. The men had each taken one of the bundles and started for the Mission. In due course, José had arrived with his load, but alone, and in explanation had reported that at a mile or two from the bay his companion had fallen behind — to rest, as he supposed — while he continued on his way. After a time he had waited for Pio to come up, but the latter had not rejoined him. José had left his own load by the roadside and gone back to see what had become of him, but no trace was to be found of either Pio or his burden. There was nothing for him, José, to do but to continue on his way with his own part of the Padre's property, and here he was. Pio would doubtless come soon with the remainder.

But Pio had not come, and the Father's fears, born as he listened to José's story, grew into angry certainty as hours passed and no Pio appeared. Examination of José's bundle

had revealed the altar-cloth, the ink, the sugar, the onion-seed, some books, and a few of the articles of clothing he expected, but the umbrella and part of the clothes were numbered with the missing; and though the clothes were not only valuable but much needed, somehow it was the umbrella that made the head and front of the crime in the Father's mind. Calling the Indians together after vespers, he announced the theft, denounced the thief, and pronounced his severest displeasure, with punishments proportionate, against any who should fail to do all in his or her power toward the apprehension of that ungrateful sinner, Pio.

Let us see what had become of the rascal from the time when he disappeared. He had really dropped behind to rest, as José had supposed; but while resting, the desire had come to him to look again at that strange thing in his package. What could it be? He had seen the sergeant take it out of the box, a long, thin object; then he put his hand somewhere on it, and pushed, and, wonderful! it had changed in an instant into a huge flower! Such a flower! Yellow like a sunflower, nay, like a thousand sunflowers, or the sun itself. Then he had done something again, and all at once it was as it had been at first. Talk about magic! All the things his father, old Klaquitch, the medicine-man, used to do were nothing to this. He simply must have another look at it, and now was his chance, while José, who might tell the Padre, could not see. He slipped the cords from the bundle and took out the thing of mystery. A long stick, with some yellow cloth rolled round one end: but how to turn it into the other wonderful thing? He could not resist trying, and he felt about the stick, pushing this way and that, as he had seen the soldier do, and — it began to open. He pushed again — it was done; behold the magic sunflower, beautiful, wonderful! And turning it round and round he feasted his eyes on it, the most astonishing

thing he had ever seen; yes, and done, for he, Pio, knew how to make the Big Flower open.

That is where the tempter caught him. What power that would give him over the other Indians! What was Kla-quitch, with his painted sticks and bones, compared with him, if only he were the possessor of this marvel! He should need no other stock in trade as medicine-man. The people would pay well to have it opened — that would be good medicine: and simply keeping it shut would be bad medicine: — delightfully easy! How did it shut, by the by? He fumbled at the stick, but it did not close: he pushed and pulled, it made no difference. He pressed on the cloth; an ominous creaking warned him that Big Flower objected to being shut by force, and threatened to break.

A nice fix he was in now: the genie he had raised would not down! He grew hot and cold by turns. José was far ahead by now: he ought to overtake him, but he could not appear before the Padre like this. He did not know what the purpose of the thing was, but most likely it had something to do with the Church, and he knew how strict the Padre was about even the handling of such objects. What should he do? The tempter had the answer ready, — there was only one thing he *could* do, — run away with the magic thing and be a medicine-man, as his father had been, only he would be a much more powerful and cunning one. Sly tempter! Poor Pio! He had only meant to nibble, and here he was, fairly hooked.

Well, since he was in for it, he had better get away before any one saw him. He caught up the clothes and the umbrella and hurried off into the brush. It was not easy for him to make his way along with the obstreperous load, and he soon discovered that the best way to manage the umbrella was to carry it over his head. Very comforting he found it, too, though it did not for a moment occur to him that this was its

real purpose. His plan was to go to his father's tribe, the Elcuanams, in the mountains far away. There he should be safe from the Padre, and should also have the prestige of his father's reputation. If there were another medicine-man in the tribe Pio could easily outrank him and capture the business. So he made a long détour, and came back by evening to the valley, but a mile or two above the Mission. It would be easier to travel with Big Flower by keeping to the river-bed instead of going through the brush, which constantly threatened to tear it. He had a faint idea that it might close of its own accord at evening, and glanced up anxiously several times to see if it was doing so; but evidently it was not that kind of flower.

He heard the bells of the Mission ringing the Angelus, and shuddered as he thought of the wrathful Padre, no doubt now denouncing him publicly as a thief and renegade, and he hurried on till dark, when he found a sheltered spot and lay down. The night was chilly, and after a time the thought came to him that Big Flower would make a fine shelter: so he got up and arranged it so as to keep off the wind. Another idea: the clothes, why not put them on and be warm? It seemed a terrible thing to do, but he was running away from the Padre anyhow, so he might as well be comfortable as not. He got up again and spread out the clothes in the dim light: two woolen undershirts, two pairs of unmentionables to match, four large handkerchiefs of red silk, three pairs of blue woolen stockings, and a queer, three-cornered article, white, with strings, which he took to be some kind of pouch, but, by a happy thought, found to make an agreeable protection for the head. Also there was a pair of thick slippers of dark felt. He rolled the handkerchiefs up in a ball, and then drew on all the other garments except the slippers, not troubling to first remove his own scanty clothes consisting of a cotton jacket

and pantaloons. He now felt pretty comfortable, and lying down again was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke it was early morning. It was still cold, and he kept the clothes on. Indeed, it occurred to him that this was just the thing to do; it was much easier than carrying the bundle in one hand while Big Flower occupied the other. He would still have the slippers to carry, for he saw that they would soon be worn out if he wore them. With a few edible roots and berries he made a sort of breakfast, not without pensive recollection of the warm *atole* now being dished out at the Mission. When he was ready to go on he thought of the morning prayers at the Mission, and believing Big Flower to be something connected with the Church, the natural thing to do was to say his prayers before it, which he did, and then started on his way. After a few miles he knew he was near the shut-in valley (which we call El Cajon) and he remembered that there were Indians there who might know him. It is doubtful, really, whether any of his acquaintances would have stopped to recognize him had they caught sight of the figure he made, for it is safe to say that no such spectacle had ever been seen thereabouts as our friend Pio made, attired in the Father's underclothes, adorned with a nightcap, and carrying in one hand a vast yellow umbrella and in the other a pair of slippers. The handkerchiefs, much too fine to be wasted, he had tied together by the corners and made into a sash, such as he had seen the Mexican *caballeros* wear; and in his piebald of red, white, and blue, he made altogether a decidedly striking appearance.

As he was considering turning aside and making another détour, he had an object lesson of the effect he produced upon his countrymen. An Indian appeared at a little distance. He was gathering wood, and as he straightened from stooping his eyes fell upon Pio. With a yell he dropped his load and fled at

topmost speed, emitting such sounds as we try, but vainly, to utter in a nightmare. This, though a tribute to Pio's impressive aspect, and a gratifying omen of his success in the rôle of medicine-man, was also a warning of danger. He dived again into the brush and devoted strenuous hours to threading his way through thickets of chaparral until he emerged on the trail that led northeast into the heart of the mountains. Big Flower was happily intact, and the nightcap also except for a missing string, but the outer layer of the other garments had paid toll to many an affectionate scrub-oak and manzanita, and the stockings that had stood the brunt were practically footless. Pio surveyed the damage ruefully, and rebuked himself for not having preserved his new property by wearing his own clothes outside. He would make the change now, and as it was getting hot he decided to wear only one set of the undergarments (the damaged ones) under his own clothes, and to carry the others. When the change was made, he hurried on. He had made one or two more attempts to make Big Flower close, but had not succeeded, so he now marched along in a businesslike way under the great parasol, apparently an Indian gentleman more than usually careful of his complexion, taking a brisk walk.

One thing, however, he had to attend to, the question of food, for he was getting very hungry. He was now on a steep trail that led up to the valley now known as the Santa María, and there, he knew, was another *ranchería*, or village. Here, too, he might be known, but he must take the chance: he must have food, and would boldly go and ask for it. As he pushed his way through the trees he came unexpectedly upon three fat squaws who were sitting beside the creek, pounding acorns and grass seeds into meal. Just as he saw them, they saw him, umbrella, nightcap, slippers, and all. There was one shriek, or rather, a trio of shrieks that sounded like one, and the

women rushed like deer (albeit very fat deer) down the creek, and Pio heard them gabbling at top voice to what he knew must be the assembled and startled *rancheria*.

Our friend was a philosophical fellow, as we have seen, and as the natural thing to do was to gather up the little piles of meal, tie them up in the extra shirt, and make off with them, he did it. There was no need now for him to trouble the village, so he quietly withdrew by the way he had come, and, guided by the excited sounds that still reached his ears, made a roundabout way back to the trail, striking it beyond the village. At the next water, he mixed some of the meal into a gruel and ate it. It was not very palatable, and again he thought of the good food at the Mission, from which he was now forever debarred. But a look at Big Flower, gleaming like a great golden mushroom in the sun, consoled him, as he thought of the wealth and power he would enjoy among his tribe by means of this unparalleled marvel.

Night found him halfway between the Santa María Valley and the next higher one, to which the Spaniards who had first seen it had given the name of Ballena, from the long mountain, like a whale in outline, that shuts it in on the northwest. He found water, made a fire in the time-honored Indian way by rubbing two dry sticks together, and cooked the remaining meal. There was enough for a good supper, and some over, which he made into little cakes, drying them hard on the hot stones. He put on all the clothes again to sleep in, and made a wind-break as before with the umbrella. It was really more comfortable than the hard bed in his hut at the Mission, and he felt more than contented, even jubilant, over the change in his fortunes.

In the morning he said his prayers again before Big Flower, and started on his way early. He had pulled on the extra clothing at night over what he was then wearing, and as the

morning was cold, and the trail good, so that the clothes would not be harmed, he did not take them off, except the extra stockings, nor change so as to wear his own outside. Thus he again presented the tricolor aspect that had paralyzed the natives he had met. It now occurred to him to make a little experiment, a sort of trial canter, of his new profession, upon the Indians in the next valley. He was not far now from his own village of the Elcuanams, and might as well be getting into training. He would avoid surprising any stragglers at the next village, and would get into touch with the head men, explaining that he was the long-lost son of Kla-quitch, who had escaped after all these years from the Mission, and had come back, learned in all the knowledge of the white men and armed further with this most wonderful appliance of magic, to take his place as hereditary medicine-man of his tribe. He should see by that means what sort of impression he would be likely to make on his own people. Nominally they were Christians; but they were hardly ever visited by the priest, and he knew that the bulk of them were still much as in his father's day, and still placed reliance on the fetishes of the shamans.

Accordingly he made his approaches to the Ballena village with caution. It was about noon when he came near, and he could see, as he reconnoitered, that a group of men were talking together in the open space about which the houses were irregularly placed. That was excellent. He crept cautiously near, having some trouble to keep the umbrella out of sight till the psychological moment: and then, holding it high overhead with one hand and the slippers and extra garments in the other, in token of amity, he uttered the orthodox Indian greeting which answers to our "How d' ye do?" and advanced upon them.

They looked up all together: there was a yell that wakened

echoes that had slept for many a year; and in a twinkling the plaza (so to call it) was empty but for himself, and the braves were dodging about behind the houses in mortal terror of the hideous monster, worse than the white men, for he was an unheard-of, polychromatic kind of being, not only white, but red, blue, and yellow as well. It was no doubt the monster of whom the priest had warned them, who would appear one day, if they were not careful of their Christian duties (and they could not say they had been), and destroy them all and burn their village. The thing he had in his hand was doubtless the torch — see how it shone, just like fire! In vain poor Pio declaimed his speech: it fell on ears too demoralized to hear; and when one or two of them began to fit arrows to their bowstrings, the best thing to do was plainly to beat a prompt retreat. This he did, holding Big Flower ignominiously behind him to catch the arrows that he expected every moment to hear whizzing about him.

He ran for some distance till he was out of sight of the inhospitable village, and then sat down to rest and think. The adventure began to take on an unpleasant complexion. If every one he came near acted like this he could not be a medicine-man, for there would be no one on whom to practice; and the bow and arrow episode was really alarming. What if his own people refused to hear him? No one would recognize him there, for he was a boy when he had been taken to the Mission, and he had never been chosen to accompany the Padre on his rare visitations to the Elcuanams, as it had been thought wise not to allow him to return to the old surroundings. What had he better do? Of course he might discard Big Flower and all the other fine things, and return to his people an undistinguished runaway from the Mission (as not a few others had done, to the scandal of good Father Urbano); but he could not bring himself to that, not yet, at least. Well, he would

go on: probably the well-remembered name of Kla-quitch would make it all right.

His discouragement over the Ballena reception caused him to travel slowly, and it was nearly sunset when he drew near the Elcuanam village. It had been a cool day, so he had kept all the clothes on (except the extra stockings). The village was in an open place, near the upper end of a wide valley, and he could see it and be seen from it for a good distance. He could not think of a better plan of operations than the one he had tried at Ballena, badly as it had worked there: namely, to maneuver so as to make his first appearance when a number of the chief men were together, and then get the name of Kla-quitch to their ears as quickly as possible. That would arrest their attention, and further particulars could follow.

When he came in sight of the *ranchería* he stopped and sat down to bide his time. Only a few women and children and an old man or two were about: the braves were probably out hunting, or, perhaps, bravely sleeping until the squaws should announce that supper was served. So he waited, hidden behind a rise of ground. At last the men, to the number of ten or a dozen, had congregated for the evening lounge and powwow. Pio slipped into the shadow of one of the little houses whence he could issue in full view of the conclave. He settled the nightcap on his head, grasped the umbrella in one hand and the slippers and stockings in the other, and at a lull in the conversation advanced. He had decided to dispense with the "How d'ye do?" in order to play his best card at once: so as he stepped into the light of the fire he merely uttered in a loud tone the word "Kla-quitch," to catch their attention. He succeeded. A dozen startled heads turned toward him, and as he spoke his talisman again, and moved toward them, there came a hysterical howl from a dozen most unmusical throats, and his audience, followed by the women, children,

and dogs of the village, all shrieking in chorus, vanished into the night. It was a striking tribute to the memory and prowess of Kla-quitch (who, it was naturally supposed, had appeared and announced his return from the spirit world); but it was far from being what his son and intending successor had hoped.

This was the very dickens (or whatever the Elcuanam equivalent may be), for poor Pio! Whatever was he to do now? He prowled about among the houses trying to find some one to whom to explain, but the panic had swept even the old men and women away. He could hear the people calling to one another from their spots of refuge, and ever the burden of the shout was either "Kla-quitch!" or "Yellow!" — that is to say, the Elcuanam word for that suddenly unpopular color. He began to feel bitterly toward Big Flower, the cause, it seemed, of so much trouble, and even toward his departed parent, whose name, so long after his death, was such very bad medicine as to wreck his son's chances everywhere.

He squatted down by the fire, hoping that some of the men would return after a time, but none came. After sitting again by the fire for two hours or so, hoping vainly for company and pondering on his doubtful future, he felt sleepy, and stretched out with his feet to the blaze, not forgetting to set up his wind-break, really the only thing, he began to think, that Big Flower was good for.

He did not wake till morning, when he looked round anxiously. He could see the whole population gathered a quarter of a mile away, pointing toward him and skirmishing for the best positions for viewing his actions. Evidently he was taboo for good and all, and the vision he had had of himself as the feared and prosperous medicine-man of his tribe had been a very fancy portrait: feared he certainly was, but there it ended. It looked as if he had to choose between being a

medicine-man all by himself, or abandoning all his paraphernalia and, after a day or two's judicious absence, rejoining his tribe in the humble capacity of a mere runaway from the Mission.

Meanwhile he found some food — with difficulty, for the proprietors had removed their valuables during the night — and made a middling breakfast. He had not fully determined what to do, so he stayed where he was until his next step should become clearer. The morning passed slowly, with no developments. He kept an eye on the crowd of watchers, and once or twice he was puzzled to see that they pointed not only at him, but along the trail to the south, by which he had come.

Let us now go back a few hours, and take a look at Padre Urbano. We shall find him, not at the Mission, but only a few miles away — in fact, at Ballena. He had started on his visitations the next day after Pio's defalcation, and in anything but good temper. He had come, with his little party of half a dozen Indians, by the same general route that Pio had traveled, and had been only a few hours behind him. He did not stop at the Cajon and Santa María villages, as he meant to attend to his pastoral duties in those places on his return; but rumors reached him of some apparition having been seen by the natives. He knew these superstitious people only too well, however, and smiled at their credulity. At Ballena he stayed for the night, and was entertained with a more circumstantial account of a parti-colored demon who had been chased out of the village at arrow's point: but as he had not had time to check up the shortage in his clothes before leaving home, he did not recognize Pio under the description. He told the Indians, on general principles, that it was, as they supposed, a monster who had scented their slackness in religious affairs, and who would certainly call again if

they did not amend, and next time would not be so easily put off.

He left the Ballena *rancheria* early and started for Elcuanam. This was the farthest from headquarters of all his parishes. An outpost station had been established there nine years before, under the name of Santa Ysabel, but, with only yearly visits since then, it was in a moribund condition and had not progressed beyond the architectural stage of a *ramada*, or brush shelter. A message had been sent a few days before (without Pio's knowledge, as it happened), telling the Indians to get the *ramada* ready for use, and giving the time of the Padre's intended arrival.

The little procession, Padre, six Indians, and two burros carrying the necessaries for the observance of mass, wound its way slowly up from the lower to the higher valley, and just before noon arrived at the top of the last rise before the Elcuanam, or Santa Ysabel, village should be reached. The Father was in the lead, our early acquaintance José close behind. They halted for a moment to rest before going on to the village. The Father noticed with gratification that the whole population was stationed on a hillock just beyond the village, evidently in expectation of his arrival; but he wondered why the foolish people waited there, instead of hastening to meet him. They had caught sight of him, for he saw them gesticulate, and it seemed to him that they pointed toward the houses, as if to draw his attention to something. So he looked, and his eyes caught the gleam of a large yellow object, set up as if it were a shrine, in the center of the village. Very odd, he thought; what had the silly Indians been up to now? They moved on toward the village, and as they approached, the Elcuanams cautiously approached also. When the Father arrived pretty near, he stopped, gazed hard, rubbed his eyes, gazed again, and then said to José, "José,

BRUSH CHAPEL, CROSS, AND BELLS FORMERLY AT SANTA YSABEL,
AN OUTPOST OF MISSION SAN DIEGO

your eyes are better than mine: what is that in the village?" José's eyes were already starting from his head, as if to get a better focus on what he saw. "Padre," he said, almost in a whisper, "I think it is the yellow thing that Pio stole. The sergeant made it open when we went for the package, and it was like that." "Holy Saints!" cried the Father; "it looks like that to me, too, but it cannot be. How could my umbrella get to Santa Ysabel? And what has become of Pio? If it is the umbrella, he must have brought it here." "Padre," said José, "there he is. I think it is Pio, but he looks very funny, and he is kneeling in front of the yellow thing as if he was saying his prayers." "Saying his prayers!" said the priest with warmth; "indeed, he had better say his prayers if it is he!" And the party hurried forward.

As we know, there was no mistake about its being Pio. As for the prayers, — an unusual demonstration from the El-cuanams had caused him to glance again to the trail where they were pointing. There his horrified eyes had seen what seemed a miracle, but a most unfortunate miracle for him — Padre Urbano himself, a sight as unmistakable as unbelievable. Panic seized him, but on the instant he had an inspiration, too: he was caught, and something awful was bound to happen; but why not at least make an attempt to disarm the Father's indignation by being caught in the attitude of worship, which the Padre was everlastingly inculcating? It might not mitigate his wrath, but then it might. He propped the unlucky Big Flower up so that it would stand, hurriedly stuffed a pair of stockings into each slipper, dropped them beside the umbrella, and then fell on his knees and began to patter Ave Marias, faster, and much more fervently, than he had ever said them before the altar at the Mission. In his haste he forgot to take off the nightcap, though, indeed, he hardly viewed it in the light of a hat, or cap.

In this position the culprit was found by the Padre and his escort, and also by the Elcuanams, who, emboldened by the Father's fearless demeanor, had ventured back to the zone of danger. "Pio!" cried the Father, "get up and show yourself, if it is you. Sancta María! what is all this? Why, those are my clothes you are wearing, you graceless rascal! Take them off instantly, and tell me what you mean by this outrage. Bring him to me in the *ramada*, José, and be sure you bring the umbrella. Praise to the Saints! I have found it, and it seems to be undamaged, after all."

On the way to the *ramada* the Father could not help looking round once or twice at the prisoner, who followed with hangdog look, escorted by the scandalized Indians from the Mission and a mob of astounded Elcuanams. His indignation began to melt as he thought of the miraculous recovery of the umbrella, and, since he was a genial and lenient soul, each glance he took at the wretched Pio tickled his risibles more and more, until his shoulders shook with merriment. Arrived at the court of justice he managed to get up an aspect of terrific severity as the malefactor was led in by José. The umbrella and the other incriminating evidence were deposited beside him. The Elcuanams and the other Indians, crowding about the entrance, crooked their necks with anxiety to see what would happen. Pio had not yet disrobed, and stood dolefully awaiting the worst, from nightcap to stockings a clownlike and altogether incomprehensible figure. Again the Father's funny vein got the better of him. He knew that he was compromising himself forever, but for the life of him he could not help it — his lip trembled, he tried to control it but failed, he chuckled, giggled, cackled, and burst into a roar of laughter.

It was no use to think of punishment after that. When Father Urbano at last got the shreds of his dignity together,

the whole history was extorted from the trembling Pio, who, however, was shrewd enough to say nothing of his pagan dream of turning medicine-man. Gladly enough he shed the unlucky clothing. Vast quantities of water were brought from the spring and blessed by the Padre: the umbrella was sprinkled and sprinkled till no taint could remain; and then Pio, guarded by José, spent the afternoon in scrubbing the desecrated garments with bucket after bucket of holy water, while the assembled village, down to the smallest papoose, jeered at that most ignominious of spectacles — a man, washing clothes like a squaw!

To complete Pio's penance, it was his task to carry the umbrella over the Padre during all the rest of the round of visitations, which, it seemed to him, as he marched mile after mile with aching arms, would never end. But end it did, and Father Urbano's umbrella at last arrived at its original destination, San Diego Mission. Finally, after many and various further peregrinations, it ended its travels at the sister Mission of Santa Inés, where to-day the reader may find it reposing, a treasured item in Father Alexander Buckler's curious collection of relics. It is but fair to say, however, that I am doubtful whether Good Father Alexander will vouch for my story of its early adventures.

Chapter Two

SAN LUIS REY

I

Mission San Luis Rey de Francia, and Somewhat of the Padre Who Does not Die

Travelers by rail, intending for San Luis Rey, leave the train at Oceanside whence the four miles to the Mission in its beautiful valley may be done as one chooses. I set out, camera on shoulder, to walk it in the sparkling freshness of a sunny morning succeeding a showery night; but soon a sociable Jewish peddler, overtaking me in a buggy, invited me to share a seat with him. At a crossroad, somewhat short of the Mission, he set me down, our ways parting there, and assuming me to be an itinerant portrait photographer, earnestly advised me to come again after the walnut-picking when everybody would be flush and I could make "a fortune of money" taking their pictures.

I had visited San Luis Rey in other years, when it was completely and frankly in ruins, save as to the church, and that with its scaling plaster and mellow color had the picturesque charm of half a ruin. So it was a shock to find that morning a smugly restored two-storied *convento* with a hard, white, cheerless front corridor unrelieved by vine or flower. The façade of the noble church, too, and the *campo santo* wall were sleekly plastered in glaring white, the decorations startlingly outlined in red. Remembering the dignified beauty of the dilapidated old edifice of ten years before, sunning itself under the sky like a Spanish hidalgo of broken fortunes in his ragged cloak, I could have cried for vexation at the sight of that spick-and-span product of plumb-line and rule. It was not until I bethought me of the mellowing influence that Time could be

depended upon to exert and the fact that meantime the devastation of the elements had been stopped, that I felt reconciled to proceed farther, and touch the bell of the *convento*. A small community of Franciscans inhabit the Mission, and, responding to my ring, there shortly appeared a Brother in a brown skull-cap matching his brown robe. He was a tall man of comfortable girth, with a good-humored face and a fatherly manner; and he went about the task of showing me over the premises with the leisurely thoroughness of one who lived only for that purpose.

Passing from the corridor to the low, broad platform of square Mission tiles, or *ladrillos*, before the church door, the friar paused: "Here," said he with a smack of Germany in his accent, "the Indian band of forty pieces used to play of efenings. All this ground in front of the Mission was a plaza then. There were games and good times in the efening, after the day's work was over. This pavement looks new, but it is not. It is the original bricks; but, when we began restoring, we found them so worn we just turned them bottom up, and it makes a smooth pavement yet. Look, I want to show you" — and the Brother, stooping, put his finger on a depression in one. "You see that mark? — the print of an Indian child's foot: it stepped there, the little foot, when the tile was soft yet — so many years ago."

He unlocked the church door and we entered into the stillness and twilight of the building. It is larger, they say, than San Juan Capistrano's great church was.

"For forty-six years, from 1846 to '92," the Brother went on, "the church was abandoned, left to the owls and bats and human vandals. Is n't it a miracle that anything is left? And in the Mexican War it was bombarded by cannons to drive out some poor Indians who hung around yet after the last Missionary had died. Then came the soldiers in and camped

DOORWAY AND OLD FOUNTAIN AT MISSION SAN LUIS REY

for ten months. Ach, but it was a sorry wreck when the priests came again in 1892 and built their college across the way. Eferything that could be made use of had been carried away by people to build houses, timbers and railings and tiles — anything they had a mind to — not scrupling to rob the house of God. Yes, images of saints were chopped down, and fools hunting for buried money had dug up all the ground about the sanctuary. And the Mission lands that once stretched away north twenty, thirty miles, and away east as far as San Jacinto, they all were taken. That is what secularization meant. But let me tell you, mein friendt, as the old saying is, 'Who lives off the Pope, dies by the Pope': and the descendants of those robbers of Mission property, they do not prosper — no, no; there's a curse on their goods. But, though we haf no more much property, and the Indians are all gone, the work goes on. There are many people in the country now, and the Sisters' school across the road, they haf many scholars, and efery morning at eight o'clock is mass for them; and we haf our gardens once more and young orchards are growing, and already are vegetables for the school and ourselves both."

All this chat as we walked leisurely the length of the church, with a look, now at Padre Peyri's old adobe font with its built-in bowl of stone, now at the Indian mural adornments restored to their aboriginal red, blue, green, and yellow, and again at divers other matters now forgotten. A side chapel, octagonal in shape, projecting into the old cemetery, was of more than ordinary interest with an altar of really exquisite workmanship. Here, it seems, the mortuary services of the Indians were held; and, morning and evening, at such times, they came hither to utter their wailings and mournings.

"It was like the ancient Jews in the Bible," said the Brother. "The noise was disturbing in the main church; so

the Fathers had them come here. It is good now for private devotions."

Over it a domed roof of tile and plaster was being restored by an expeditious little *fraile* in a tattered straw hat, his soiled brown gown tucked up under his girdle and two *paisanos* assisting him.

"He is a Mexican Brother," said my *fraile;* "the Americans don't know how to make a dome of tiles, like that. And now, you must go up into the bell tower for a view of the country, and that will be all."

At the top of a winding staircase I came among the bells and there was indeed a view — mile after mile of lonely *lomas*, with only here and there a cluster of blue-gum trees betokening the presence of some rancher's home. A sinuous line of yellowing willows and cottonwoods marked the course of the San Luis Rey River, seawardbound from the other side of Palomar veiled in a tender blue haze. To the northeast stretched the white crests of San Jacinto and the San Bernardino sierra — one lone ethereal snowbank, poised between heaven and earth. It was a beautiful picture of rural peace to carry away in my memory, but I did not like the Brother's sentence of finality. I had a recollection from my former visit of a particularly fine old doorway somewhere, by a flight of steps that led to the choir loft, against an outer wall, as at San Gabriel. Where was it? The big Brother looked down at me indulgently.

"You will haf to go inside the *convento* to see that, for it is now built about," he remarked. "If you were now a woman, I could not let you within the *convento*, but you are a man, and it is permitted. Come." And he led the way out of the church to the cloisters within.

"We haf not yet any place for guests," he lamented, as we walked together. "Not long ago, a gentleman and his wife

they came one efening in their carriage, and I was so humiliated that we haf no room for such a family that want to camp."

Turning into an echoing inner corridor we came to a small courtyard, two sides of it new and sleek, but one, thank Heaven, still as of yore with its time-stained, broken plaster; and there, opening through it, was the side door of my memory — a doorway with simple but beautiful pillars, capitals, and mouldings, just as it was when the processions of Indians went chanting in and out in Padre Peyri's time — a lovely relic of the best in Mission architecture. The little *patio* was paved with big, square *ladrillos*, worn and moss-grown, and an ancient fountain, broken and waterless now, still remained in the midst. Here the Brother, having other matters to attend to, excused himself, shook my hand, and enjoined me to take any photographs I wanted, make myself at home, and leave when I was ready without further ceremony. For an hour I loitered about in quiet undisturbed, except for the scratching of a rake in the hands of a Brother at work among his roses and callas in the garden of the larger *patio* adjoining, and the occasional footfalls of some other Brother as he pattered along the inside corridors.

As I set out to depart by the door through which I had been brought, I encountered the big Brother again.

"And haf you seen all?" he inquired. "Ach, but I must show you Father Peyri's music-book."

He preceded me into a little room where a few broken old relics lay, and among them a huge hide-bound volume, some two feet square. The friar had all he wanted to do to lift it from the floor, and open it in the light of the deep window seat, that I might see. It was an excellent specimen of Mission work, with great square notes in black and red, and lettering so big and fair the blind might almost read it; and all

on yellow, crinkly vellum, made, I take it, from San Luis Rey skins. It brought "Ramona" to my mind, and I could imagine Alessandro's father, old Pablo, whom the novel makes choir-master at this Mission, singing from the pages.

In point of size the Mission San Luis Rey was the king of them all, both as to the extent of its buildings and the population of its Indian village, which, at the crest of its prosperity (in 1826), numbered 2869. As for the church, if it lacked something of the magnificence of San Juan Capistrano's stone edifice in its prime, that was simply because adobe — the material used for San Luis — falls short of stone in its possibilities. Alfred Robinson, a Yankee trader who settled in California and who visited San Luis Rey in 1829, has left a graphic picture of it in his "Life in California." What he saw was typical of California Mission life generally. Of the neophytes, "some were engaged in agriculture, while others attended to the management of over 60,000 head of cattle.[1] Many were carpenters, masons, coopers, sadlers, shoemakers, weavers, etc., while the females were employed in spinning and preparing wool for their looms, which produced a sufficiency of blankets for their yearly consumption. Thus every one had his particular vocation, and each department its official superintendent or *alcalde*. These were subject to the supervision of one or more Spanish *mayordomos*, who were appointed by the missionary Father. . . . The building occupies a large square of at least eighty or ninety yards each side . . . in the center of which a fountain constantly supplies the establishment with pure water. The front is protected by a long corridor, supported by thirty-two arches ornamented with latticed railings. . . . The interior is divided

[1] Bancroft's figures, based on an examination of the official records, are, at the highest, some 28,000 cattle, 28,000 sheep, and 2500 horses and mules. Popular estimates of Mission stock have usually been greatly exaggerated.

into apartments for the missionary and *mayordomos*, storerooms, workshops, hospitals, rooms for unmarried males and females. . . . In the interior of the square might be seen the various trades at work. . . . Adjoining are two large gardens, which supply the table with fruit and vegetables, and two or three large *ranchos* or farms . . . where the Indians are employed in cultivation, and domesticating cattle."

The founding of the Mission was in 1798, the location being then known as San Juan Capistrano el Viejo. Portolá's party had camped there on July 18, 1769, on their way north, in search of Monterey; and Padre Crespí, who has left a diary of the trip, makes this note of the matter: "We gave to this valley, which is excellent for a Mission, the name San Juan Capistrano, so that this glorious saint, who in his lifetime converted so many souls to God, would pray Heaven for the conversion of these poor Gentiles, to whom on the next morning we addressed a few words about God and Jesus Christ, heaven and hell. They seemed to comprehend somewhat." Who will say the saint did not hear? For when the Mission was eventually founded here, — though named for another than him of Capistrano, — it prospered from the start. The building of the great church that we now see must have been commenced very promptly, for the records state it was completed in 1802. This was a remarkable accomplishment for an infant Mission in a bare wilderness with only Indians for laborers. San Luis Rey, however, had for its architect and director one of the ablest and most energetic of all the Franciscans — Padre Antonio Peyri, whose parental rule extended from the very hour of the founding until the coming event of secularization cast its black shadow athwart the Mission doors. He had, of course, a companion friar at times; but such came and went: Peyri never left, and for years he was the only priest. For thirty-three years he threw himself self-

sacrificingly, and with all the ardor of an intense nature, into the task of building up this Mission. Working and praying ceaselessly, he had success abundantly. To deliver this sacred trust of his life into the hands of a self-seeking secular government, to be dismembered and in general played ducks and drakes with, was more than his spirit could bear; and, one night in 1831, he fled secretly, never to return, abandoning the Mission to the inevitable. Tradition has it that when his neophytes learned that he had gone, five hundred of them set out in haste to overtake him and implore him to return, for he was greatly beloved; but the anxious throng reached San Diego (whither he had ridden to take ship for Mexico) only in time to receive his parting blessing as the vessel stood out to sea. Two bright Indian boys accompanied him, whom he entered in the College of the Propaganda at Rome, where they were the object of much interest.

The incontinent flight was the impulse of an overwrought heart, and Peyri lived to repent the error of it. An Indian servant who went with him used to tell that, when they reached a hilltop at the edge of the valley, the Padre turned and in his grief kneeled on the ground and prayed God to guard and keep his Mission. I wish we might know the spot where that prayer was uttered — that *ultimo suspiro*, as touching in its way as King Boabdil's "last sigh" when he turned and, from the mountain overlooking the Vega of Granada, took a parting look at his lost Alhambra.[1]

At the time of De Mofras' visit to San Luis Rey in 1841,

[1] Alexander Forbes, an English merchant who met Peyri on the latter's way to Mexico, has left a pleasant sketch of him: "The excellent climate from which he had come, and his constant employment in the open air, made him look like a robust man of fifty years of age, although he was then sixty-seven; and although his general character and manners were necessarily very different from what could be expected from a mere cloistered monk, yet in his gray Franciscan habit, which he always wore, with his jolly figure, bald head and white locks, he looked the very *beau ideal* of a friar of the olden time."

there was in the Mission a picture representing Peyri surrounded by little Indian children, and the neophytes in their devotions would stop before it and make to it the same prayers as to the saint's image. Even then, after ten years of absence, his people had not given up hope that he would some day return to them. At the Mission's *rancho* of Las Flores, where the same traveler found a remnant of the San Luiseños living, an old Indian *alcalde* saluted him and said, —

"Captain, they say you are from Spain. Did you see the king?"

"Yes," replied De Mofras.

"And Padre Antonio?"

"No, but I know he is at Barcelona."

"Don't they say he is dead?" put in another Indian.

"Señor," said the *alcalde*, turning to him reprovingly, "*este Padre no muere!*" (Sir, this Padre does not die!)

"Ach, but he was a man, that Father Peyri," the big Brother at the Mission had said to me, "and he from a university, making adobes!"

II

The Little Christians of San Apolinario

One of the most picturesque chapters in all the early history of what have come to be the United States is that which describes the overland expedition which on July 14, 1769, left the newly occupied port of San Diego in search of its twin port of Monterey. I name them twin ports inasmuch as they were twin objectives of the expedition under Don Gaspar de Portolá for the exploration and conquest of the country of which only the coast had then been seen by a few venturous navigators, and to which had been given the name of Alta California.

The party consisted of Don Gaspar himself, Captain Fernando Rivera y Moncada, Lieutenant Pedro Fages, an engineer, Miguel Costansó, some three score soldiers, muleteers, and Indians, and (for Church and State as comrades was ever the ideal of Spain) two of the newly arrived Fathers, Fray Juan Crespí and Fray Francisco Gomez. It is to the honor of the Franciscan clergy, indeed, that, from Serra downward, always they were to the fore when exploration or hardship was on hand, whether by sea or land. Certainly, no reproach of shirkers can ever be leveled at them. In this case, too, Fray Juan plays other parts beside that of priest. Incidentally, he acts also as "navigator" to the party, manipulating compass and astrolabe as neatly as Señor Costansó, official *ingeniero*, himself; and it is in his excellent diary that we find the best record of this interesting page of history.

To a man of Serra's energy and idealism it was a disappointment that in the two weeks that had passed since his arrival at San Diego no converts had been made. Instead, the

natives showed a thievish and troublesome spirit, which very soon brought on an affray in which a muleteer was killed and some others of the Spaniards, including one of the Fathers, wounded. This gave, indeed, a dark beginning to the whole enterprise. However, faith was strong in the hearts of all; and the outcome having been, in a solemn service, committed afresh to the special care of St. Joseph, the advance to Monterey was confidently undertaken. Farewells, ceremonious, no doubt, but heartfelt, passed between those who remained to guard the germ of the San Diego settlement from perishing and those who went to found the new outpost at Monterey: and after a parting volley or two of musketry, with which the Spanish soldier must open and conclude every enterprise, the adventurers began their journey.

We cannot follow them every step of the way, as Fray Juan's careful journal shows it: the *ojitos*, or "little eyes" (pools of fresh water), where they camped; the *pozas*, or wells, that refreshed their dusty noonday rests, the *reals* (camps) to which snakes, or fleas, or some such incidents of travel, gave a name, though generally it is by some more churchly phrase (Valley of the Triumph of the Most Holy Cross, for example) that the diarist marks the stages of the way; — sometimes, by the by, uniting the two methods in some such happy title as La Cañada de Santa Pragedis de los Rosales, where the abundance of wild-rose bushes, "like those of Castile," was affectionately commemorated.

The fourth night found them camped in the San Luis River Valley, and here for the first time the priests' hopes were raised that their spiritual work, as regards the natives, was about to begin. A large body of Indians, perhaps a hundred, visited the camp, and friendly gifts were exchanged, the Spaniards' ever reliable beads being repaid with a present of nets of native fabric. In the morning, when the Indians again

came to the camp, an attempt was made by the Fathers to convey to them some first ideas of the new religion. But the time was not ripe; and in fact, with all regret for the friars' disappointment, it seems more to the credit of the natives' good sense than a matter of surprise that the mystified people should have refused to go through the unmeaning form of kissing the crucifix — to them, no doubt, some kind of "medicine" the purpose and effect of which were doubtful.

But at a halt a few miles farther on, word was received from their advance party of two girl babies having been found in a native village near by, apparently dying. The good priests' humanity and zeal were both at once moved at the story. With a few soldiers for safety they proceeded to the place. In one of the rude dome-shaped huts of brush and grass that formed the village, the mother and child were found. Some fatal disease, perhaps pneumonia, a dangerous foe to the white, but certain doom to the ill-nourished Indian, had the little body in its unreleasing clutch, even while the poor woman clutched it to her own dusky, sorrowful breast. Now, Padres, you have our fullest sympathy, even though we may not share your fears for the child in the event that your kindly efforts fail with the distracted mother. "We begged the woman to allow us to wash the head of the child, so that, in case it should die, it would go to heaven," says Fray Juan. If, good Padres, you can by the mystery of baptism — mystery, indeed, to this dark aborigine — shed any least, faintest ray of hope or resignation into this dumb, aching heart, in God's name beg, then, as for your lives, and we shall rejoice as much as you, if you gain your desire.

And so, happily, it proves. The dogma may well be uncomprehended, but the good humanity that shines in the Fathers' kindly urgency wins its way. The mother at last consents. Soldiers, priests, and wondering Indians press

about as water is poured and words are said. The name of María Magdalena — strange name, it seems, for little child, but after all a touching one — is given the Indian baby-girl: and perhaps, perhaps, some gleam of the Light that shineth in darkness did, indeed, remain to befriend that dark and cheerless heart.

The other child is visited then. She has been, perhaps, injured in the burning of the parents' miserable dwelling, and by possibility can hardly live, though, indeed, death will be the kindlier outcome. Again the Fathers ply their unintelligible request, and again, to their joy, are successful. The child is baptized in the name of Margarita: and here, too, we will hope, some Presence of Love abode that lightened a little the somber shadow that chills in turn every scion of our mortal race alike.

So it was that, somewhere contiguous to the valley of San Luis Rey, occurred the first Christian baptisms in California. "If this be all the reward we Fathers are to enjoy for the long journey and hardships already endured and which we expect in the future, we are well satisfied." So writes honest Fray Juan in his diary for the day; and indeed, the expected trials were not to fail them.[1]

[1] Some miles to the north of the Mission of San Luis Rey there is a cañon that is called by the name Los Cristianitos (the Little Christians). Fray Crespí notes that the name of Los Cristianos was given by the soldiers to the place where the children were baptized, though he called it San Apolinario. I learn from Father O'Sullivan, of San Juan Capistrano, that local tradition runs that the present Los Cristianitos Cañon is the place where these first baptisms were made. It is interesting to see that, as seems plainly to be the case, the soldiers' name, slightly changed, has persisted to this day.

Chapter Three

SAN ANTONIO DE PALA

I

San Antonio de Pala and its Hanging Garden

Padre Peyri's evangelical appetite was by no means appeased by gathering in only those Gentiles who dwelt within easy reach of his Mission San Luis Rey. The mountain country twenty miles to the eastward was also well populated, but the people were shy of coming to the Mission; so, in 1816, Peyri, Mahomet-wise, went to the mountain, founding in the beautiful little valley of Pala,[1] along the upper waters of the San Luis Rey River, a Mission outpost which he dedicated to the Paduan St. Anthony. Here he stationed his companion friar, and within a couple of years, it is said, a thousand converts were added to the Mission roll. This establishment was never officially a Mission, but simply an appanage of San Luis Rey — an *asistencia*, in Spanish parlance. Nevertheless, it was in effect a Mission, with its church, its Padres' quarters, its corrals and storehouses and orchards; and in its tall *campanario* or belfry — still intact, built to itself apart from the church — it possesses a feature unique in Mission architecture, if not the world's. After secularization, Pala, of course, went the way of all, and its buildings fell into decay, although the occasional visits of a secular priest, and the continued interest of Indians inhabiting the hills roundabout, were instrumental in keeping part of them from

[1] This would appear to be the Pale of a missionary reconnaissance of 1795, a site proposed at first for Mission San Luis Rey, but rejected because, for one thing, too far removed from the Camino Real. Father Doyle tells me "Pale" is the local Indian word for "water," and was the name of the aboriginal village in existence when the missionary establishment was founded.

entire obliteration. Then, in 1903, came a new lease of life through the transfer thither of about three hundred Indians evicted from their old-time home on Warner's Ranch; and with this accession of communicants to Pala the Catholic Church had a priest take up his permanent residence there. The land on all sides is a United States Indian Reservation; but the Church still owns in the midst an islanded acre or so which the Mission buildings and cemetery occupy.

Pala is connected with the outside world by a daily automobile stage, which runs to Oceanside in the morning, returning in the afternoon. On leaving San Luis Rey, I was lucky enough to catch it Pala-bound, and the run up the valley was full of pleasure. It was a fine, autumnal day, and the road followed closely the course of the little river which was bordered with sycamores, cottonwoods, and willows, whose falling leaves shed a golden glory about our way. An hour and a half brought us to Pala.

There I hardly know which caught my fancy more — the Mission or the Indian village nestling about it. The former consists of one low rambling building with whitewashed walls and red tile roof. In this, cheek by jowl, are the chapel, the priest's rooms, and the trader's *tienda* and storerooms. Adjoining the church and neatly enclosed within a whitewashed adobe wall is the *campo santo*, in which stands the remarkable belfry of Padre Peyri, dominating the scene. The village is of Government manufacture and consists of rows of Eastern-made portable frame cottages of one story, each as like the other as machinery could make them, and each topped off with a "gingerbread" frill along the ridgepole. A garden plot surrounds each house, and here the aboriginal fancy is allowed to have its way. Sometimes it takes the form of planting to fruit and flowers, as taught by the Government farmer; at other times, the ground is neglected, occupied by

the usual assortment of dogs, chickens, and *ramadas* (brush shelters wherein to while away the sunny hours of a summer day) that one sees in the mountain *rancherías* of southern California. The broad streets, intersecting one another at right angles, had been set to pepper trees and eucalyptus, and were now more or less shaded, and roses and marigolds were here and there intruding upon the thoroughfare from the better kept house-lots. Ten years before, this village, called into being by Government fiat, to provide for three hundred homeless wards, must have been a hideous sight with its monotonous boxes of houses in straight rows, more like an army encampment than a collection of homes; but now Time's pitying hand has softened the hard contours, and shrubs and vines have broken up many a hard line. The stage-driver had told me that many of these Pala folk were *mestizos*, which may account for the prevalence of flowers in many of the gardens; for the aboriginal Californian in his or her purity is not much of a flower-grower. Here and there, too, the Government cottage, warping to pieces, has given place to a California bungalow, such as Salvadora Roberts's, where I had a room to lodge.

Taken altogether, Pala impressed me as having about it, in a way, more of the old-fashioned Franciscan atmosphere than other missionary establishments. To the Mission itself, looking in its tiles and whitewash every inch a Mission, there was this added element of a considerable contemporary Indian life, the Mission's natural nurseling, clustered about the walls. From time to time through the year, it blossoms out in picturesque *fiestas*, wherein the Padre has a part. Sometimes it is a blessing and a procession when some public work, like an irrigation ditch, is achieved; sometimes it is a church festival, like All Souls' Day, when the candle-lighting takes place in the cemetery; again it is some modified remnant of former

pagan days, as occurs in midsummer, when Indians gather from surrounding *rancherias*, and after mass in the chapel, the old Indian nature is given swing in dances, games, and songs, feasting and gossip, and a deal of gambling.

It was neither Sunday nor feast day at the time of my visit to Pala; but the church door stood invitingly open, and from the dim interior issued the strains of a reed organ. Passing within the wicket and crossing a little garden enclosure, I entered. The music stopped, and a startled Indian girl passed like a shadow behind me and vanished in outer air before I could apologize for my intrusion. The interior was quite in keeping with the old-time look without. Here, in this chapel of the hills, lingered the real flavor of the ancient day. The roof of great, unhewn beams, brought from Palomar Mountain; the rough adobe walls with crude Indian decorations; the queer old wooden statues of saints about the unpretentious altar (one being of patron Anthony and so Aztec of feature that the tradition that it was carved by a Mexican Indian is probably true); the worn square *ladrillos* of the floor; — all this was very satisfying, the only note to jar on the antiquarian soul being the little cottage organ. However, as it stood unobtrusively in a dark corner by the door, I forgave it. That the building is in the good repair it now is, we may thank the Landmarks Club of California which interested itself a decade or so ago in re-roofing it. Many of the tiles now covering it are said to have once been upon Mission San Luis Rey, whence they were taken three quarters of a century ago in the general despoliation by neighboring *rancheros*, and the descendants of some of these donated or sold them for the restoring of Pala. The walls inside were until recently elaborately adorned with Indian paintings; but a few years ago a priest in charge, whose interest in aboriginal art was on a par with that of the old Spaniards who made bonfires of Aztec

hieroglyphics, whitewashed most of them out of sight. Perhaps time will eventually bring them to light again, like writing on a palimpsest.

The bell tower, which stands just within the cemetery wall, rises upon a high base composed apparently of river boulders cemented together. At the rear, a well-worn flight of steps is built in, leading to the bells, which swing one above the other in separate embrasures and are suspended by their ancient rawhide thongs from worm-eaten beams set in the adobe. I amused myself by deciphering the inscriptions cast into their iron rims. It was by no means an easy task, as many letters were indistinct, and the monkish abbreviations taxed my Latin. One bore a prayer: —

S^{tus} D^{s}. S^{tus} F^{tis}. S^{tus} IMMORT^{lis}
MICERERE NOBIS. AN. DE 1816. I. R.
(Holy Lord, Holy Most Mighty One, Holy Immortal One, Pity us. Year of 1816. Jesus Redemptor.)

The other was inscribed in Spanish with these names: Our Seraphic Father Francis of Assisi. Saint Louis, King. Saint Clare. Saint Eulalia. Our Light.

Companioning the cross that tops the belfry is a cactus plant of considerable size, flourishing in midair without other care than Nature bestows upon it. It is rooted in a crack of the adobe tower, close to the spot where the Christian symbol is fixed, and seemed, I thought, to typify how little of material substance is needed by the soul that dwells always at the foot of the cross. Genial Father Doyle, the resident priest, who has a keen interest in the history of his parish, has told me that this curious hanging garden of Pala is, quite likely, as old as the belfry itself; for the oldest living Indians remember it as always there. Tradition says that the original cross which Padre Peyri placed there was of green unhewn oak from the

mountain, and that the birds came and nested at its foot, using mud in their home-building. From a chance seed thus brought the plant sprang. Certain it is that the birds of to-day have a fondness for that airy perch to launch their joyous songs from, and the Father says that every year a nest is built in the branches.

Altogether, I enjoyed Pala, and its chapel is a worshipful place, in its old-time simplicity. Besides, I liked the spirit of that open door.

II

The Exiles of Agua Caliente

The wrongs of the Indian — it is an old song, and, perhaps, to many persons a tiresome one. It is not unnatural that people should get out of patience with a troublesome problem, and the Indian problem has always been troublesome. Many well-intentioned efforts have been made to grapple with it, and probably most people feel that when one has made well-intentioned efforts there is nothing more to be done. Yet I venture to say that few of us, when we read history bearing upon the subject, can avoid an uncomfortable feeling that there is scored somewhere a long account, showing a huge balance in favor of the Indian against — well, the rest of us.

The visitor to Pala is face to face with the vouchers of one of the last items on that account, though he may not see any evident tokens of the fact. Few people, probably, guess that items are still being entered, and it will surprise many of my readers to hear that as late as 1903 there took place in California a small counterpart of the incident that gave rise to the sad idyll of "Evangeline." I give the facts, saying nothing as to the points of the case that would interest lawyers; only venturing to ask the reader whether, in his opinion, when elementary human rights conflict with the law, the rights or the law should prevail.

There are in California a considerable number of hot springs. These, for their curative virtues and for other reasons, naturally were attractive to the aborigines, who placed their villages by preference at such spots. On what is now known as Warner's Ranch, far up in the mountains to the

northeast of San Diego, there was such a village from the earliest times of record; how much longer no one can tell. Lying on the route by one of the few passes from the Colorado Desert to the coast, the region was well known to early explorers as a fine tract of pasture land, and even before the date of General Kearny's expedition it had been granted by the Mexican Government to "Don Juan" Warner, under the title of the Valle de San José. The Indians seem to have been always a peaceable and rather unusually intelligent tribe, living in a village of some thirty good adobe houses, and making an easy living in the primitive Indian way by hunting, farming after a fashion, and the harvesting of Nature's wild bounties.

Through several changes of ownership the ranch passed many years ago into possession of a wealthy estate whose representatives were leaders in San Francisco society in ante-earthquake days. In the general progress of things the time came, about the beginning of this century, when the owners began to entertain other views for the property than that it should remain a mere cattle range. There would be no thought of subdividing for many years to come, but the hot springs were an asset of some immediate value, and by providing suitable buildings, and advertising, visitors would be attracted. But in order to this the Indians must go. The ranch was held, like scores of others throughout California, under title of a grant from the Mexican Government, these grants being recognized by the United States when the province was taken over after the Mexican War.

Notice was served upon the Indians to vacate their homes and leave. Nothing new, this, at all. It has been a commonplace in the history of the California Indians that they should be allowed to stay nowhere on land that the white American wanted. They appealed to a few persons among the whites to

whom they were in the habit of looking for advice. These, some of them influential citizens of the southern part of the State, brought the matter up for decision by the courts, as to the rights of the Indians, in hope of protecting their helpless clients. Legal opinion was divided, as — somewhat oddly, it seems to outsiders — legal opinion almost always is. The case went from court to court, arousing a considerable amount of attention in the process, until finally the Supreme Court of the United States adjudged in favor of the owners of the property.

Many people, most, I suppose, will say at this point, Well, that settles it. Your pardon, good reader, if I differ. It settles the law, but not the right. If you reply that since the law, in the Court of final decision, had ruled against the Indians' claim, nothing more could be done, I object that, the purpose of the law being to secure justice (in which prime human rights have always counted as of the essence), when the law is seen to fail it must be amended, or other means taken to obtain the end in view. Necessary work does not remain undone because a given machine is not fitted to do it: another is found, or made. But it is an old debate, amounting to whether the end, or the means made for the end, is finally to rule.

Acting upon urgent representations made by the Indians' friends, Congress had set aside an ample sum for the purchase of other lands for the tribe that was to be expelled, and a commission appointed to select the land had decided upon a tract of some 3500 acres, with a good water supply, at Pala. It came now, then, to a case for ejectment and deportation. Was it to be peaceable, or by force? For the Indians were determined. The fact (and, thanks to the efforts of their friends, it was a fact, for the first time in the history of such transactions) that the land upon which they were to be placed off-

ered as good or a better living than the present locality, had no weight as against their attachment to their immemorial homes, the graves of their people. Moreover, some well-intentioned but most ill-advised people counseled the Indians to armed resistance — an absurdly hopeless suggestion, but one that found favor with a number of the leaders among the Indians.

A Government Indian inspector arrived to take charge of the ejection, and a time was set for the operation, in May of 1903. Teams and teamsters to the number of two score gathered at the fated village of Agua Caliente. Almost to the last moment it hung in the balance whether the Indians would or would not fight for their homes. It was known that they had some forty rifles, with ammunition, while the teamsters, supposed to be unarmed, mustered in fact many rifles and revolvers. The inspector, warning his men against doing anything that would provoke attack, declared, from his knowledge of the feeling of the people, that the old women would probably fight with knives when it came to the point of being forced from their homes. Meeting after meeting was held by the Indians before deciding upon their course, and only at the last did they consent, on the earnest appeal of those whom they knew to be their well-wishers, to obey the Government and go.

I quote from an article by Mr. Grant Wallace in the magazine *Out West* (published at Los Angeles) of July, 1903, the account of a few incidents of the eviction: —

"Night after night, sounds of wailing came from the adobe homes of the Indians. When Tuesday (May 12) came, many of them went to the little adobe chapel to pray, and then gathered for the last time among the unpainted wooden crosses within the rude stockade of their ancient burying-ground, a pathetic and forlorn group, to wail out their grief over the graves of their fathers. Then hastily loading a little

food and a few valuables into such light wagons and surreys as they owned, about twenty-five families drove away for Pala, ahead of the wagon train. The great four- and six-horse wagons were quickly loaded with the home-made furniture, bedding and clothing, spotlessly clean from recent washing in the boiling springs; stoves, *ollas*, stone mortars, window sashes, boxes, baskets, bags of dried fruit and acorns, and coops of chickens and ducks.

"While I helped Lay-Reader Ambrosio's mother to round up and encoop a wary brood of chickens, I observed the wife of her other son, Jesús, throwing an armful of books — spellers, arithmetics, poems — into the bonfire, along with bows and arrows, and superannuated aboriginal bric-à-brac. In reply to a surprised query, she explained that now they hated the white people and their religion and their books. Dogged and dejected, Captain Cibimoat, with his wife Ramona, and little girl, was the last to go. While I helped him to hitch a bony mustang to his top-buggy, a tear or two coursed down his knife-scarred face; and as the teamsters tore down his little board cabin, wherein he had kept a restaurant, he muttered, 'May they eat sand!'

"At their first stop for dinner they lingered long on the last acre of Warner's Ranch, as though loath to go through the gates. At night, at Oak Grove, they drew the first rations ever issued to the Cupeños by the Government — some at first refusing to accept them, saying they were not objects of charity." (No, they were the objects of something quite different, the degradation attaching to which did not apply to them.)

"Although devout church members — scarcely a name among them being unwashed by baptism — they refused the first Sunday to hold services in the restored Pala Mission, or anywhere else, asking surlily of the visiting priest, 'What

kind of god is this you ask us to worship, who deserts us when we need him most?' Instead, thirty of them joined some swart friends from Pauma in a 'sooish amokat' or rabbit hunt, killing their game with peeled clubs thrown unerringly while galloping at full speed.

"Monday, however, the principal men, better pleased after inspection of the fertile and beautiful valley of Pala, had a flag-raising at the little school-house — the only building yet on the site of the projected village. An Indian girl played the organ, and a score of dusky children — who will compare favorably in intelligence with average white youngsters — joined in singing the praises of 'America — sweet land of liberty.' [Good Heavens!] School was opened, and later a policeman — young Antonio Chaves — was elected by popular vote."

So here at Pala you will find to-day the exiled Indians of Warner's Ranch, some three hundred all told, in a row of flimsy "portable-house" style cottages facing the main street. You may think there is nothing much amiss with them. No, there is not. As Indians go, I suppose they are as well off as, perhaps better than, the average. But speak to one of the older women: mention the name of Warner's Ranch or Agua Caliente, and you will learn that the Indian, perhaps even more than the white man, loves his own place, his native spot. The sentiment of "Land where my fathers died" moves his heart, reader, exactly as it moves your own; and the graves of his father, his mother, his children (and Indian graveyards are sadly full of those little mounds) are to him, exactly as to you, places to think of which is a heart-pang — and how much keener in absence! — and where undying memories are stored.

Might such a thing occur again? One would hope not, and think not. Yet I doubt whether the Biblical parable of the

one ewe lamb has lost all its application in these days; and when an Indian happens to possess something to which the white man's formula "There's money in it" applies, that Indian, if wise, will not count it too safely his own. I was talking, not many months ago, with an Indian woman of the Palm Springs village, on the Colorado Desert (where, as it happens, there are just such natural hot springs as those at Warner's). She was born at Agua Caliente in the old days, and is married to a Palm Springs Indian. We had been talking of sundry things, and Dolores was unusually chatty for an Indian. On my naming Agua Caliente she bent her head and became downcast. I did not then know of her connection with the place, and asked, "Were you ever there, Dolores?" "I was born there," she said: and after a moment, shaking her head, "My mother, my father, both died there, both buried there." I remarked that it was very bad to make the Indians leave Warner's. "Some day," said Dolores, "some day they make us leave here too." "Oh, no, I think not," I said. "You are safe at Palm Springs as long as ever you want to stay." She shook her head: "You wait, you see: some day they make us go." And to all arguments she only replied, "Yes, you see."

It is not surprising that she should expect it, for, as I said, the story of Agua Caliente is the story of many another Indian village in California; and the Indian, silent and patient, does not quickly forget. I had spoken confidently to Dolores: yet, I don't know: I should not care to feel that I held my own house on no greater certainty. But then, it is different: I am not an Indian.

Chapter Four

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

I

San Juan Capistrano, the Melrose of the Missions

"Up from the south slow filed a train,
Priests and soldiers of old Spain,
Who through the sunlit *lomas* wound
With cross and lance, intent to found
A Mission in that wild to John
Soldier-saint of Capistran."

From San Luis Rey to San Juan Capistrano, the next Mission northward, is some thirty miles — a beautiful drive if you can do the journey so; now beside the surfy sea, now over cattle-dotted *mesas* with glorious outlooks oceanward and mountainward, and now threading flowery *cañons* and *cañadas* among treeless, dumpling foothills of the sort upon which the Spaniards fixed the name of *loma*. If your going be by rail, you alight at the station of Capistrano within a stone's throw of the Mission; and many visitors content themselves with a hurried stop between trains. Seeing it so in the noontide glare, they get little idea of the poetic beauty that enveils it when the shadows of evening creep over it, or in the dewy stillness of the early day, or, better yet, "in the pale moonlight," as at Melrose, to which its lovers delight to compare it; for it is of all the Franciscan remains the loveliest. Arrange, then, if you can, to pass at least a night at the quaint village, so populated of Spanish, French, and Basques, to say nothing of a sprinkling of other nationalities, that one of my fellow travelers told me he had once spent three months there and heard no word of English. It lies on one of the main traveled highways between Los Angeles and San Diego, and

since the advent of the automobile era, the Bonifaces of the place have noticeably improved the quality of their entertainment, so that you will now be very comfortably cared for at either of two inns.

The founding of this Mission was an interrupted event. First came Padre Lasuen, erecting on October 30, 1775, a cross and celebrating mass *al fresco* in the presence of a few soldiers, servants, and muleteers; but hardly had a beginning at building been made when news was brought of that Indian uprising at the Mission of San Diego. The church bells were at once buried for safe-keeping, and the Padre and his escort hastened away to San Diego to assist their comrades there. A year later — on November 1, 1776 — Serra, with two other missionaries and a file of soldiers, arrived, found the cross still standing, exhumed the bells, and, blessing the place afresh, gave the establishment its first real start on its evangelical course. The first Mission was not on the site of the present one; but, according to tradition, was some six miles to the eastward, in a locality marked on the maps as Mision Vieja.[1] Just when the move was made to the present site appears to be uncertain; but early in 1797 work was beginning on the great stone church, whose noble ruin makes the Mission's especial charm for visitors to-day.

Father St. John O'Sullivan, the cultured parish priest at present resident in the Mission, has written an excellent hand-

[1] This tradition seems to conflict with an entry in the journal of Vancouver, who sailed down the California coast in 1793, stopping at several of the Missions. When abreast of San Juan Capistrano, he made this note: "Coasting about two miles from shore we suddenly noticed a Spanish establishment erected close to the waterside in a small sandy cove. . . . This Mission is very pleasantly situated in a grove of trees, having the ocean in front, and being bounded on its other sides by rugged, dreary mountains." This is very explicit, and seems to be the neighborhood of the old *embarcadero*, since immortalized by Dana, where ships, stopping for supplies or to trade with the Mission, cast anchor. Palou, in his *Life* of Serra (chap. XLIII), gives the situation as half a league (1¼ miles) from the bay of San Juan Capistrano, beside a stream.

ONE OF THE BELLS, MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

book of the place which should be obtained by every visitor. In it he states that the stone used in building came from Mision Vieja, the large stones being conveyed in *carretas* or bull carts, and the smaller ones carried by the Indian neophytes. "Each one walked bearing a stone from the quarry in the hands or upon the head — the children with small ones, the grown-ups with larger ones, all doing their part according to their strength; so that during the work, the place resembled a great anthill with the busy workers going and coming — those passing to the east empty-handed, and those coming to the west bearing their burdens." While the manual labor was all done by Indians under the superintendence of the Fathers, there was a Mexican master mason, sent up from Culiacan, who had charge of the stone-cutting. The church was something over nine years a-building. It was cruciform in outline, and, when completed, was the most imposing of any in California, with ornamentation on pilasters, doorways, cornices, and capitals that commands admiration even in its ruin. The massive roof was a series of vaulted arches. "Local tradition says" — I quote again from Father O'Sullivan — "that the bell tower in front was so high that it could be seen from a point ten miles away to the north . . . and that the sound of the bells was carried even farther; and that upon top of the tower perched a gilded cock, and that upon the dome over the transept rose a narrow spire of the large, square Mission tile, or *ladrillos*."

The blessing of this edifice on September 7, 1806, with a two-day *fiesta* following, was a notable event. The ceremony was performed by Padre Presidente Tapis, assisted by the two friars from San Gabriel; and the vast crowd attending included the two resident missionaries of San Juan, visiting Padres from Santa Bárbara, San Fernando, and San Luis Rey, the Governor Don José Joaquin de Arrillaga, military

lights from San Diego and Santa Bárbara presidios with their soldiery, besides much *gente de razon*[1] from all the country round, throngs of neophytes from neighboring Missions, as well as all the San Juaneño *neófitos*, who themselves mustered a thousand or so. But alas for the shortness of human prevision! Six years and three months later came the tragedy of the earthquake, when the great edifice was shaken to a heap of ruins and twoscore of worshipers were crushed to death.

Barring one short-lived attempt half a century ago, more destructive than constructive, the rebuilding of the church was never undertaken; and I, for one, shall be satisfied if it never shall be. It stands in its devastation a temple eloquent with the gospel of beauty, the stars its candles, the birds of the air its choristers, and heaven-sown wild flowers adorning its broken sanctuary. Meantime a room in the adjacent *convento* part is employed as a chapel for Christian worship, and there the visitor may see in present use old Spanish paintings, carved statues of wood, candlesticks, torches and crosses of silver, that once did service in the great church. One Sunday morning during my stay, I found the villagers at their worship, and, sitting in a shadowy corner, was entranced by the solemn music of a beautiful Gregorian chant, sung by a fine baritone voice to the accompaniment of violoncello and violin played by two Frenchmen. The reading of the Gospel and the announcements were in Spanish.

To the lover of artistic tidbits in architectural design the Mission buildings of San Juan Capistrano are a mine of delight. At every turn some charming bit of handiwork catches the eye. There are handwrought shelves fixed, immovable, in the thick adobe walls; wall pockets scooped deep in the adobe; cave-like closets and wood-boxes similarly inset be-

[1] "People of intelligence" — the term by which the whites were called, in contradistinction to the Indians.

side their fireplaces; hand-hewn ceiling beams, and snug joinery without nails; scrolls and designs of simple beauty worked into doorposts and lintels; and delightful mouldings about the doorways — doorways so low that even a short man must humble himself to pass through. On all this work is the visible impress of the human hand, having joy in the doing, appealing to our humanity and touching our hearts as machinery's impersonal output never does. So does the work of those vanished artsmen do missionary service to generations that never knew them.

While much of the original establishment is unfortunately gone beyond recognition, there are still many rooms in a fair state of preservation with their pristine ornamentation more or less intact. Father O'Sullivan is concerned that these remnants shall be kept, as far as may be, undesecrated by the hand of the restorer; or, if restored, that the work shall be done strictly in the original manner, so that none of the old character shall be lost. Still presentable are the Padres' kitchen with its picturesque tile chimney, the pantry with its hand-hewn shelves, and the large room on the east side of the *patio*, used for divine worship before the great church was completed (as well as after the latter's destruction) and known as Serra's Church. This last owes its present satisfactory condition largely to the Landmarks Club which newly roofed it with old tile some years ago.

I found entertainment browsing through the musty remains of the Padres' library where the Father was good enough to leave me one morning, amid vellum-bound tomes mostly in Latin and Spanish and printed in Mexico or Spain a century or two ago. Many bore evidence of having been rebound by some handy Brother who had lettered the titles on the new backs in neat, monkish script. Among them I came upon a many-volumed set of that famous eighteenth-

century work, "The Universal Critical Theater, or Various Discourses on all Kinds of Matters for the Reproof of Common Errors, written by the Very Illustrious Señor Don Fray Benito Gerónimo Feyjoó y Montenegro, General Master of the Order of Saint Benedict, of the Council of His Majesty, etc. Pamplona, Año 1785" — a very lively, revolutionary sort of work, which, in its day, scandalized the bigwigs of Spanish erudition with the most radical notions about the doings of the sun, the status of woman, clerical behavior, the meaning of comets, and what-not — notions, however, which are commonplaces to-day. Then there were volumes upon volumes of Spanish translations of sermons by those renowned pulpit orators and propagators of the faith, my Lords Bishops of Méaux and Clermont, Jacques Bénigne Bossuet and Jean Jacques Massillon. Did any latent spark of their fiery eloquence carry to California, pass into the heart of some Padre of San Juan, and thence issue to kindle into flame the tow of neophyte souls? I wonder. The Bible in parallel columns of Latin and Castilian, a well-thumbed Apostolic Dictionary printed at Madrid in 1787, a volume concerning the Sacrosanct and Ecumenical Council of Trent, the Moral Directory of one Padre Fr. Francisco Echarrí and the Panegyrical Sermons of another, were additional sidelights on the literary diversions of the Padres of San Juan Capistrano.

On the whole, I am not surprised that one of them decided to study mankind at first hand and write a book himself. He was Fray Gerónimo Boscana, a kind-hearted, stoop-shouldered Mallorcan who was stationed at this Mission from 1814 to 1826. He was noted for his addiction to snuff and an unaccountable interest in Indians purely as Indians. He was never happier than when investigating their habits, character, and religion in paganism. The result of his years of study was embodied in a curious treatise entitled "Chinigchinich,"

which Father O'Sullivan believes was written in the little room at the south end of the present chapel. The work was left in manuscript and eventually fell into the hands of Alfred Robinson, who thought enough of it to include a translation in his volume "Life in California." One of the native customs that Fray Gerónimo records has a touch of spiritual beauty worth repeating. The appearance of each new moon, he says, was celebrated by the Indians with a *fiesta*, when the old men danced in a circle, singing the while a refrain to this effect: "As the moon dies and comes to life again, so we, having to die, shall live again."

The same year that Boscana left San Juan, came Padre José María Zalvidéa, lamenting, from San Gabriel. His service at San Juan was from 1826 to 1842, including the first years of secularization. He was a favorite with all, and his memory is still revered in the countryside around the Mission. Bancroft says this Padre's belief in a personal devil was exceedingly vivid and he would at times be seen in hand-to-hand conflict with this — to others — invisible prince of the power of the air, kicking and sparring at him until the fiend was vanquished, when the victorious Padre would relapse into his customary sweetness of temper. Sometimes the Satanic presence assumed bodily shape. The story goes that one day, as Padre José walked in the country near the Mission, intent upon his breviary, he attracted the notice of a lively bull — *un toro muy bravo* — who pricked up his ears at the sight.

"*Cuidado, Padre!*" (Look out, Father!) shouted a *vaquero* near by who scented trouble.

The Padre looked calmly up and went on with his walk and his devotions.

"Whom God cares for, *mijo*," he observed, "needs himself have no care."

Señor Toro, feeling himself defied, trotted out before his herd, flourishing his tail and snorting ominously. The Padre started a hymn. Toro, lowering his head and bellowing, pawed the earth so vigorously that the dust flew in the priest's face, and then charged.

"Peace, malignant spirit, come, come," smiled the Padre, "wouldst thou throw dirt at me?"

The bull, in astonishment, stopped before the unfrightened man of God, dropped his tail and slunk away, while the Padre continued his walk and his devotions.

Two years after Padre Zalvidéa's departure from San Juan Capistrano, William Heath Davis (a Gringo trader, like Robinson, who settled in California and wrote a book about it) found him at San Luis Rey, walking back and forth in the Mission corridors, breviary still in hand. The old priest was very unwilling to converse on worldly topics, to which, if broached, he would listen courteously and with averted face, making one stereotyped reply — "*Vamos, si señor*," — and go on with his walk. At other times he would be seen to touch his head on each side with his finger tips, throw his hands outward, snap his fingers and say, "*Vete, Satanás*" (Begone, Satan), as though casting out some improper thought. He was an old-fashioned Franciscan, believing in mortifying the flesh, wore a girdle with spikes on the inside, and frequently scourged himself with a whip. Perhaps the same disposition to penance was responsible for his table manners. It seems that at meals he mixed all courses on one plate — fish, meat, vegetables, sours, and sweets — and consumed the mass so, as though determined not to indulge his palate. Then, rising, he would himself clean his fork and horn spoon, while his servant washed his earthen dish, and at once march off to his room, carrying all three utensils with him.

Not the least interesting feature at San Juan Capistrano is the odd arrangement of the bells in the wall connecting church and *convento*. These are bells of later date than those historic ones of 1775. Nor is this *campanario* the original belfry; for before the earthquake, the bells hung in the high tower of the church. As customary with the Mission bells, each is personified and bears its name cast in the metal. One states in mixed Spanish and Latin: "Ave Maria Purísima! Ruelas made me and I am called San Juan, 1796." Another is San Antonio; a third, San Rafael. The fourth was cast in honor of two of the San Juan missionaries, Padres Vicente Fuster and Juan Santiago, whose names it bears. That Padre Vicente, you remember, was the heroic comrade of the martyred Jayme on San Diego's *noche triste*. He ministered at San Juan from 1779 to 1800, and was buried there. To him doubtless is to be credited very largely the magnificence of the new church. When the edifice was blessed in 1806, his remains were removed to it with great ceremony and interred in the presbytery.

Touching these bells Father O'Sullivan has found many a tradition current among the older Spanish folk of the neighborhood. One, which he narrates in his "Little Chapters about San Juan Capistrano," I find particularly to my liking. There was once, it seems, a gentle and devout Indian girl named Matilda, who delighted in caring for the sanctuary and keeping fresh flowers upon the altars. By and by she grew sick, and one morning, at daybreak, she died. "Immediately, in order to announce her departure, the four bells all began of their own accord, or rather by the hands of angels, to ring together — not merely the solemn tolling of the larger ones for an adult, nor the joyful jingling of the two smaller ones for a child, but a mingling of the two ways to proclaim both the years of her age and the innocence of her life. Some

say it was not the sound of the Mission bells at all that was heard ringing down the little valley at dawn, but of the bells in heaven which rang out a welcome to her pure soul upon its entrance into the company of the angels."

II

The Penance of Magdalena

Slowly, very slowly, the greatest and most beautiful of the Missions of Alta California had risen among the swelling *lomas* of the valley of the San Juan. Brick by brick and stone by stone the simple Indian laborers, under the tutelage of the Fathers, had reared a structure which, in its way and place, might not unfitly be compared with those great cathedrals of Europe in which we see, as in a parable, how inward love and faith work out in material beauty. Huge timbers of pine and sycamore, hewn on Palomar, the Mountain of Doves, many miles away, had been hauled by oxen over trackless hill and valley, to form the joists and rafters that one sees to-day, after the lapse of more than a century, firm and serviceable, fastened with wooden spikes and stout rawhide lashings.

In all these labors Teófilo had taken a principal part. As a child he had been christened with the name of Lucas, and had carried it through boyhood. But when about fourteen years of age, he had been transferred from the duties of a herder to learn the simple crafts taught in the workshops; and his industry and intelligence had so commended him to the overseers and Padre Josef that one day the latter, praising him for some task especially well performed, had said, half in jest, "*Hijo mio*, we must christen you over again. You are *excelentísimo*, as San Lucas said of San Teófilo in the superscription to his holy evangel; so I shall call you Teófilo, *excelentísimo* Teófilo, instead of Lucas; why not?" And Teófilo the boy became from that day, though Lucas he remained in

the record of baptisms kept in the tall sheepskin volume in the Father's closet.

So useful and diligent was the boy that the Father soon took him to be his own body servant, and many an hour did Teófilo pass handling with religious care the sacred vessels and vestments and books in the sacristy and in the Father's rooms. One day the Father noticed with displeasure that on the blank flyleaf of his best illuminated missal, lately sent to him by a friend in his old college at Córdoba, in Spain, there were some rough drawings in red and blue. Evidently the person who had drawn them had tried to obliterate his work, but had only partly succeeded. The Father could not help noticing, however, that, crude as were the formal floral designs and sacred emblems that had been copied by the culprit from the emblazoned letterings and chapter headings of the missal, the work showed undoubted taste and talent; and this gave him an idea. Why should he not adorn with frescoes, in color, the cornices, and perhaps even the dome, of the new church? It would be a notable addition, and would give a finishing touch to the beauty of the building, if it could be done. And here, evidently, was a hand that might be trained to do it — the hand, probably, of his favorite, Teófilo, for he alone had access to the book-shelves in the Father's room.

So when next he saw the boy he asked, "Teófilo, who has been drawing in my new missal?" The boy hung his head, and the Father, taking his silence as an admission of guilt, added, "That was wrong of you, Teófilo, and I must give you some penance to remind you not to do such mischief again. Do you know, boy, what that book is worth? Not less than twenty *pesos*, Teófilo, or even more. That is one year's wages of Agustín the *mayordomo*, so you can see such things must be left alone. But come to me this evening after the Doctrina, and I will set you your penance."

When the boy, with downcast look, came to him in his room that evening, the Father said to him, "What made you do it, Teófilo?" And the boy answered "I did not mean to do harm, Padre, but the pictures are so beautiful, and I tried to make some like them. Then I tried to rub them out, but they would not come off." The Father smiled indulgently. "No, my son," he said, "the wrong things we do, even innocently, do not come off. You must remember that in future. But they can be forgiven by the good God, Teófilo, and even so I forgive you for the book. And your penance shall be to come each evening at this time and learn to draw properly. What do you say?"

"Oh, Padre!" cried the boy; and he took the Father's hand and put it, Indian fashion, to his forehead in token of gratitude.

Agustín the *mayordomo* was, next to the Father, the most important man about the Mission. He it was who, under the priest's supervision, had charge not only of the labors and general governance of the Indians, but also of the business affairs of the establishment, even to the care and sale of the cattle, hides, and tallow, which, produced in enormous quantity, were almost the only, but a quite considerable, source of revenue to all the California Missions. Agustín was a half-breed, or *mestizo*, the son of one of the Spanish soldiers who had come to Alta California with Serra and Portolá. His mother was an Indian woman, to whom his father had been married by Father Serra himself. That was in 1776, the year of the establishment of the Mission, and Agustín, the oldest son of the marriage, had risen before the age of thirty-five to his important post, partly by natural ability, and partly by the fact of his mixed Spanish blood, which of itself gave him prestige and authority with the Indians. He had quarters adjoining those of the Father, on the main corridor of the *cuadro*.

His family consisted of his wife, Juana, chief of the *lavanderas*, or washwomen, and several children, the oldest of whom, Magdalena, was now growing into the fresh and early womanhood of these Southern races. Already she had lovers, who took such opportunities as the strict discipline of the Mission life allowed (and they were rare) to endeavor to awake a response in her heart. But she held herself aloof from all. Proud of the Spanish blood in her veins, though that blood was but that of a common soldier, she counted herself to be of the *gente de razon*, far above the level of the mere Indians, her mother's people. And, indeed, in her finer features, quick glance, and more spirited bearing, the difference of strain was manifest: the Latin admixture, though only fractional, justified itself in evident supremacy over the aborigine.

This proud element in Magdalena's nature had the unfortunate effect of bringing her into conflict with the Father and the Church. Not that she would, out of mere perverseness, have refused obedience, but the Father, himself a Spaniard, viewed all who were not of the *sangre pura* as Indians, all alike. This the girl felt and resented, and her resentment, though unexpressed, showed in numberless ways; while the Father, on his part, viewed her only as an obstinate Indian child, naturally averse to good influences.

It chanced one day that Agustín, overlooking the making of adobe bricks at the clay pits a mile from the Mission, needed to send a message to the Father on some point concerning the work; and, Magdalena having been sent to carry their midday meal to the brick-makers, he entrusted her with the errand. Failing to find the Father in his private room, she went to the next door of the corridor. It was half open, and she glanced in. The Father was not there, but she saw, bending over a table set against the window, a young man.

His back was turned to her, and he was so intent upon his occupation that he had not heard her step. She should have turned and gone, for the rules were strict, and forbade conversation between the girls and young men of the Mission: but her curiosity was keen to know what the Indian boy (as she knew he must be) was doing in the Father's quarters, and what it could be that kept him so absorbed. Moreover, a spirit of defiance was in her. If the Father found her loitering there he would reprimand her. Well, she would break the rules: she was no Indian; and if he caught her there she would tell him so. Yes, she would see what the young man was doing; she wanted to know, and she *would* know. Quietly she stole into the room and edged round to one side so that she could see partly across the table. The young man was painting, in wonderful colors, on a sheet of parchment, painting wonderful things — beasts, and birds, and flowers, and even angels, a wonder of wonders to the simple girl.

At some involuntary sound that she made, the young man — it was Teófilo — turned and saw her. Her eyes were fixed upon him, wide with wonder, and her hands half raised in childlike rapture, while her slender figure, so different from the heavier forms of the Indian girls, gave her, to his eyes, the look and bearing of one of the very angels he had been copying. It was a marvel on his side, too; and for a few moments the two regarded each other, while love (that is born so often of sudden wonder in innocent hearts) awoke and stirred in both their breasts. They had often met before, but it had been casually, and the hour had not been ripe. Now he saw her and loved her; she saw him, an Indian, indeed, but transfigured, for he was an Indian who worked wonders. And the Spaniard in her gave way, that moment, to the Indian, and she loved an Indian, as her father had done.

He was the first to recover his self-possession. "The Father

is not here," he said. "He will be back soon, for he set me my task until he should return, and I have almost done it." "Is that your task?" she asked. "How beautiful! How wonderful!" And she stepped nearer the table. "Show me, how do you make them? I never thought that Indians could make such things. I have heard my father say that holy men in Spain could make angels, but you are an Indian: how can you do it?" "I cannot tell you," he said slowly: then — "Yes, I will tell you," and a flush came on his dark face, and a light into his eyes, as he looked at her. "I do not make them, these angels; they come to me because the Father has taught me to love them. He says the angels come to those who love them, and any one can love them. And when I saw you," he went on, his eyes upon her eager face, "I thought you were the angel I was painting, for you are like an angel, too; and now I shall always love you, and it will be easy to paint. Listen! the Father is coming. You must go quickly, but now I have seen you I must see you again. You are Magdalena, Agustín's daughter. I shall find you to-morrow when I take the orders for the work to your father."

Magdalena slipped away, and thus was begun the short but happy love of Teófilo and Magdalena — short, like the history of the beautiful Mission itself; happy, as all love is happy, let its end be what it may. Many a time they met in secret, for sweet interviews or even a hurried word or glance; but love grows best in the shade. And meanwhile, the great church had been growing too, and now it was Teófilo's proud task to paint the frescoes on the walls and dome, as the Father had hoped. Simple designs they were to be at first, — floral emblems and the symbols used for ages by the Church, — but later Teófilo was to essay much more ambitious things, perhaps even the archangels, and San Juan, the soldier-saint, himself.

It was the winter of 1812, and Teófilo and Magdalena had loved each other for over a year, when Teófilo one day spoke to the Father of Magdalena, and said that he wished to marry her. For months Magdalena had tried to be dutiful and to engage the Father's interest, on her side, in their favor, in preparation for Teófilo's broaching of the subject to him. But she felt always that he remembered her old hostility, and that he still considered her a mere disaffected Indian of his flock. They had often talked of this, but Teófilo, who loved the Father for the special kindness he had always shown him, believed that he would agree to the marriage. Why should he not? he said. It would make no difference to him, and he, Teófilo, would work better than ever, to show his gratitude.

When at last he spoke of the matter, the Father peremptorily denied his request. Agustín's daughter was an obstinate, perverse child, and would only lead Teófilo away too. He would give thought to the matter, and would see what girl there was suitable for him, and then, if he wished to marry, well and good. He would give them two rooms in the corridor, near his own, and would allow him pay as his body servant and for his work, and perhaps other privileges as well. And that was all; for Teófilo knew that he would not be moved from his decision. Good man as the Father was, he had the Spaniard's failing in dealing with a subject race — a certain hardness arising from a position of authority not allied with responsibility — except to God, and that, indeed, the Father felt, but he conceived that his duty to his Indians, apart from his spiritual ministrations, was entirely comprised in the teaching, feeding, and just governing of them.

When Teófilo told Magdalena, at their next meeting, what the Father had said, the girl was enraged. "So he thinks I

am not good enough for you!" she cried: "And I have done everything to please him. But he is only a priest, and has no heart. Ah! those Spaniards, I hate them!" And then, with a woman's illogical turn — "Well, he shall see that I am Spanish too. We will go away to the Mission at San Diego, Teófilo. My father's brother is there, and I have heard my father say that he has influence with the priest. He will marry us, and you can work there as well as here."

But Teófilo was in doubt. His love for Magdalena and his love and reverence for the Father contended. He was a simple, guileless soul, and the thought of ingratitude to his benefactor was a misery to him. Some other way must be found: the saints would help them; he would pray to San Lucas, who, the Father had told him, was his patron, for he had been born on his day and christened by his name: and Magdalena must pray, too.

Magdalena, however, took up now an attitude of open rebellion, and absented herself entirely from the services of the Church. This was another trouble to Teófilo, and daily over his work he prayed to San Lucas, and pondered what was best to do. But days and weeks went on, and his inward disquiet began to take effect in his appearance and behavior. The Father, busy with the multitudinous affairs of the Mission, had entirely forgotten the matter of Teófilo's request: but one day he chanced to notice his favorite's listless air, and it recalled the affair to his mind. A day or two afterwards he said to Teófilo, as the latter was with him in the sacristy, "Teófilo, you are dull and not yourself. You were right, it is time you were married, and I have the very one for you. It is Ana, the daughter of Manuel, who works in the smith's shop. She is a good girl. I will speak of it to her father."

"Padre," said Teófilo, "I cannot marry Ana, nor any one else but Magdalena, for I love her. Oh, Padre," — and he

dropped on his knees before the priest, — "let us be married. You do not know, she has tried hard to be good, and to please you. And I will work for you all my life. I have been praying to San Lucas ever since I told you, but he has not done anything."

The priest was moved by the earnestness of the boy — for boy he had always considered him, and indeed he was little more in age. "Well, *hijo mio*," he said, "I do not know about that. The saints always hear us, as I have told you, and perhaps — who knows? — San Lucas may do something yet. Or, perhaps," he added with a smile, "it is because we changed your name, and he does not look on you as his son. Well, that was my fault. But you say that Magdalena has tried to please me? Good, then we will see. I will set her a penance, for she has not behaved well; then I shall see if she wishes to please me. To-morrow will be a day of observance, and there will be early mass in the church. Tell Magdalena, Teófilo, that she must come to mass and carry a penitent's candle. Let her be in the front row of the women. If I see her there I shall know she is obedient, and perhaps, yes, perhaps, — well, we will see about the rest."

"Oh, Padre," Teófilo exclaimed, "you are my padre, indeed;" and he put the priest's hand to his forehead. "I know she will come, and I know she wishes to please you. And, Padre," he said, "I have made a picture of the angels of La Navidad. I did it to please you" (he was about to add, "and Magdalena," but prudence stopped him in time). "I thought — I thought —"

"Well, what did you think, *hijo mio?*" asked the priest.

"I thought, Padre, that if you liked it, and said it was done well, it would be fine on the high roof, Padre, the angels, four of them, in the middle of the roof: like this, Padre, see!" And he raised his hands in the attitude in which he had seen Mag-

dalena when she met him in the Father's room. "I could do it, Padre, if you like it."

"Angels, Teófilo!" said the Father. "Hm! I do not know. It is hard to paint the holy angels, and diligent as you have been, I hardly think you are an Angelico. But go and bring what you have done, and I will see. Indeed, it is just what I would have, but it must be well done, or it will spoil the rest."

The boy ran off, and returned quickly with a large sheepskin on which he had drawn in colors a really fine design: four angels in attitudes of worship, with uplifted hands, and eyes that expressed, crudely yet well, the wonder that the Holy Ones might well feel at the Miracle of the Manger.

"Ah, and did you really draw this?" asked the priest. "It is excellent, Teófilo; we must make a painter of you in earnest; perhaps we might even send you to Mexico to be taught by a good artist. There is one of the Brothers at the College of San Fernando who would train you well. I think this is what San Lucas has been doing for you, after all. But how did you do it, Teófilo? What did you draw from?"

"Padre," said Teófilo tremblingly, "I will tell you, but do not be angry. It was Magdalena. I saw her once, at first, and she was like that, yes, exactly like that, with her hands up, so. She was like one of the angels in your new missal, and I remembered, and drew it many times over, and — do you really think it will do for the church, Padre?" he finished eagerly, his face aflush with excitement.

"Yes, it is certainly good enough, Teófilo," said the Father. "We will have gold round the heads and golden stars on the robes, and San Juan's church shall be the finest in California. Though how it comes that the girl Magdalena can have been your model passes my understanding. Indeed, I think it is the good San Lucas, or San Juan himself, who has helped you. Well, you deserve praise, Teófilo, and perhaps some reward.

But go now, and tell Magdalena to come to first mass to-morrow, as I said. You may take a candle from the sacristy and give it to her."

That evening Teófilo told Magdalena all that had happened. But her Spanish blood was in hot rebellion, and in spite of her love and Teófilo's entreaties, she would not give in. To carry a candle, as if she were one of the Indian girls, caught in disgrace! No, it was too much. Why, the whole pueblo would see her, and laugh (which, indeed, was true for she had held herself above the girls of the Mission, and was not loved by them). In vain Teófilo told her of the Father's words about sending him to Mexico to become a real painter. No, it would be a victory for the Father if she gave in, and he should see that she was Spanish as well as he. And contemptuously she tossed the candle aside into the chia bushes in the courtyard, where they talked in the shadow of the arches.

It was with a heavy heart that Teófilo left her, yet with a faint hope that she might repent and come to mass in the morning. It was a dull, oppressive night, such as comes rarely in California, even in the summer heats. Teófilo slept but little, and twice during the night he got up from his bench bed and prayed to San Lucas, for this seemed to be the final chance for his and Magdalena's happiness, and after his interview with the Father all had seemed so bright that it was hard now to give up hope. Magdalena, on her part, slept not at all, but she did not pray. Instead, she lay with wide-open eyes in the darkness of her little windowless room, looking up at the low ceiling and fighting over in her heart the old battle of love and pride. One might say that love stood for the Indian and pride for the Spaniard in her, and that it was an incident in the old feud that began with Cortés and Malinche. And then she thought of what Teófilo had told her, how he had told the Father about painting the angels for the

church because he had seen her standing with upraised hands, like an angel, that day. Poor Teófilo! how he loved her! and how she loved him, too! It was hard, very hard, that there was so much trouble. How happy they might be! And he was so clever, and might be a real painter, not working in the fields or at the workshops, but only painting angels and beautiful things. And she was the cause, in a way, of his being so clever: she was proud of that, and the thought made her glow, simple Indian girl as she was, with a woman's sweetest thrill — he was clever because of her! Yet now she must spoil it all, and all for the Father's hardness.

But then, must she? — for she knew that it lay with her, after all. She could make all so happy — why not? Ah, but the humiliation! No, she could not. But could she not? The humiliation would soon be over, and the prize was so great. They might be married, and even at once. Yes and no, yes and no — so the fight went on, as the hours dragged past and the heavy air pressed upon her restless nerves and forbade sleep.

It would soon be dawn, and now she must decide. Then the thought came to her, should she pray to San Lucas, as Teófilo had been doing? Perhaps after all he would help them. She got up, and creeping quietly into the adjoining room, where her father and mother were asleep, she knelt at the little crucifix that hung on the wall, and tried to pray. But no words would come, and she was about to rise and go back to her bed when it seemed as if words were whispered in her ear, echoes carried in the brain from something she had once heard, no doubt, in the church — "... *levantó á los humildes* ... raised up the humble ..." She had noticed the words, because they were so averse to her ways of thought: the humble, why, that was like the Indians whom she had always despised. But, after all, perhaps that was San Lucas's answer;

for she saw that it would settle all her trouble. Well, be it so: she would be humble, if San Lucas told her; and she would obey the Father, and then, at last, all would be well.

She rose, and, remembering the hateful candle, went into the quadrangle and searched for it. There it lay among the chias, and she picked it up and carried it to her room. Light was dawning in the east, and she did not lie down again, but stood in her door, making up her mind to the humiliation she was to undergo for the sake of Teófilo and their love. She did not waver now; indeed, in her young, strong passion she gloried in the sacrifice she would make for love's sake. She dressed herself with care. They ate no meal that day before mass, which was to be at six in the morning. If only, she thought, she could tell Teófilo that she had resolved to do the penance, it would make it so much easier; but there would be no way of seeing him until they were at the service, and then the men would be on one side and the women on the other; so he would not know until he saw her, and perhaps he would not look, for she had said she would not go. Then a thought came to her with delicious joy: she would make up to him, and punish herself, for having refused, by waiting till the people were all in the church, and then going in alone, so that everybody would see her, and Teófilo would see what she could do for him.

Solemnly the great bell sounded out the summons to prayer. It was a special day, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and all were expected to come to mass, old and young. The morning was heavy and airless, and the people, rising from sleepless or restless beds, moved languidly and in hardly broken silence toward the church, and, entering, ranged themselves, men and women separately, on either side of the building, facing the altar. Teófilo was in his usual place, near the front, and on the margin of the open aisle that divided the

sexes. All had gathered before the bell ceased to sound, but Magdalena was not there. With a sinking heart Teófilo had watched, hoping against hope that she would repent and come. He saw Agustín and Juana come in, and Agustín go to the place near the altar which he held as *mayordomo*, while Juana merged in the crowd of undistinguished Indian women. So Magdalena was obstinate, and the prospect of happiness that had looked so bright yesterday was all over and spoiled. But he must not blame her: she was not just an Indian, like him. And with a sigh he ceased to watch the doorway and turned to face the altar.

The Father entered, and bent the knee before the altar in view of the congregation, who also had knelt on his appearing. The church was in darkness but for the illumination of candles about the altar and a gray and sickly daylight that came in at the open door. As the Father turned to the people there was a stir among the women who had taken places near the entrance, and a figure appeared, carrying a lighted candle. It was Magdalena. She walked steadily up the passageway between the men and the women toward the priest, who stood facing her. A black shawl was thrown over her head, and her face, pale with sleeplessness and trouble, and lighted by the candle she carried, seemed to glow against its dark background as if illuminated from within. Teófilo had turned at the sound of her entrance, and watched her as if fascinated during her passage up the aisle. She did not see him, for her eyes were on the ground: but she knew his place, for he had often told her; and as she came near to where he was kneeling she turned a little toward him, and murmured, so that only he should understand, "It is for thee, Teófilo."

As she came close to the altar step, the Father's eyes rested on her with a glance that seemed to say, "It is well, my daughter." Then he began the service, while Magdalena

knelt in the front row of the women. There was an unusual stillness among the people, for the incident of Magdalena's penance had not been known, and had taken all but Teófilo and the Father by surprise; while the sultry half darkness and the stagnant air seemed to add to the feeling of awe. So the service proceeded.

Suddenly, without warning, at the offertory, destruction broke. There came a shock; a pause of terror; another shock, that made the solid walls rock to and fro; a terrible cry, "*El temblor!*" and in panic the people rose from their knees and rushed toward the door. A third shock came, heavier than the other two; and cornices and masses of plaster began to fall.

At the first cry of the frightened people Teófilo had risen to his feet. He looked to where Magdalena had been kneeling, and saw her standing, still holding her penitent's candle alight in her hand. As the people rushed toward the door both he and Magdalena were almost carried away by the panic-stricken throng; but he made his way to her, and they two were for a few moments alone, but for the priest, near the altar. When the third shock came he threw his arms about her. She seemed to have no fear, nor had he. The spirits of both had been under strain, and one thing only had been in their thoughts for hours before, so that they were in great degree oblivious to the general terror. As Teófilo put his arms about her, a bright smile came on her white face, and she said, pointing to the candle, "It was hard, but I prayed to San Lucas, and he told me to do it, and now we can be married." The shock continued, and became more violent. Pointing to the candle she said again, "I did it for thee, Teófilo *mio*." As she spoke, there came a terrifying sound from above: the great stone dome above them parted, and looking up they saw for a moment the calm face of the sky through a jagged rent

in the roof; then the ponderous structure crashed down in ruin upon them and the huddled crowd of Indians that still struggled for escape.

They were found the next day, their bodies crushed together. In her hand was still the penitent's candle.

In one grave the Father, who escaped the death that fell that day upon twoscore of his flock, buried Teófilo and Magdalena; for, said he, making over them the Holy Sign, they were married, indeed, though in death. Still may be seen on the shattered walls and roof of the Mission church some faded, simple frescoings, the unfinished task and the memorial of Teófilo, the painter-neophyte of San Juan Capistrano.

Chapter Five

SAN GABRIEL ARCÁNGEL

I

Mission San Gabriel Arcángel, and the Miracle of the Virgin's Banner

There is an electric line that connects the little town of San Gabriel with Los Angeles, and from the heart of the southern California metropolis to the old Mission, which long mothered her, is a matter of ten miles or three quarters of an hour. If you enjoy your sight-seeing on the "personally conducted" plan, you may visit the Mission in a special car with half a hundred other "trippers"; but if you prefer to manage your fortunes yourself, there is a public car, every half-hour or so, that lets you off under the Mission walls.

Until recently San Gabriel was one of the quaintest villages in the State, with a certain old-time Spanish atmosphere that gave it distinction. Antedating Los Angeles by five or six years, it is after San Diego the oldest town in southern California. Unfortunately the sin by which the angels fell seized upon it a year or two ago, and the local governors, in their ambition to "improve," wiped out of existence many of the picturesque old adobes that lined the main street approaching the Mission, and with them went much of the town's character as a Spanish-California pueblo. Yet not all. There is still the charm that goes with an abounding Mexican population, — blazing gardens of marigolds and hollyhocks, oleanders and pomegranates, gnarled old olives of missionary planting, the strumming of guitars, and the murmur of Spanish gossip from open door or from behind latticed windows where roses dangle. There are little Mexican restaurants where you may

buy *tamales* and coffee and have them served in the shade of a tree, and one whose spacious *patio* is completely roofed with the branches of a mammoth grapevine. If you are in search of a tailor, is there not versatile Magdaleno Moreno who notifies the world in two languages that he "fixes men's suits that don't fit," as well as "all kinds of men's and ladies' umbrellas at reasonable prices"? At the *rebote* court I sat entranced for an hour. There the youth of San Gabriel assemble in their hours of leisure to play a sort of hand-ball at so much a game; but it must be cash. One learns that from a legend replete with Spanish wit, painted on the wall: *Ahora no se fia: mañana sí* (No trust now: to-morrow, yes).

As for the Mission whose bells call regularly from their quaint belfry in the wall, it is a wide-awake establishment, ministering to a large parish, mostly Mexican, I fancy, and since 1908 in charge of priests of a Spanish order glowingly entitled "Los Misioneros Hijos del Inmaculado Corazon de María" ("The Missionary Sons of Mary's Immaculate Heart"). Their views about money are by no means Franciscan; for they briskly levy a toll of twenty-five cents upon each visitor who seeks admittance at their door. A salesroom, also, is maintained for the vending of souvenirs, and intensifies a certain air of commercialism that haunts the premises, and excuses one for thinking of the money-changers in the Temple. Nevertheless, the place will not maintain itself, I suppose, and when you have no longer a thousand Indians to do your work for you for their keep, the most likely alternative is the tourist's pocket. And they give you a fair *quid pro quo*. There is an ample array of Mission relics on view, Indian mortars and metates, old Spanish books and music, priests' vestments and saints' statues and pictures. One of these pictures is responsible for a tradition once current in the neighborhood that the Mission possessed a Murillo. It does

look like one, but only because the copyist did his work well. The old baptistry, a cell-like offset in the north wall, is very interesting, graced with an ancient font of beaten copper, at whose brink, the records testify, over seven thousand Indian heads have received the waters of baptism. Then the dusky *coro*, or choir loft, above the main entrance, and attainable only by an outside stone stairway worn deep by generations of ascending and descending feet, is haunted, I am sure, by romances enough to make a story-writer's fame, could he but trap them. In a niche of the sacristy wall stands a copper samovar that caught my eye, though the guide had nothing to say about it. It seemed to me an outward and visible sign of the vanished days when the Russians had a fur station on the coast above San Francisco, and traded with the Missions for much of their food and drink.

The church is the only remaining structure of the once extensive Mission buildings, and was completed about the year 1800. The original establishment was not on the present site, but five miles south, near the west bank of what is now called the Rio Hondo, a branch of the San Gabriel River (which, by the way, the Spaniards first named, in honor of another archangel, El Rio de San Miguel).[1] Something nearly like a miracle attended the founding, if we are to fall in with Padre Palou's pious enthusiasm. It was in September, 1771, and the founding party were scouting for a location. The unusual sight of friars, soldiers, and mules circulating about drew to the scene a great crowd of disapproving Gentile Indians. Yelling and brandishing their weapons, they attempted to drive the Spaniards off. The Fathers, fearing a

[1] The first intention had been to establish the Mission near the Santa Ana River, then known as El Rio Jesus de los Temblores, because of numerous earthquake shocks experienced by Portolá's expedition at the time of their passage; whence the name San Gabriel de los Temblores, by which the Mission sometimes went.

battle, bethought them of the time-honored shield of defense among the Catholic pioneers, the picture of the Virgin; and, ransacking their baggage, they quickly got out a canvas on which was painted an image of Our Lady of Sorrows. No sooner was this held up to the view of the excited throng than they all, subdued by the vision, writes Palou, "threw down their bows and arrows and came running hastily forward. The two captains cast at the feet of the Sovereign Queen the beads and trinkets which they wore about their necks, as a sign of their greatest respect and also to indicate that they wished to make peace with our company. They invited all the people from the surrounding villages, who, in great numbers, men, women, and children, kept coming to see the Most Holy Virgin, bringing with them loads of various grains which they left at the feet of Our Lady Most Holy, supposing she needed food the same as the rest."

The site at the river was abandoned as unsuitable after four years, and about 1775 the present location was pitched upon, amid a forest growth so abundant at that time where now is open country that thousands of live-oaks, sycamores and elder-trees were felled to give the Mission necessary elbow-room and outlook. Here, early in January of 1776, arrived Colonel Juan Bautista Anza, convoying two hundred colonists overland from Mexico to make a beginning of the pueblo of San Francisco. Padre Pedro Font, chaplain of the expedition,[1] has given us a picture of San Gabriel in those wild days. There were fat milch cows and cheese and butter; a litter of pigs and a small flock of sheep. He lingers lovingly

[1] The first overland trip to California ever accomplished by colonists. Two years before, Anza, with a few companions from Mexico, blazed the way for them, arriving at La Mision Vieja, by the river, at sunset, March 22, 1774, where he was received with ringing of bells and the singing of *Te Deums*, as befitted one who had opened a way by land between the wilderness of California and civilization.

over the sheep. "On our coming," he says, "they killed three or four muttons that they had, whose meat was particularly good, and I do not remind myself of having eaten mutton more fat and beautiful; and they have also some chickens." As for the products of the ground, the Mission was hardly warm in its new seat, and besides, it was midwinter; but there were many *nabos* (which I take to be turnips), that had been grown from a little seed; and at the old Mission by the river, watercresses grew, "of which I ate enough," he records, as, indeed, he must have needed to after so many dry weeks on the desert, "and finally is the land, as Padre Paterna says, like the Land of Promise."[1]

The situation of San Gabriel in one of the most fertile valleys of California and on the main highway (*El Camino Real*) not only up and down the province, but also between the Colorado River and the coast, made it one of the most important of the Missions to travelers. Particularly was this so after Los Angeles was founded in 1781, to become in time the objective point of the overland travel that crossed the sierra by the Cajon and San Felipe passes. One of the picturesque features of this travel was the annual autumnal "caravan" from New Mexico with its bales of blankets and textiles to trade for California horses and mules. Such parties invariably stopped at San Gabriel for refreshment and to toast its hospitable Padres in their own mellow claret. But secularization changed all that. In 1840 Padre Tomás Esténaga reported that there was not a candle in the establishment, no tallow to make a candle, and no fat cattle to make tallow; and in 1841 the poverty of the Mission was such that he discharged the cook! Yet, ten years before, the herds had numbered 25,000 cattle, 14,000 sheep, and 2000 horses and mules; while the gardens and orchards were famous for their richness, abound-

[1] Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, vol. 1, p. 261.

ing in grapes, oranges, lemons, olives, figs, bananas, plums, peaches, apples, pears, pomegranates, raspberries, and strawberries, to say nothing of the usual run of vegetables. That Padre Esténaga, by the way, deserves a niche in San Gabriel's temple of fame. He was an energetic young Biscayan whose sway fell in troublous times, and that anything was held together at the Mission after secularization appears to be largely due to him. De Mofras gives a breezy picture of him: "I found him in a field before a big table, his cowl thrown back, his sleeves rolled up, kneading clay and showing some neophytes how to make adobes. From afar he saw me, waved his hand to me, and cried: '*Amigo, con esta familia, consilio manuque!*' (Friend, with this family, it must be by precept and example!)"

Prior to secularization, the Mission lands extended south to the ocean, west to the bounds of Mission San Fernando, north to the Sierra Madre of California (or the Sierra San Gabriel, it was then often called), and eastward with lordly indefiniteness almost anywhere — at any rate to the Colorado River. Much of this area was simply a range for cattle, but some fertile spots would be utilized for farming purposes. Upon many of those old San Gabriel *ranchos* flourishing towns have risen, such as San Bernardino, Azusa, Chino, Cucamonga, and Puente. So productive were the San Gabriel lands and so genial the climate that this Mission has been called the Mother of Agriculture in California. It raised wheat which Bancroft says the Russians from far Bodega Bay sent for, though the land was prepared (as everywhere in California before the Americans came) by merely scratching with a wooden plough made often of the forked limb of a tree, shod at the point with a flat piece of iron, and drawn by oxen. One of these wheat ranches of San Gabriel was at La Puente, ten miles away. In Mission days God was given

credit for His part in the crop-raising, and a picturesque ceremony always marked the close of the wheat harvest. Poles were lashed together in the form of a great cross, to which the last sheaves gathered were bound. A procession of the Indian harvesters was then formed, and, with the cross at their head they advanced toward the church, the bells of which were set ringing for the occasion. Out from the Mission marched the Padre in canonicals, accompanied by the altar boys with cross, candles, and censers, all chanting a hymn of thanksgiving and praise, to meet the approaching procession of the sheaves. A general *fiesta* then followed, and a certain proportion of the neophyte population was granted leave of absence for a specified number of days to visit the *monte* to gather acorns, seeds, and wild fruits, as well as to see their relatives and friends in the Gentile *rancherías*.[1]

Padre Font, already referred to, gives in his diary a circumstantial account of the daily life at San Gabriel, which he tells us was much the same at all the Missions: "The discipline of every day is this: In the morning at sunrise mass is said regularly . . . and the Padre recites with all the Christian doctrine, which is finished by singing the *Alabado*. . . . Then they go to breakfast on the *atole*[2] which is made for all, and before partaking of it, they cross themselves and sing the *Bendito*. Then they go to work at whatever can be done, the Padres inclining them and applying them to the work by

[1] Guadalupe Vallejo, "Ranch and Mission Life in Alta California," *Century Magazine*, December, 1890.

[2] A gruel made of meal (corn or barley) and boiling water. Both *atole* and *pozole* are Aztec words for dishes in common use to-day among the Mexican *peones*. In modern Mexico corn-meal is the basis of both. Among the Californians, the *pozole* appears to have been a sort of mush made more substantial than *atole* by the addition of beans, peas, lentils, or meat, as the season or means of the Mission afforded. As the Mission system developed with time, only the unmarried were served cooked rations at the Mission; the married receiving every Saturday the raw material, including beef or mutton, in sufficient quantity to last a week.

setting an example themselves. At noon they eat their *pozole*, which is made for all alike; then they work another stint; and at sunset they return to recite doctrine and end by singing the *Alabado*." Thrice each day the Angelus bell rang from the Mission belfry, and every neophyte bowed in silent prayer. After supper there were prayers and hymns and a *salve* to the Virgin; then music, dances, or games, usually in the *cuadro*. At eight o'clock, the bell rang for prayers for the Poor Souls. At nine, the Mission gates were locked and every one was supposed to be in bed. The unmarried girls and widows slept in the *monjerio* (a special apartment reserved for them in the main Mission building), and, on repairing thither, they filed past an Indian overseer who checked off the roll of names. Failure to appear meant punishment the next day. Of course, after marriage, the woman lived with her husband in one of the *jacalitos* or little houses of the Indian village, close by the Mission walls.

So with the progress of the years did San Gabriel, in common with the Missions generally, come to be an Indian pueblo, the like of which it is hard for us to imagine who visit it today. The Indian houses were arranged regularly in streets, and at one time the population totaled 1700 souls, as happy as mankind usually is, engaged in the varied useful industries of civilized life and earning a liberal living from the soil. This the Padres held not for themselves, but in trust for their Indian charges, seeking to fit them to be good citizens both of this world and the next.

Now, look on another picture, left by a disinterested eyewitness — the state of the descendants of these same Indians, after secularization had "freed" them. The *mansos*[1] then remaining in the vicinity of the Mission hired themselves

[1] Literally "tame ones" — the term applied colloquially to the neophytes, as distinguished from the wild Gentiles.

out to work on the ranches, as sheep-herders, harvest-hands, horse-breakers, and general hewers of wood and drawers of water. After a while the *rancheros* began to pay these Indians in *aguardiente*. "By four o'clock every Sunday afternoon, the streets of Los Angeles" — I quote from Major Horace Bell's "Reminiscences of a Ranger" — "would be crowded with a mass of drunken Indians, yelling and fighting. . . . About sundown the pompous marshal, with his Indian special deputies (who had been kept in jail all day to keep them sober), would drive and drag the herd to a big corral in the rear of the Downey Block, where they would sleep away their intoxication and in the morning they would be exposed for sale as slaves for the week. Los Angeles had its slave mart, as well as New Orleans and Constantinople, only the slave at Los Angeles was sold fifty-two times a year as long as he lived, which did not generally exceed one, two, or three years under the new dispensation."

A dark picture, but it throws some light, I think, upon the San Gabriel Indians' doctrine of hell — that there unquestionably is such a place, but it is only for white people.

Before San Gabriel's altar are interred the remains of seven of the early Franciscans, among them Fr. Francisco Dumetz, the last survivor of those of Serra's old companions who remained in California. But the friar who, more than any other, is responsible for San Gabriel's prosperity — that Padre Zalvidéa of whom we read at San Juan Capistrano — does not rest with this goodly fellowship. For twenty years, from 1806 to 1826, he labored zealously at this Queen of the Missions, concerned to advance both her spiritual and temporal interests. He was a courteous Biscayan of fine presence, an enthusiast in grape-culture, and it was he who brought the San Gabriel vineyards to their enviable degree of excellence. De Mofras says he was nicknamed *El Padre de las Setenta*

Mil Cepas (the priest of the 70,000 vine stocks). When, however, on top of certain minor eccentricities that had begun to disturb his superiors, he made the astonishing proposal to put an iron fence around the beloved vineyards, it was deemed wise to give him a change of scene, and, much against his will, he was transferred to San Juan Capistrano. Thence later he went to San Luis Rey, where he died. It was said of him that he never had an enemy and never spoke an unkind word to man or beast.

II

The Bells of San Gabriel

Rather a desolate little spot is the *campo santo* of San Gabriel; rather desolate, and very dusty. The ramshackle wooden crosses stagger wildly on the shapeless mounds; the dilapidated whitewashed railings, cracked and blistered by the sun, look much as though they might be bleached bones, tossed carelessly about; and the badly painted, misspelled inscriptions yield up their brief announcements only to a very patient reader. On the whole, depressing; but in a sleepy, careless way, like the little tumbledown houses of the Mexicans, across the road; like, also, the old Mission itself, yellowing and crumbling in the warm California sun into early decay.

Walking slowly about among the humble mounds, my mind lazily weaving from the names and dates of Sepúlvedas and Argüellos and Yorbas, with their romantic sound, a half-sad, half-delightful tapestry of fancy, I found myself at one inclosure of an appearance so different that I stopped to regard it particularly. It was the grave of a poor person, clearly, and not in that way noteworthy, for poverty was the air of the whole place. But it was carefully fenced with a high white railing; there were fresh flowers upon it; and it was evident that affectionate hands tended it. The short inscription, translated from its Spanish, recorded —

Ysabel, wife of Ramon Enriquez,
born July 20, 1875: died October 23, 1893
Much beloved

Eighteen years old, married, and dead! a sad strand of color this, to run into my tapestry, gay with silver lace, coquettish

fans, and high-heeled Spanish slippers. Eighteen years old, married, and dead; and *muy querida*, much beloved! My thoughts stayed behind, as I moved on, and the words, with their soft inflection, would recur dreamily to me, again and again — *muy querida;* alas! *muy querida.*

In the shade of a high remaining piece of the ancient mud-brick wall, three Mexicans, with cigarettes and sombreros, and gaudy as tulips in their striped *serapes*, were gambling, sleepily, at cards: from one of the little houses came the sleepy tinkling of a mandolin — *muy querida.* I wandered over to the edge of the little cemetery, and, sitting down, leaned against the hot wall, under the sleepy, flickering shade of the neglected olives and expiring walnuts of the Mission garden. Sleepily I watched the anxious labors of a hornet, busily building its nest of clay. A dragonfly hung for a moment before me, then alighted on a leaf and was suddenly smitten asleep. Everything drowsed, except the everlasting sun, pouring down ceaselessly his shriveling rays. Again, over and over, my mind dreamily repeated the words — only eighteen, married, and dead: *muy querida.*

The bells of the Mission are ringing, clear and strong, under the practiced hand of old Gregorio. Who can ring like he? And to-day, of all days, he is doing his best, for it is the *fiesta* of the blessed San Gabriel himself, and there are people come from all the towns of the valley, to say nothing of Los Angeles, to the *fiesta.* Not but what the saint has his day every year; but this particular day is a day of days, a *fiesta* of *fiestas:* for the Padre has arranged a procession in San Gabriel's honor, and what Mexican would not ride thirty miles to see a procession? So to the hitching-posts all up the long street are tied tired horses that have come that hot morning from San Fernando, and Calabasas, and farther still. And here and

there is a wagon that has brought a whole family, all to do honor to San Gabriel, and to see the sight of the day. And that is, preëminently, Ysabel Alvarado, the beauty of the valley, who is to walk at the head of the procession to the church.

The heart of the beautiful Ysabel is in commotion, somewhat like the bells themselves, as she listens to them and to the clamor of the children, who began to gather an hour ago before the cottage, and are now shrilly calling, "Y-sa-*bel*." And she can hardly stand still while her mother is busily putting the last touches to the wonderful array in which she is to appear. Never before has any girl of the village had clothes so beautiful, entirely of white, yes, even to the shoes and their rosettes and laces, all of white, so dear to the Mexican heart. Moreover, there was the thought of Ramon; Ramon, who she thought loved her: to-day would surely prove it, when he saw her so dressed, like — yes, indeed — like a grand señorita. Ramon had been working in Los Angeles, and there there were so many — she sighed to think how many — girls for him to choose from. But to-day he was to be here: old Marta, her mother, had found out, and told her: and to-day would surely tell. There were others, of course: Ramon's friend, Felipe, for instance: he was clever, and sang well, and she knew he liked her. But it was Ramon's face that would come between her and the little square of looking-glass; and it was Ramon, too, who came into her mind — the saints forgive her! — even when she turned for a moment to her little crucifix, to say a prayer for good fortune, special good fortune, that day.

At last all was ready, even to the final brushing that her mother must give to the glossy hair which, parted by the dark, beautiful face, fell in a rippling shower almost to her knee. It is no wonder that Marta says, as she hovers, brush

in hand, about her, "Thou art like the great picture of the blessed Santa Bárbara, child, that I used to see in the Mission where I lived when I was as young as you"; and, to herself, "Ramon had best take care. Such flowers are not to be plucked every day as my Ysabelita." And it is no wonder that when Ysabel appears at the door, carrying carefully upright the waxen, fragrant spire of white lilies for San Gabriel which the Padre has sent to Los Angeles to procure, the excited expectation of the village and its visitors releases itself in a prolonged "Ah!" that nearly makes her laugh outright with happy pride. Least of all is it any wonder that Ramon Enriquez, gazing with all his soul, says, under his breath, "She is like an angel of heaven; yes, truly an angel is she, my Ysabel."

The bells of the Mission ring happily, happily, as the little procession passes into the church: *Muy querida, muy querida.*

Again the bells are swinging and ringing in the hot, sunny air. But it is not old Gregorio who rings now, one may be sure, so irregular are the strokes — loud, soft, quick, slow — as if the green old bells were actually out of breath with laughing. No, Gregorio has rung for thirty, yes, nearly forty years, and his ringing is as steady as the pendulum of the Padre's great clock. Ah, it is Juan, young scapegrace! that rings, and out of breath, truly, is he; so that for once he is ready to obey when admonished by the Padre to leave off. "What a noise thou art making, Juanito! I think San Gabriel will be stopping his ears. Run up the choir steps, boy, and call to me if thou seest them coming." Willingly enough the bare-legged urchin raced away, and, perched like an acrobat on the narrow rail, holding by a trailing branch of the pepper tree, shielded his merry black eyes as he gazed up the road. His slender stock of patience was nearly exhausted before the

sound of music reached his ears, and started his feet shuffling. "Padre, oh, Padre," he cried, "they are coming. I can hear the violin: it is Pedro that plays, I would bet anything. Ah, he can play! Yes, and Marta is coming first with the holy water."

Down the road comes, again, a procession. One half of the village is in it, and the other half views it with animated admiration from doorways and verandas. Marta, her old black dress for once cast aside, arrayed in yellow and red, leads the van, as she has at every wedding for twenty years. Following her come three musicians; Pedro, in the center, his gray, thin hair straggling over the collar of his well-brushed long black coat, with young Vicente and Arturo, the bridegroom's brothers, one on either side, accompanying Pedro's weird, thin-blooded strain with thrumming mandolins. Next come, by two and two, six little girls, pretty as angels, with little wild sunflowers in their glossy tresses, and carrying, with conscious pride, large bunches of red roses. And here are the bride and bridegroom, Ysabel Alvarado, the flower of San Gabriel, and Ramon Enriquez, to whose proud, dark face hers is often lifted with happy smiles at the words of admiration and friendly wishes that reach their ears.

Now, Juan, ring your loudest, and no one will complain: *Muy querida, muy querida . . .*

It is the big bell, only, of the Mission, that is ringing now, the one in the top embrasure of the arched *campanario*. It rings steady and clear, as Gregorio always makes it, but slowly, and the sound that trembles heavily out upon the heat-laden air settles down upon the village like a noonday shadow. Again there are people gathered for a simple procession, and horses are tied to the posts along the street. But this time it is not at old Marta's house that the people are

gathered, but at the new, white cottage that Ramon Enriquez built, a year ago, for his bride. Juan, merry and mischievous as a blue jay generally, is sober as he hovers on the outskirts of the little group of people. Again the six little girls are waiting, two and two, but they carry white flowers, lilies, roses, and jessamine. Presently Marta appears, a creeping, somber figure, black from head to foot.

The straggling group moves up the street, old Marta at the head, talking to herself, and shaking her head. As they near the Mission the great door opens, and the Padre comes out, followed by four young men, who carry — alas! my heart tells me what they carry — the brightness and lightness of the face and form of Ysabel Enriquez: and there lies upon her breast a tiny baby form. Alas! *muy querida!* Ramon walks behind, and looks neither to right nor left, as they take their place at the head of the little procession. And so they go, up the white, dusty road, to the *campo santo.*

Muy querida, muy querida, says the great bell: slower and slower, *muy querida, muy* . . . and so, ceases.

The sun was going down, its warm light dying away up the ancient wall. Far away sounded the faint thrumming of the mandolin in the cottage across the road: the three Mexicans were still silently gambling.

Yes, it is a desolate little spot, the *campo santo* of San Gabriel.[1]

[1] The foregoing sketch was written some short time ago, before certain renovations were made about the cemetery which have changed the "atmosphere" of the place. I confess to an unreasonable wish that God's Acre might have been spared by the industrious hand of the whitewasher, when the zeal for "cleaning up" seized upon the village fathers of San Gabriel.

Chapter Six

SAN FERNANDO

I

Mission San Fernando Rey de España, and "Padre Napoleón"

"Still the doves of San Fernando
To the Padres' fountain wheel,
And the dark-skinned old señoras
Tend their roses of Castile."

In Frémont's journal of his travels in California in 1844, there is under date of April 13 the entry of an incident, perhaps trivial in itself, but I like it both because of its picturesqueness and because it gives a hint of how far the candle of Mission civilization sometimes shot its rays. The expedition was in a lonely pass of the Tehachepi Mountains, newly out of the solitudes of the San Joaquin Valley and about to enter the forbidding wastes of the Mojave Desert. "In the evening a Christian Indian rode into camp, well dressed, with large spurs and a sombrero, and speaking Spanish fluently. It was an unexpected apparition and a strange, pleasant sight in this desolate gorge of a mountain — an Indian face, Spanish costume, jingling spurs, and horse equipped after the Spanish manner. He informed me that he belonged to one of the Spanish Missions to the south, distant two or three days' ride, and that he had obtained from the priests leave to spend a few days with his relatives in the Sierra." The Indian proved obliging, and for the next three days accompanied the white strangers as guide, leading them by sure ways across an arm of the desert and finally setting them upon the trail that would take them into the old Spanish trail to Santa Fé which they were to follow home.

"*Aquí es camino*," he said, "*no se pierde, va siempre.*" (Here is the trail, it cannot be lost, it goes forever.) Then, bidding them farewell, he rode away to the south, "where," says Frémont, with a touch of longing, writing up his journal that night in his camp amid the sagebrush, sand, and wind, "the country is so beautiful, it is considered paradise, and the name of its principal town, Puebla de los Angeles, would make it angelic."

The Indian was a *manso* of the Mission San Fernando Rey de España, once one of the richest of the Franciscan chain, seated in a valley famous for its fertility and beauty. Thither from the desert where he left Frémont, the Indian would have ridden a day, crossing the Sierra Madre of southern California by some trail, perhaps in the Soledad Cañon (through which the Southern Pacific Railway now runs). Three years later, in January, 1847, the whirligig of time landed Frémont himself at this Mission. He and his soldiers quartered themselves for a while in its buildings when on their way to Los Angeles to fight the Californians, and it was here the preliminary negotiations took place that led to the "Capitulation of Cahuenga," and completed the American conquest of California.

To reach San Fernando Mission from Los Angeles there is a choice of routes. The most direct is by electric car which will drop you in the flowery park of a company that has for sale a large tract of agricultural lands adjacent to the Mission, and a two-minute walk brings you to the Mission doors. The car ride is through the picturesque Cahuenga Pass from which the Portolá expedition of 1769 probably had their first view of the San Fernando Valley. Padre Crespí in his journal tells us that on the hills roundabout they saw live-oaks and walnut trees, many, though small, — we may see some yet, — and he christened the beautiful mountain-girt *vega*, then populous with Indian life, *El Valle de Santa Catalina de*

Bononia de los Encinos — St. Catherine of Bononia's Valley of the Live-Oaks. If you are motoring to the Mission, there is no more delightful route than this. Another way is to take the steam train to the town of Fernando — it has abandoned its former pretentions to saintliness — whence a walk of a mile by highway or across the fields will lead you to the Mission.

I availed myself of the latter method, sandwich in pocket and camera in hand, resolved to make a day of it. It was autumn, still dry and dusty, and the sun was high: and, as I walked through a glory of wild sunflowers and across barley stubble, my feet released terebinthine incense from blue curls and tarweed. A pleasant breeze played in my face, blown from the ocean a dozen miles away. At my back rose the Sierra Madre, capped with cumulus clouds rolling up from the desert where Frémont's trail was; ahead, to the right, ran the blue Santa Susana Range, and the Simí Hills (daughter and granddaughters of the Mother Sierra); and, on the left, the Santa Monica Mountains stretched to the sea. By and by I passed a great shallow reservoir of masonry, obviously Mission-made, and then some juisache trees (the *Acacia Farnesiana*, whose fragrant balls of fluffy bloom were beloved of the Padres). Then came a little forest of tuna cactus, and a crumbling adobe wall, and along the last, a dusty path brought me to the Mission.

San Fernando differs from the other Franciscan establishments in the wide separation of its church part from the *convento* wing. Between the two extends a long line of adobe rooms, once busy shops, doubtless, but now fast melting away under the winter storms. The *convento*, with its fine corridor parallel and flush with the highroad, is the part that attracts the passing traveler, and many never see the old church at all, so far is it in the rear. It is said — though can

it have been? — that in the Mission's heyday its buildings, set end to end, would have measured a mile. Across the road stands a charming old fountain, its broken and weather-stained brickwork fortunately thus far spared by the ruthless hand of the renovator; and at the foot of a pepper tree that shades it, I sat down to rest. Here again was the blessed quiet I had often enjoyed in my Mission ramblings. The great world with its hurry and noise, its mad race for gold, and its cruel competitions, was safe beyond the mountains, and might go hang, for me. The wind brought a song from the sea and sang it among the leaves above my head; and a flock of pigeons dropped whirring out of the blue to drink at the Padres' fountain. Pigeons and Padres were ever sworn friends, and a Mission was not quite complete without its dovecotes. At Mission San José, I have read, the Fathers' doves were fed their cental of wheat a day besides what they might pick up foraging. They were of many colors and made a pretty picture on the red tiles of the buildings — that is, those of San José did. Mine of San Fernando tipped unsteadily at the fountain's upper rim and drank daintily, fluttering their wings the while. I wondered if they might be great-great-grandchildren of some old Padre's pets. After the pigeons flew away there came two motor cyclists — a lover and his lass, I liked to think them — who stopped their raucous demon of a machine and sat them down to cool beneath a pepper near my own. They chatted lazily in low murmurs that harmonized well with the cooing of the doves now perched on the ridge-pole of the Mission over the way. To them, now, enters a little covered cart most opportunely, drawn by a discreet pony with tinkling bells, the outfit of a genial ice-cream vender in an immaculate white apron — and the idyl is complete.

By and by an old Mexican afoot stopped at the fountain

IN THE RUINED CHURCH, MISSION SAN FERNANDO

to bathe his hands and moisten his dusty lips. He seemed ambitious to practice his English on me, and from him I got the following condensed history of the Mission: —

"Long time, Chorch he have all these Mission; then Company; now Chorch he catch 'em ag'in."

This required some elucidation; but, under the stimulus of a few *cigarritos*, we got the matter straightened out. The facts, I believe, are that, after secularization, the Mission buildings and lands passed into various hands and within recent years a company acquired them for a barley ranch. The buildings were used partly to house *cholos* and chickens, and partly to store machinery, hay, and divers ranch products. They were rapidly being reduced to ruin when the Landmarks Club of California secured a ten years' lease of them, and did what it could to arrest decay by repairs to roofs and walls; but, through lack of means, accomplishment fell far short of desire. More recently the buildings have returned to the care of the Catholic Church, though it is not evident that the care has progressed further than to clear the *convento* of rubbish, and install a Mexican family in a room or two, to watch the establishment. This, however, is something.

I found the corridor full of charm, the more so for its half dilapidation. The floor of square brick tiles, worn here and there into hollows by feet whose earthly pilgrimage is long since ended, the quaint mouldings about doors and windows, and the delightful hand-wrought *rejas* of iron, the work doubtless of neophyte masons and blacksmiths — all this was material for the artistic soul. Before one door some potted plants — a rosemary bush, a geranium, some cactuses, rose cuttings, and what not — betokened the caretaker's abode, and I knocked. A dark-skinned señora opened to me, and I asked if I might see within. Her knowledge of English

seemed limited to "Please, ten cents." I paid it willingly enough and we prepared for the adventure as if for a visit to a cave, a lantern being selected from a dozen on the table, lighted, and placed in the hands of a pretty little barefoot damsel who would act as my guide. Her name, Consuelo Valenzuela, was like a strain of music, and indicated membership in an old Spanish-Californian family. She led the way through the various rooms, giving me such scraps of information as she knew, which was not much. All was bare to the bone, and of various degrees of darkness, in some the windows being boarded up tight to keep out intruders. One was known to have been the Padres' refectory; in another, some gaping cracks in the wall betokened the *temblor's* visitation. Upstairs (which we attained by a narrow adobe staircase, so unconscionably steep that I am surprised still that our necks and lantern were not broken in the return) was the wreck of the rooms where guests of old were lodged; and downstairs, underground, I was shown a great adobe wine-vat — a sort of Mission version of the Great Tun of Heidelberg — and the cellar where, I suppose, the stock of wine and *aguardiente* was stored to mellow — that far-famed vintage of San Fernando which, the ancient encomium went, was "as the smile of Providence."

Admittance to the old church a year before, I learned, would have cost me an additional fee, but a storm of the previous winter had brought down a part of the rear wall, and as it seemed nobody's business to close the breach, there was no longer reason for unlocking the big door to let people inside. And might I go in by the hole? The lady of the key smiled pleasantly. "*Porqué no, señor?*" — which is Mexican for permission.

A dozing monkey-faced owl fluttered off among the roof beams as I stumbled into the old building, which is a sad

wreck: yet, thanks again to the Landmarks Club (which gave it a temporary roof some years ago), not a hopeless wreck, if the restoration could be financed. The main features of the building, which dates from about 1806, are still recognizable; and the casual visitor finds it hard to understand why the Catholic Church in America allows this noble monument of one of the noblest activities of her past to drop to pieces before her eyes, without spending a copper to stay the decay. I found the outer surroundings of the church more to my taste than the dismantled inside. There is a little *campo santo* under the north wall, where good Catholics are still laid to rest, and a young Mexican girl, apparently in silent prayer, stood by a recent grave as I entered. Here somewhere among those disheveled mounds, where thousands of Indians await the Last Day, the record states they laid the weary frame of old Padre Pedro Cabot, "El Caballero," whom we shall hear of again at Mission San Antonio, but whose earthly career was finished at San Fernando. It was not the Franciscan way to mark the departed Brothers' graves, and I could find no trace of this one. Some linnets, little California brothers of St. Francis, were singing lustily in the dried mustard stalks by the church wall, and I like to think that their melody found it out, wherever it was, and sweetened those forgotten ashes.

There is a bit of history in the view from this quiet cemetery. Turn your eyes toward the lofty Sierra Madre and let them follow the misty crest westward. They will be looking toward the place, some fifteen miles away, where gold was first mined in quantity in California, six years before Marshall's famous strike in the north. One March day of 1842, in a cañon at the edge of the Camulos Rancho (once a sheep range of the San Fernando Mission, but nowadays known to fame as Ramona's fabled home), a *vaquero* of the ranch,

Francisco Lopez by name, was seeking some strayed horses. While taking his *siesta* at noon, he thought to refresh himself with a luncheon of wild onions and, digging for them with his sheath-knife, he turned up both wild onions and flakes of gold. The news got about, and then followed California's first gold rush. People all the way from San Diego and Santa Bárbara came flocking to San Fernando to share in the golden harvest. Operations were under handicap, however, as only placer mining was attempted, and water for this was very scarce. So, in a couple of years, after about $100,000 had been got out, the enthusiasm waned and the people returned to their mutton and beef and former unfevered pastoralism.[1]

At the foot of the cemetery is a small *arroyo*, and just across it, on land still belonging to the Church, is the principal remnant of the Padres' agricultural operations — the olive orchard over which two fine old date palms nobly lord it. The olive trees have been severely pruned back of recent years, but they are putting on fresh crowns again, and, as I sauntered through the green aisles, the memory came naturally to mind of the old Padre who, of all San Fernando's Brotherhood, was most concerned in her temporal prosperity — Fray Francisco Gonzales de Ybarra. Here he reigned from 1820 to 1835, a thickset, fiery, jolly man, who could drive a bargain in hides and tallow with the best trader in the land. People called him "Padre Napoleón," from his autocratic way of dealing, and his insistence upon having San Fernando acknowledged as the finest of the Missions and its products the best. He was often in hot water with the soldiers, whom he charged, doubtless correctly enough, with debauching his Indians; and his

[1] The existence of gold in California was not unknown to the missionaries, before this. The Indians had more than once brought nuggets in from the hills, as at Santa Clara and San Luis Obispo; but the Padres discouraged the quest, knowing very well that, once the "auri sacra fames" were awakened in the land, the Missions would be demoralized.

defiance of Mexican authority in secularization days was unminced. Alfred Robinson got at logger-heads with him in a hide trade and called him a niggardly friar whose character was not belied by the nickname "El Cochino" by which the countryside knew him — which, if true, was certainly uncomplimentary, for it means "the pig." Robinson's hard names of him, however, are unquestionably unjust. A man of Ibarra's positive ways would naturally make enemies; but he was a good-hearted man, and provided well for his dusky family, and that in apostolic doctrine counts for much. He quitted San Fernando about the time of its secularization, and Monsieur de Mofras found him some years later stationed at San Luis Rey, where the Indians approved of him and gave him a *sobrenombre* in their own dialect equivalent to "a good fellow." But the Mission days were numbered then; the Padre was no longer lord of cattle on a thousand hills, but only a poor parish *cura;* and it is a pitiful picture the Frenchman gives of the old man "forced to sit at the *administrador's* table and listen to the ribaldry of *mayordomos* and *vaqueros* who would have thought themselves lucky, a few years before, to have been the Padre's servants."

The founding of San Fernando Mission, which was in 1797, was unique in one respect — its site was not in a wilderness, but in a region more or less settled and within a few leagues of the pueblo of Los Angeles. The spot fixed upon for the buildings was on a private rancho belonging to one Francisco Reyes. Don Francisco's views on the preëmption of his acres I do not find of record, but I think he must have been a good son of the Church, for he peacefully yielded his house to the friars to occupy while the Mission edifices were building.

II

The Buried Treasure of Simí

The idea of finding buried treasure has always exercised what seems to me an unreasonable charm over people's minds: unreasonable, not, of course, that there would not be charm in finding it, but because of the disparity between the amount of attention that has been spent on the quest and the real prospect, usually, of success. Treasure islands, treasure ships, treasure graves, and many other such possibilities have been many times exploited, both in fact and in story; so it is not surprising that the California Missions should also have had their vogue as a supposed Tom Tiddler's ground. And as a matter of fact, a good many of the buildings show plain traces of the ravages of pick and shovel, sometimes wielded boldly by parties of declared prospectors, but more often in secret by knights of the dark lantern.

Why it should be supposed that riches were buried in these places is not clear; but somehow the idea seems to arise automatically in connection with old or ruined buildings. A recent writer remarks that "The foolish notion that the Fathers had unlimited wealth, nay, gold or silver mines, which they concealed, was common among the Mexicans of that day, and it exists among their descendants to the present time." So far as can be known, the seekers have never found anything of value. It seems, indeed, unlikely that the Fathers at any of the Missions ever could have amassed any sum of money that would be much worth secreting. Saving anything out of their meager stipend of four hundred dollars per year would have been out of the question, even if the sum had been paid in money, in full, and regularly, none of which desirable condi-

tions seems to have been met; while as to hoarding from the proceeds of the industries carried on at the Missions, although the returns must have been large, the expense of caring for a family of a thousand or so Indians must have been proportionately heavy. And in addition there are to be reckoned the exactions of the provincial Government, which seems to have looked upon the Missions generally as a sort of providential and inexhaustible milch cow. So that the latest defender of the Padres, the learned Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, is probably justified in holding that their riches were all of unworldly metal, and consisted only in "their conscientiousness, industry, economy, and abstemiousness." Such intangible valuables, it may be remarked, if they could be recovered by delving, would certainly not have proved, in the estimation of the delvers, a satisfactory reward.

The Mission of San Fernando, some twenty miles northwest of Los Angeles, has more than once been the scene of these unhopeful quests. The visitor, who might be curious concerning sundry excavations noticed in the foundations of the massive adobe walls, would be told by the old Mexican who acted as custodian of the ruin — it is hardly more than that — that they were made by "*malos hombres, ladrones, que buscaban dinero*"; and, with a shrug, "*Tontos! no cogieron no mas que polvo, mucho polvo, mucho trabajo*" (bad men, thieves, who were looking for money. Fools! they got nothing but dust, plenty of dust and plenty of work). And with a chuckle old Tomás would lead the way up the next rickety stairway.

Yet, one cannot tell. There may have been instances of treasure being buried about the Missions, on some emergency arising, since, in the times we are thinking of, the only means of safe-keeping sums of money that were too large to be carried on the person was the secreting of them in the walls of

buildings or in the ground. Be that as it may, perhaps the reader will have a better explanation of the facts of the following narrative than the one with which I conclude it.

On the afternoon of a warm day of June, some twenty summers since, I was making my way from Los Angeles to the coast by way of the San Fernando Valley and the road that runs through the Simí Hills. It was yet the dawn of the automobile era, and direction signs did not then, as now, give the traveler on California roads the certainty of his route that he now enjoys; and I found myself, at late afternoon, in considerable doubt whether I had not mistaken my way, with the probability, if that were the case, of having to camp for the night in the open. My horse would not suffer, for there was forage in abundance, and water was not hard to find thus early in the summer; but it was annoying for myself, for I had but a scrap of food and no blankets. The road, well traveled at first, that I had been following for two hours past, had for some distance been showing signs of degenerating into a trail (in that inexplicable way that roads sometimes have), and now it seemed about to "peter out" finally on a hillside of yellowing grass. Yet I knew I had been making in the right direction, even if off my road, so I was loath to turn back. The road, or trail, probably led somewhere, and I decided to keep on as long as any track could be seen leading westerly.

Two miles or so farther brought me to the end of all tokens of travel. The track had dwindled to less and less, and now had dropped to the bouldery bed of a cañon stream, from which no woodcraft of mine, nor of my good trail-wise horse, could perceive that it made an exit. If the trail continued, it must follow the bed of the stream. At any rate, here was water, the first requisite for a camp; I decided to go on for a while, but to stick to the creek, for safety. Dismounting, I

led Pancho forward by the bridle among the slippery boulders. The sun was well out of sight, and the chirring of crickets among the herbage announced that soon the evening shades would prevail. Evidently, camping was to be my portion, so I kept my eyes open for a good spot for the purpose. The cañon appeared to widen out a little way ahead: there I should probably find good grazing for the horse (though not, I ruefully reflected, for myself). Arriving at the opening, I found, as I expected, grassy slopes rising from the creek, and resolved to make here my bivouac.

Taking off saddle and bridle I turned Pancho loose to graze, while I gathered wood for a fire. The dusk was soon enlivened by a crackling blaze, beside which I sat to eat a sandwich and a scrap of chocolate, reserving an equivalent banquet for the morning. Pancho munched away cheerfully, the stream tinkled and purred; the first star telegraphed its friendly signal down through the ether: to be lost in the Simí was not half bad.

My supper (since it must be so called) over, and Pancho picketed for the night, I walked a short way up the cañon in the gloaming. Some two hundred yards from camp, at a point where the stream made a turn, I stopped in sudden surprise at the sight of a light shining among a clump of small live-oaks near by to my right. "Well," I said to myself, "so I am on a trail, after all. Can there be a house here, too?" A few steps, and my question was answered, for I saw that the light shone through the open window of a little house of adobe. What should I do? My appearance at this lonely spot at night would cause so much surprise that I hesitated. But I was quite conscious that I had made an unduly light supper, and, moreover, that I was in the way of making no better a breakfast. Probably I could buy here a little food, and at any rate, I could get information as to my road: so I approached

the house. There was an attempt at a garden, I saw, and growing against the window was a bush of the red-flowered sage which I have noted as being a general favorite with Mexicans. As I came up to the door I heard voices, and caught a glimpse through the window of a woman sitting at a rough table, eating. At the same moment a dog within the room started up and barked loudly. It seemed to be my cue to speak as well as knock, so, acting on a vague assumption that the people were Mexicans, I called, "*Buenas noches!*"

The talking ceased abruptly, and with it the music of knife and fork on crockery. I knocked and called again, "*Buenas noches!*" A chair moved, and a man's voice said, "*Abajo, perro!*" whereupon the bark was exchanged for an equally uncomfortable growling. Then the door was thrown open, and a man, standing in the doorway, asked in Spanish, "Who is there?" In a few words I explained my presence, adding that I was short of food and should be glad to purchase a little. "Enter, señor," he invited, and, as I did so, "Carlota," he said to one of two well-grown girls who sat by the woman, "Carlota, give your seat to the *caballero*." The woman had risen already, and in a matter-of-fact way was putting a plate and cup, evidently for me. My first impulse was to explain that I had had my supper; but I have always found frank acceptance to be the best reply to the frank hospitality of these courteous people, and with an expression of thanks I took the offered place and was ready to share their meal.

I now had an opportunity to notice my entertainers. The man was a strongly built, good-looking, middle-aged Mexican; the wife (as I took her to be) placid-looking, kindly-featured, and of the national middle-aged stoutness. The two children were slender, attractive girls, verging on the early womanhood of their race. I think they were twins. This, I supposed, comprised the household, until, my glance

following the wife as she went to the stove, I saw another person. A man, apparently deformed, sat by the fire, bent forward, his hands resting on a stick. But doubled over as he was, his eyes, black and piercing, followed every movement made by any of us. My host, by whom I sat, said in a low voice, "He is my brother, señor: he is very ill." I was on the point of making some remark of condolence when he added, "He cannot speak, señor: he is dumb." Feeling that it would be best not to refer to the matter, and to turn the conversation, I inquired as to the road I had missed, and whether I could get through to the coast without returning. This I learned I could do, my host promising to put me in the way in the morning.

Just as supper, which proved to be a cheerful meal, was over, the invalid in the corner, rapping with his cane on the floor, gave notice that he needed attention. Carlota went quickly to him and helped him to rise, and then led him, slowly and with no little trouble, into an adjoining room. As he shuffled past where I sat, my eye caught the glitter of some object of metal that swung by a cord from his neck, in the fashion of a medal. This I later decided it to be, when I noticed what seemed to be an exactly similar object on a little shelf or bracket, fixed to the wall, on which stood a small figure of the Virgin. The woman now rising to clear the table, I rose also, and, thanking my kind entertainers for their hospitality, asked what I owed them, saying also that I should be glad to buy a little food of them before leaving in the morning. They would accept no money for the meal, however, and I forbore to press them. As I took my hat to go, my host asked, "Will you not sit a while by the fire? It is yet early, and it is cold outside." I gladly assented, and, offering him my pouch, a friendly smoke began.

The seats at the table were heavy benches, not easily

moved, but in the corner by the stove, where the sick man had sat, I saw a dark, box-like object which would serve for a chair. I was about to seat myself on this when my host (whose name, I learned, was Leandro Rojas) hastily interfered. "Not on that, señor," he said: "it would be bad fortune, very bad fortune," at the same time pulling one of the benches forward. On this we both sat, and chatted, somewhat haltingly on my part, for my Spanish was no more fluent than his English. I was curious about that bad-omened seat in the corner, especially as I felt pretty sure it was on that that the invalid had been sitting: but, not wishing to violate my friend's superstitions, I refrained from alluding to the matter. My gaze, however, often reverted to the puzzling object, which in the dim light appeared to be a small but solid chest of some dark wood, heavily clamped with iron bands, and, I thought, having something carved on the lid. I suppose Señor Rojas noticed me looking at the chest with interest, and when, in the course of conversation, I asked whether his brother had long been ill, he replied, "Yes, señor, many years; but my wife does not like it talked of: it is ill fortune to talk of bad luck, she says. And the box is bad fortune, that is certain. I wish it were not here. But I will tell you about it when we go out of the house."

I spent with them a pleasant hour, finding topics of mutual interest — among them the perennial one of rattlesnakes, of which I had found the region unduly prolific, and the need of schooling for the children, who, though attractive and well-mannered, had never made the acquaintance of even slate and pencil. On bidding them good-night, I asked whether I might breakfast with them (on the strict understanding of payment for the meal), and was glad when they willingly agreed.

When I left the house, Leandro said he would walk with me to my camp, and I took the opportunity of asking about the

chest. "I will tell you, señor," he said, "though it is bad fortune, and I wish I had never seen it. See what it has done to my brother!" "Was it the box that hurt your brother?" I asked. "How? did it fall on him?" "Oh, no, señor, nothing like that," he replied. "It was his horse that hurt him; but all the same it was the box that did it. My wife says so, and I say so, too. Pedro, I do not know what he thinks, but then, he is as you see. This is how it happened, señor.

"It was many years ago, yes, nearly twenty years. We were both young then, and we worked on the Escorpión, for Don Guillermo. My father used to work for him too: he was a foreman on the ranch: and when Pedro and I were old enough to ride after the cattle he made us *vaqueros*. Pedro was strong in those days, yes, stronger than I am now, and quite tall. There was no one who could ride like Pedro on the Escorpión. To see him now! *ay de mi!* Well, señor, one day some steers were missing, twelve or fifteen or more, and my father sent us, Pedro and me, to find them and bring them in. We hunted for them one day, two days, and could not find them. The range was getting poor on the Escorpión, but it was still good in the hills, and my father said the cattle must have gone up to the Simí. So the next morning we started toward the Simí, and it was not long before we found their tracks, coming toward the hills. We followed them all that day, and nearly at night we found them. It was in a little valley that is quite near here: you will go through it to-morrow, señor.

"We had brought food with us, for we knew we might be more than one day out, and when we had found the cattle we looked for a place to camp. We headed the steers down the creek, and came out into this cañon. And here we saw the house, the same house, señor: so you see it is quite old, but it was old then, too. We were surprised, for we did not know

there was a house there at all, and we had been born at San Fernando, and we thought we knew everybody that lived this way as far as Ventura. It was nearly dark, and there was no light in the house nor anybody about, though the house did not look quite as if no one lived there. We should have liked to use it to sleep in, but we thought some one must live there, and might come in, so we made a camp on the creek. Just about here, where your camp is, is where we slept.

"In the morning, after we had eaten, Pedro said he was going to look inside the house. I was saddling the horses and did not go with him. In a few minutes I heard him call, so I went to the house. Pedro was standing at the door, and he looked white and frightened. 'There are dead people here,' he said: 'they are all dead.' He went in and I went in after him. In the back room there was a bad sight, a very bad sight, señor: a lot of bones lying all about the room, and there were three skulls among them. In the middle of the room was that box you saw, with the lid open. There was a big bone, like a leg bone, lying right across it, I remember. *Zape!* a bad sight that was.

"It must have been a long time since they had died, months, perhaps years, two or three, from the look of the place and the bones. The coyotes had been in, and nothing but the bones and some bits of clothing was left. They had all been men, at least I think so, because there were no women's clothes. In the box there were pieces of money, twenty or thirty, or perhaps more. I did not like to touch it, with the dead men all about there: but Pedro, he was always one who cared for nothing. He said it was lucky to find them: the money was n't dead, he said, and he laughed at me. He picked up one of the coins: it was a silver *peso* of Spain, very old. Was it not strange, señor? All the money was the same, all *pesos* and all old. I have never seen any more like them.

"Well, Pedro said we ought to take the money. The dead men could not spend it, he said, so it was foolish to leave it. But I would not touch it, not one piece. I wanted to burn the bones, and at last Pedro helped me. We picked them all up, the skulls and all. *Diantre!* it was bad work! I wanted to put them in the box, and burn all together, and bury the money. But Pedro would not: he wanted the money, and he said he would have the box too. So instead of burning them, we buried them, that is, the bones. We found an old spade, and dug a place behind the house, among the sycamores on the hill — you will see to-morrow — and buried them.

"Then we had to go to take the cattle back to the ranch. Pedro would take the money: he put it in his clothes. It was quite heavy, and you could hear it, so he put some in his shoes and in other places. I asked him what he would do with the box, because he would not burn it. He said he wanted it because it had been good luck to find it: he would get it some day and keep it. Then we went away with the cattle. Pedro said we should not tell anybody about what we had found, nor about the dead people; and there was no one to tell, I mean the officers, unless we went to Los Angeles. So I did not say anything, and Pedro did not, because he had taken the money.

"It was not long before he had used it up. I don't know where he spent it, for there was no money like it, and people would ask where he got it: but somehow he spent it, all but two *pesos*. Then one day he asked me to come with him to the place again: he wanted to see if the box was there, and if anybody lived in the house. I did not want to see the box, but I wanted to know if any one lived there, so I came with him. It was about a year after we had found the dead men and the money. It was a Sunday, and we got to the place about noon, for we started early. Everything was like we had

left it, and it did not look as if any one had been to the house. The box was there, and it was open; and then I noticed that there was some writing on a piece of paper inside the lid. It must have been there when we saw the box before, but we had not noticed it. It was very old and yellow, and torn, too, and we could not read it. They did not seem like Spanish words. We stayed an hour, maybe, and then I said we should go, so as to get back before night. Then Pedro said to me, why should n't we come and live here in the house. We each had a few head of cattle of our own by that time, nearly twenty all together, and the range here was very good. He was tired of working on the Escorpión, he said. The place did n't belong to anybody, as far as we could tell, and we could make a good home here and do well with our cattle.

"I forgot to say that I had got married a little time before, and I said my wife would not come so far away from her people. They lived at Calabasas. I did n't like the idea of living in that house, though I liked the land and wanted to have a place of my own, now that I was married. So we were talking about it when we got on our horses to ride back. We rode past the sycamore trees, where we had buried the bones of the dead men. Just when we passed the place, my brother's horse jumped at something, and threw him off. He fell against a sharp rock that hurt him in the back. He was quite still, and I thought he was dead. For a long time he did not move, but I could see he was breathing. I got water and threw it on him many times, and at last he opened his eyes. But he could not move, señor, nor speak either: the rock had hurt his backbone, and his legs were like dead. He was a *paralítico*, and he has never been able to move, any more than you saw him move, nor talk either.

"I did not know what to do. It was many miles to the ranch, and there was no one that lived anywhere nearer. My

brother was in much pain, so I could not put him on his horse: I was afraid of hurting him more. He could not talk, but he pointed at the house, for me to take him there. There was nothing else to do, and at last I got him there. Then I said I must go and get help to take him away, but he shook his head and would not let me go. I think he thought he might as well die there as anywhere, and he was half dead anyway. But I had to go to get food, and I thought I could bring a doctor also. I left him some water, and got on my horse and rode — *cielo*, how I rode! — for I thought he might be dead when I got back. It was dark most of the way, and it was midnight when I got to the ranch. I got help, and sent for a doctor to come from Los Angeles. My wife — she is a good woman, my wife, Elena, señor — she said she would come with me to nurse Pedro if he could not be brought away. We were back at the house the next day early, two cousins of mine and my wife and myself. Pedro was lying where I had left him, but he was out of his head. Whenever he saw the box he would try to get up and go to it, so I put it where he could not see it. I had never told my wife about the box and the money: I thought it would only do harm to talk about it.

"The doctor came the next day. He said Pedro would never be able to walk; he might be able to speak after a while; but he never has. The doctor told us he ought not to be moved for a long while. And so we stayed, señor, and we have never gone away. Don Guillermo was very good: I think God makes people good to one when one is in trouble, is it not so, señor? He gave me ten more cattle; two of them were good milch cows. That made thirty head we had all together. And he sent us a lot of flour, and coffee and *frijoles;* and then he found who owned the land the house was on: it was an American, who lived in San Francisco and never came here at all; and Don Guillermo told him about my

brother getting hurt, and he promised that we could have the house and the grazing for nothing for three years, and then pay a little when we could. After about ten years I bought the place, about fifty acres, and now it is my own.

"So it was bad fortune the box brought us, as I said, señor, but good fortune, too. Did you see what my brother has round his neck, señor? It is one of the *pesos*. He had two of them left when he was hurt: he had always said he would keep those two for more luck, as he called it. One day, after he was hurt, I saw him making a hole in one of them, and he hung it round his neck. He gave me the other. I did not want to take it, so I put it on the shelf for Our Lady. You can see it in the morning, and you can see the box, too. My wife would like to burn it, and so would I, but Pedro will not let us, and he always sits on it. There is carving on it, an 'F' and a 'Y,' I think, and there is the writing inside, though much of it is gone now. Perhaps you can tell what the writing says: I should like to know, if there is enough left to tell by.

"Well, it is late, and Elena will be going to bed. I am sorry that we have no room for you to sleep in, señor, but the house is small, and we are so many women and sick. *Buenas noches, señor.*"

I was much interested in the strange story I had heard, and lay for some time awake, trying to fit a working theory to the black chest and the Spanish dollars, but with no success. It was a puzzle that was worth a good deal of trouble to unlock if it could be done, and I was eager for daylight, to get a good view of the box. Probably the invalid would not be up so early as the rest of the family, who had breakfast, I had learned, at six o'clock. I was prompt upon the hour, and while waiting a few minutes before the meal was ready, I examined the silver piece and the chest. The coin was a large one, Spanish, as my host had said, and bore the inscrip-

tion of Carlos III, with the date 1787, and the arms of Castile and León. The box I examined with special attention. It was exceedingly heavy for its size, which was about thirty inches long by fourteen wide and ten deep, and was made of the dark, hard wood of some tropical tree that had withstood decay wonderfully. On the upper side of the lid were cut the letters "F Y" in plain, deep carving, encircled with an elaborate scroll, this somewhat defaced and broken in outline. Three heavy strips of iron were fastened round the shorter circumference, one near each end of the box and one at the middle. At the ends were strong wrought-iron handles, and there was a curious lock, also of wrought-iron. I opened the lid, and there, as Leandro had said, were the remains of a sheet of parchment, vellum, or heavy hand-made paper, which had been glued to the wood, but the greater part of which was torn or worn away. It was evident that the writing was too much defaced to allow of more than a mere guess at its purport, but by the not very good light I copied what I could decipher of the inscription. This is what I made out: —

hac ar osit unt num tria mi et qu enti qui
pert anc Mi Sanc in cujus fini
utelam ob lat hoc lito atis com
arca absco a est.

rra.

Oc 1824.

I had hardly finished my transcription when my hostess entered saying that breakfast was ready in the kitchen: so no attempt at working out the puzzle could be made at the time. Pedro's food was taken to him by Carlota, and he did not appear before I left. During the pleasant meal, I looked with added respect at the woman whose goodness of heart had led her willingly to undertake, and to carry day by day for many years, the burden of a hopeless, and I fear an ungrateful, in-

valid (though, indeed, from my experience of the kindliness, and especially the strength of the family bond among the Mexican people, I might well have been prepared for such magnanimity).

Soon after breakfast I bade them farewell, Leandro accompanying me a short distance to show me my road. When we came to part, no further word had been said regarding Pedro or the mysterious chest. I said nothing, for I had no theory to offer. When we shook hands, after thanking him heartily I remarked that I hoped we might meet again, adding, as an afterthought, "and in a luckier house." "Yes, señor," he said, "but it is not the house that is unlucky: Our Lady attends to that. It was the money, and, you see," — with a smile — "I gave her the half of what was left. Do you know, señor, sometimes I think the money was stolen from the Church. That would account for all, is it not so? They say the churches had much money once. *Quien sabe? Adios señor.*"

As I turned Pancho into the trail that would bring me to the Ventura road, my mind was busy at a clue that Leandro's parting words had started. "F Y," the letters carved on the chest — somehow they seemed to link up with something in my memory. Who was that Padre of whom Robinson, in his "Life in California," spoke with a good deal of disparagement? The surname initial was surely a "Y," and it seemed to me that San Fernando was the Mission where the depreciated Father dwelt. Yorba, Ybarronda, Ybañez, Ybarra — yes, that was it: Ybarra, sure enough, and the first name was Francisco, it seemed to me; and I felt sure now that it was at San Fernando that Robinson encountered him. All circumstantial evidence, no doubt, but highly interesting. To try another link — did the scraps of writing give any support to my idea? I took out my notebook: unmistakably

there were the letters "rra" remaining where naturally the signature would be written. All the rest of the name was gone except a fragment of rubric, but that embellishment again made it plain that the letters were part of a name.

With that I had to be satisfied, both then and now. Matters of more personal importance soon pushed the problem into the back of my mind. Once, indeed, chancing on a copy of the torn inscription, I spent an idle hour in trying to fashion the oddments into a possible connected whole. In case the reader should be interested in such exercises, I will give my tentative solution.

I take the writing, as far as the signature, to have been in Latin, and this is my guesswork rendering: the reader may perhaps improve upon it: —

In hac arca depositi sunt nummi tria millia et quingenti qui pertinent ad hanc Missionem de Sancto Fernando, in cujus finibus ad cautelam ob latrocinia hoc litore a piratis commissa haec arca abscondita est.

Francisco Ybarra.

Oct. 1824.

My chain of guesses, then, is that the old chest that I saw in that house in the Simí Hills may have once been the personal property of Fray Francisco Ybarra, sometime priest in charge of the Mission of San Fernando. That he, on the approach of some marauders, buried the chest, with the stated sum of money in silver *pesos* of Carlos III, in some hiding-place about the Mission precincts. That for some unguessable reason the chest was never taken up by the priest or his successors; but that long years afterwards, probably not less than fifty, some party of treasure-seekers (of whom there are evidences of there having been many at that Mission) came upon the buried chest. That it was transported by them to the lonely house in the mountains, some twenty miles dis-

tant. That there, a quarrel occurred over the booty, and that the survivor or survivors of the fatal affray, if any there were, did not, for some reason, carry off in their flight all the treasure. The rest of my theory is embodied in the foregoing narrative.

But after all, as to the whole matter, probably there is little to be said that is more to the point than the all-embracing phrase of Leandro, and of Spain and Mexico in general — *Quien sabe?* — Who knows?

Chapter Seven

SAN BUENAVENTURA

I

Mission San Buenaventura: Its Gardens and "Padre Calma"

When those pioneers of Spain, under Portolá, after descending the valley of the Santa Clara River, reached the seacoast, they found there many Indians dwelling in brush houses shaped like half an orange. They were folk of a better grade of life and intelligence than those of the more southern Missions; for the Spaniards now had tapped the territory of the Chumash, that family which once inhabited the islands of the Santa Bárbara channel and the shores of the adjacent mainland from San Buenaventura to San Luis Obispo. Only graves now tell the tale of this race's achievement, but out of them have been taken artifacts representing no mean order of culture, showing the people to have been carvers of wood and stone, musicians on flutes delicately fashioned from bones of sea-birds, fishermen with hooks (even barbed) beautifully worked out of abalone shell.[1] All the early explorers of the California coast speak of the friendliness and hospitality of these aborigines. They were, in a way, the vikings of California: no other Indians between Cape San Lucas and Cape Mendocino had advanced in naval architecture beyond the bunching together of tule into flimsy rafts hardly safe even in still inland waters. The boat of the Chumash, however, was really a boat, even a sea-goer, built

[1] The curious in such matters will find on exhibit in the museum of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce many of these really remarkable remains of Chumash workmanship. De Mofras says their basketry was of such extreme fineness that it would hold water.

of planks lashed together and made watertight with an application of asphaltum which oozes out of the ground in many parts of California. Vancouver, coasting down from Monterey in 1793, notes, with a sea-dog's appreciation, the adroit handling of these canoes propelled by long paddles, that put out toward his ships somewhere off San Luis Obispo.

The day of Portolá's arrival was August 14, 1769, the vespers of the Catholic Feast of the Assumption: and so, as Padre Crespí tells us, the *ranchería* received from him the name of *La Asunción de Nuestra Señora*, — the Assumption of Our Lady, — through whose intercession he hoped that fine locality, which seemed to lack nothing, might in time become a good Mission.

It did — in 1782 the Mission of San Buenaventura. Dana, visiting it in 1835 (a little over half a century after the founding), described it as "the finest mission in the whole country, having very fertile soil and rich vineyards." Our gossip, Don Alfredo Robinson, too, was in a good humor with it, having, a few years before Dana, had a sumptuous dinner at the Padres' table. This Mission's gardens and orchards at that time supplied fruit and vegetables to the whaling ships that were wont to call at Santa Bárbara. The gardens were along the banks of the Ventura River, which was also famous for its trout. At the time of Robinson's visit, Padre Francisco Uría, of whom we shall hear again, was one of the resident priests. Don Alfredo says the Padre carried a long stick with which to thump the dull heads of the Indian boys who waited on him, and four great cats were his daily companions. I think I can see those four pussies, clustered about the clerical chair at meal-times, expectant of scraps and getting them; and I forgive him for thwacking the Indian skulls, which doubtless were less hurt than stimulated.

As horticulturists the missionaries of San Buenaventura

were, indeed, preëminent. Even as early as 1793, when the Mission was not yet in its teens, Vancouver writes about their gardening as enthusiastically as any twentieth-century tourist. "The garden of Buena Ventura," he tells us, "far exceeded anything I had before met with in these regions, both in respect of the quantity, quality, and variety of its excellent productions, not only indigenous to the country, but appertaining to the temperate as well as the torrid zone; not one species having yet been sown or planted that had not flourished. These have principally consisted of apples, pears, plums, figs, oranges, grapes, peaches and pomegranates, together with the plantain, banana, cocoanut, sugar cane, indigo, and a great variety of the necessary and useful kitchen herbs, plants and roots. All these were flourishing in the greatest health and perfection, though separated from the seaside only by two or three fields of corn, that were cultivated within a few yards of the surf."

All vestige of those gardens is long since departed if we except two ancient date palms that lift picturesque mops high in air in one of the side streets of the little Mission city; but as I strolled about, after the train from Los Angeles had left me, it was like finding an old friend to see cornfields still as in Vancouver's day, close to the surf, along the bluff by the beach. It was Sunday morning, and the sound of bells calling to mass turned me in quest of the old Mission, dedicated to that Doctor Seraphicus of Tuscany whom, while still an infant, St. Francis is said to have bent over and to have hailed prophetically, "O buona ventura!" I believe that modern scholars, in their skeptical fashion, have thrown doubt on the pretty tradition; but there is another story that I like as well, which may rest on better authority. St. Thomas Aquinas, impressed with the marvelous variety and depth of the Doctor's learning, asked one day for the books whence he

got it, and Bonaventure, with the simple fervor of a true Franciscan, held up his crucifix. "From this wellspring of light and love," said he, "I have received whatever I have put into my lectures and writings."

Only the church part of the Mission San Buenaventura now stands and it is engulfed in houses of the town. The ecclesiastical authorities in charge of its latter-day destinies seem to have had no desire to perpetuate the memory of the old Franciscan days; for when, in 1893, the structure was renovated, the work was done on modern lines. I remember nothing within, now, in the way of a Mission *motif*, or to encourage visitors *as* visitors. In fact, during my stay in Ventura, I always saw the front door shut tight when service was not in progress, and ingress for worshipers was only through the adjoining grounds of the priest's house, as I learned from a none too hospitable sign posted there. Fortunately the stone walls were too substantial to offer the renovators any excuse for leveling them, though they modernized the windows; and the tourist may be thankful that there is not a wooden steeple with gingerbread frills in place of the unmistakable Mission bell tower which still sturdily stands to tinge

> "the sober twilight of the present
> With color of romance."

The bulk of the present church building dates from 1809; but the earthquake of *el año de los temblores*, three years later, so shattered the forward end that the façade and *campanario* were taken down and replaced by the front and bell tower that we now see. These were completed in 1818. We may be grateful, too, that the Mission's stately name has not suffered, officially at least, as the town's has, by being shaved down to Ventura. The townspeople are proud of their Mission, and, if you care to climb the hill at the back of it, you will find at the summit a huge cross of hewn timber, the crosspiece lashed

in place with rawhide, erected by a local club in 1912 to take the place of the cross said to have been planted on that eminence by the first Franciscans.

It was at this Mission, during its golden age from 1797 to 1823, that there lived Padre José Francisco de Paula Señan, one of the worthiest of the California Franciscans. Even Bancroft, chary as he is of unqualified praise for the *frailes*, finds Padre Señan "a model missionary." A scholarly friar, temperamentally averse to official preferment and to the political wrangling into which the antagonism of military officialdom would often force the missionaries, he still was no shirker of public duty, and at different times filled the positions of President of the Missions, Vice-Prefect and *Vicario foraneo*. In his latter years, he was commissioned to write a history of California and accepted the task, but the work seems never to have taken shape. His brother friars in their perplexities were prone to come to him for advice, which it was always his delight to give. He was a short, fat man, of quiet manners, and the Spanish-Californians, who had a genius for packing a whole character-study into a nickname, gave him the *sobrenombre* of "Padre Calma" — Father Tranquillity, as we should say. He died one summer day of 1823, with his crucifix at his lips, and was buried in the Mission church on the epistle side of the altar. Across from him on the gospel side, in a recess of the wall, are the ashes of San Buenaventura's other famous Padre, Vicente de Santa María. He was one of the Mission's *ministros fundadores*, officiating when the cross was first planted there; and here was his home until, in 1806, he left it for a heavenly. One of the best-hearted of men, his naïve character is well illustrated in an account which Vancouver has left us, and which forms the basis of the following story.

II

The Memorable Voyage of Padre Vicente

Anything that often impresses one, in reading the accounts of old voyages and explorations, is the fine faculty which, as a rule, the narrators have for telling a story. This is especially the case with sailors, who, though not trained to dabble with pens and ink, yet have a most telling and graphic way of spinning a yarn, giving the reader a lifelike impression of seeing the whole thing going on, as in our modern cinematograph shows.

The log of the Discovery, in which Vancouver made his eventful voyage, is a case in point. It makes fascinating reading, and from the explorer's diary we get some valuable glimpses of California life in the last years of the eighteenth century. In recounting one experience which he relates, I find it natural to set it down as a kind of "moving picture," since that is the impression I had in reading his narrative.

On the morning of the 17th of November, 1793, His Britannic Majesty's Ship Discovery, three years out from Falmouth, in Cornwall, England, lies idle on the blue waters of Santa Bárbara Bay. She is taking a little rest, as well she might; but it is only partial rest, for her boats are plying to and from the shore on the necessary business of laying in stores of fresh water, wood, and provisions, before it shall be again Westward ho! for Owyhee, the Carolinas, or some other limbo of the Little Known.

For the provisions, thanks are being paid with sailor heartiness by Captain George Vancouver, commander of the said ship, to Fray Vicente de Santa María, priest in charge of the Mission of San Buenaventura, thirty miles down the coast.

And the thanks are well deserved, for the good friar has marched up here from his post with a band of his faithful Indians, convoying a supply train of no less than twenty mules loaded with fruits and vegetables, besides half a score of fat sheep. It is a notable example of Franciscan bounty to travelers, and those travelers, moreover, not even sons of Holy Church, but heretic English. So in the name of His Majesty George III, as well as for himself, his officers, and men, the gallant captain handsomely acknowledges the valuable gift, adding that he wishes he could be of some service to the hospitable Padre in way of return.

But Fray Vicente, son of courtly Spain, will hear of no return. On the contrary, will not the *Ilustre Capitan* accompany him back to his Mission overland, in order better to point out to him and his colleague, Fray Francisco Dumetz, such other articles of provision as will be serviceable to the voyagers? This is capping the climax, and the captain retires from the unequal contest, regrets his inability to accede to a request with which it would give him the greatest pleasure to comply, and, by a happy thought, begs the friendly priest instead to favor him with his company as a passenger on the Discovery as far as San Buenaventura. To this the Father willingly agrees, and further, accepts an invitation to dine on board that evening, together with the commandant of the Presidio and a reverend brother, Fray Miguel, from the adjacent Mission.

While the dinner party on shipboard progresses as cheerfully as such functions should, ashore consternation reigns in the breasts of the Padre's Indian escort. The Padre has told them of his intention of returning to San Buenaventura in the ship of the white stranger. They have pleaded, urged, prayed, but alas! the Father will not listen. He has made light of their importunities, laughed at their fears, and is

even now at supper with the foreign captain. To-morrow the ship is to sail away, and that will certainly be the last they shall see of their beloved protector. The stranger is bad, for all strangers are bad. He means to carry the Padre off to some terrible distant land, no doubt to put him to teaching the white-skinned people, for such wonderful men as the Padre are rare. And that will be the end of the good way they have learned to love. No more, then, of the easy life — three times a day to go with their bowls to the *pozolera* and receive as much *pozole* or *atole* as they can eat; shirts and pantaloons when they need them, as if such things could be gathered from bushes as the women pick tunas; good medicine when they are sick; and as for work, nothing but to make a few adobes, or plough a little land for the grain, or learn from the Padre how to sing the music in church. No wonder that they gaze with mingled fear and anger at the ship out in the bay, and determine to make one more attempt to persuade the Father to abandon this mad, this fatal idea, when he comes ashore at night — if, indeed, he has not already been made away with; — and who knows even that?

So they wait and watch, while the placid bay dims from blue to gray, and then to indistinguishable dusk in which the ship is lost to sight. At last their patience is cheered by the sight of lights shining across the water. At any rate, the ship is still there, and again they crouch upon the beach, their eyes fastened on the twinkling beams, while they mutter to one another their fears.

Now one of the lights is moving, and the excitement grows. Is the ship sailing away, or is the Father really coming back to them? Yes, praise to all the saints! the light comes nearer; and soon the boat comes swinging in on a wave, and four men jump out and hold her. The commandant and then Father Miguel are helped ashore, and in another moment the be-

loved Father Vicente is engulfed in the affectionate demonstrations of his devoted bodyguard, to the huge delight of the jolly tars looking on.

But the joy of the simple natives is soon dashed. One would think that, safe on land again, the Padre would abandon his purpose, but it is not so. All the way up to the Mission at the back of the town, the anxious escort wrestles with their fated Padre, but when he leaves them at the Mission door his determination is unchanged.

It is a gloomy group that surrounds the smiling Father Vicente as next morning he goes down to the shore, ready for the fateful voyage; and great is the emulation for the sad privilege of carrying the personal effects he is taking with him. Chief among these are two huge books, his Bible and Breviary, "spiritual comforts," as Captain Vancouver very properly calls them, without which the Father ventures nowhere. They are his riches, his hourly dependence, to be absent from which is instant anxiety and grief, though the good priest is ordinarily one of the blithest of men. These, then, are entrusted to Ambrosio, the Father's personal servant and the leader of the band, while others carry articles of less exceeding value. As they approach the beach, their last hope, that some good fate would yet interfere to prevent his going, is crushed. Alas! Fate, in the shape of dreaded boat and crew, is already waiting on the shore. Nothing remains but to kiss for the last time the Padre's hand, to receive for the last time his blessing, and to promise to obey his last command and take their melancholy way back to San Buenaventura Mission, there to await the misguided Father who, they know full well, will never appear. Little need is there, they think, to hurry, as he has told them to do. Yes, the captain has told the Father that with a good wind he may be at the Mission before night. Not for a moment do they believe

it, but the Padre has told them to hurry, and hurry they will.

So they see the Padre helped into the boat with his belongings, Bible and Breviary most in evidence. The jaunty midshipman takes his seat at the tiller, the sailors shove off on a propitious wave, there is a groan from the watching Indians, and the rash Father Vicente is rapidly wafted from them. With "one longing, lingering look behind" they turn away, and trail off at a trot that will hardly be broken until they reach the door of their Mission at San Buenaventura.

As it happens, the Indians are halfway to their destination before the ship gets wind enough to fill her sails. But the time passes pleasantly on board, for Fray Vicente has been a bit of a sailor himself, as it turns out, and is delighted with his present surroundings. Not only did he make the voyage in his youth from Spain to Mexico, — a voyage of more weeks then than it now is of days, — but later he was chaplain on the frigate San Carlos when, in 1775, she sailed up this coast from San Blas and gained the distinction of being the first vessel of size to enter the Bay of San Francisco. So in the comfortable cabin, priest and sailor spin the time into yarns until a breeze comes up, and the ship begins to ripple down the quiet channel. Then there is interest enough in noting the fine stretch of coast that slides past, with the islands hazy in the offing; and the vivacious Padre has incidents to relate of this point, or that creek, or some other cove, all of them with mouth-filling, ecclesiastical names. "It seems to me," says Captain Vancouver, with a smile, "that you good friars who have come to live in this outlandish place for the sake of Holy Church might fairly give your own names to some of these spots. What do you say — shall I use my rights as an explorer, and on the new chart that I am preparing put down a Cape Vicente for you, my reverend friend? That is little

enough in return for the solid benefits you have been showering upon us. Let me see — Point Vicente will do very well for that unnamed cape at the beginning of the Bay of San Pedro; and there is another point near there that I shall name in compliment to your *confrère*, too. . . . By-the-by, I fear he must be deprived of your company for to-night, after all, for it will be dark before we drop anchor, and you tell me the surf is bad for landing. You shall try sleeping in a sailor's berth once more to-night, and to-morrow we will give you back to Father Dumetz and your bereaved Indians. No doubt they will be in ecstasies to find you safe and sound, after all their affectionate terrors."

Long before the early winter night settles down, Ambrosio and his trusty men are posted on the hill behind the Mission at San Buenaventura, hoping against hope for the appearance of the vessel. As time goes on, and no ship comes in sight, their fears are confirmed. Yes, the Padre is gone, stolen from them by the treacherous strangers. Why did they not keep him by force from going on the boat? And with heavy looks and proportionate sighs they leave the place when it is too dark to see, and return to their huts at the Mission.

But the faithful heart of Ambrosio has not totally lost hope, and at daybreak he climbs up the hill to scan the sea once more. A wonder! a miracle! blessed be all the saints, the ship is there; and his quick eyes seem to see a bustle on board as if they were getting ready to launch a small boat to come ashore. Down he runs with this most joyful news, and soon he and a score more natives are on the beach ready to launch their canoes and make for the boat when it appears.

Snug as Father Vicente has been in his comfortable quarters, he is eager to get ashore and hear how things have been going in his absence: so after an early breakfast the captain, anx-

ious to gratify his reverend friend, orders out the boat, and they start for the shore, the Padre, you may be sure, tightly clasping his "spiritual comforts." As they approach the beach, the surf is seen to be dangerously high, and with much regret the captain informs the good priest that they cannot make a landing until it subsides. This is a disappointment, but the Padre, as we have seen, is a cheerful soul, and philosophical withal, so as the men row to and fro outside the line of breakers, he chatters away as lively as ever.

But no such thing as a little surf can keep the Indians from their Padre, now that he is so nearly restored to them. Three or four canoes are launched, skillfully shoot the surf, and cluster about the ship's boat. Our captain finds much that is comic, no doubt, in the childlike delight of the Indians, but with all his eye for a humorous episode, he finds the scene really touching, and gains added respect both for the pastor who has so endeared himself, and for the unhopeful-looking but responsive flock. Now it appears that Fray Dumetz has again been busy in good works, for the Indians report that there are on the beach several boat-loads of provisions waiting to be transported to the ship. "Your port of San Buenaventura is happily named, my dear Father," says the polite captain. "You and your colleague have made it Saint Good Fortune to us in good earnest."

Noon comes, and there is no sign of the surf abating. The genial Padre seems depressed, and no wonder, for whose spirits are proof against persistent disappointment? He is human, and moreover, he is hungry. He had hoped by this time to be enjoying the little feast that Fray Dumetz will no doubt have prepared for him and the English captain. The Indians have been busy bringing off the provisions for the ship, and when they solicit him now to come ashore with them in one of the canoes, he is half inclined to risk it. Am-

brosio, alongside, is importunate: he can take the Padre safely through the surf, he says; there will be a little wetting, but not much. Ah, but there are the books: clothes can be dried and be no worse, but the books are large, and as precious as large, and once wetted they will be unsightly forever, and he is afraid he cannot thoroughly shelter them from the spray that drenches the small canoes as they pass the breakers. "Give me the books, Padre," says Ambrosio; "I will take care and not get them wet. See, I will put them so, and cover them up, and they will be quite safe. I will take them to the beach and put them in a dry place, and come back for you." Shall he do it? He thinks of the books, and says No; but then he thinks of the dinner, and feels horribly hungry, and says Yes. With anxious brow and many solemn adjurations of care, he passes the books into the canoe, and, not without a qualm, sees the treasured volumes pass beyond his reach.

The Indians had said that the surf would go down as the day went on, but so far from calming, the wind suddenly freshens, and the surf accordingly increases. As they watch for Ambrosio's return, they see two or three of the canoes capsize in the breakers, though without the loss of any lives, thanks to the proficiency of the Indians in righting them and clambering in. Under these circumstances, Ambrosio would probably not return, and moreover, the captain guesses, from the increasing seriousness of his companion, that the prospect of capsizing is a disagreeable one to him. In fact, when he slyly asks whether the Father still thinks of going ashore in a canoe, the shudder that replies settles the matter. So the idea of getting ashore that day is given up, and orders are given to pull back to the vessel.

It is a glum Padre, indeed, whom the captain plies with cheerful conversation in the hope of lessening his disappointment, and the worthy priest's spirits take a further drop when

he suddenly remembers his books! — those dear volumes, so necessary to his peace of mind, from which he ought never to have parted. He is parted from them now, with a vengeance! But even while he mourns over this last and worst deprivation, a more urgent catastrophe swoops down upon him: the boat is found to be leaking seriously, and they are in danger of sinking, and it is a full half league to the ship. At this, the poor Father's cup of misery overflows. Cold, hungry, homeless, bereft of his darling books, and now in momentary danger of drowning — *maledicite!* surely such a concourse of calamities never before fell to the lot of mortal friar! And though the cause of the leak — a displaced plug — is soon found and this particular trouble remedied, he remains sunk in a dejection which is not lightened when he observes that his companions in the boat are having difficulty in hiding their mirth at his rueful countenance.

In due course they arrive safely on board, but the Padre is still submerged, and the captain cannot help suspecting that he is repenting heartily that he did not listen to his Indians and accompany them home by land. Even dinner does not lift him out of the dumps, and the hospitable sailor finds the contrast quite painful between the jollity of the good friar on the Santa Bárbara occasion and his present sighful silence. The sorest point of his distress is ever, the books. Mariner deprived of chart and compass would not be more helpless and forlorn than is poor Fray Vicente without his "spiritual comforts," and the captain devoutly hopes that the morning will permit him to put his melancholy passenger ashore.

But, a knock at the cabin door, and enter a cabin-boy with the word that an Indian is here who says that he must instantly speak to the Padre: and over the grinning youngster's shoulder, behold! the solemn, dusky face of Ambrosio the faithful. "I have brought them, Padre," he says, holding up

a large bundle, "and they are not wet, no, not a drop, as I said." Now, blessings on thee, Ambrosio, who knowest so well the Padre's little weakness! *Alcalde* thou art, and, for this, *mayordomo* thou shalt be! Finding that the Padre could not land, he has come out to the ship, a full league from shore, to bring back the treasures for which he knew the Father would be pining.

All now is well, and smiles again blossom on the ingenuous Padre's face. With eager fingers he unwraps the priceless books: fair as ever they show to his delighted eyes: not a spot of water has reached them in their double journey through the surf, thanks to the invaluable Ambrosio. The Father feels that he must give vent to his joy, and begs to be excused if he retires for a few minutes to his cabin. For an hour he is closeted alone with the recovered wanderers, and when he reappears he is once more the genial, even jocund, Father Vicente that won the captain's heart at Santa Bárbara.

Hardly is breakfast over next morning before the Indians are alongside, bringing word that the surf has gone down and that all is propitious for a landing. The boat is manned, and they enter, the captain, the mercurial Padre, and, needless to say, the Bible and the Breviary. "Give way smartly, my lads," is the word, and with their escort of canoes they make for land. A dash through the spray, and all are safe ashore. Then what a shout goes up from the waiting Indians! The Padre is safe with them again: *pozole* and *atole*, shirts, skirts, and pantaloons are safe too: *alabanzas* to all the saints (it is no wonder if, since *garbanzas* — peas — and *alabanzas* — praises — sound so much alike, the saints sometimes get one and sometimes the other; but it is all the same, anyhow): and from all sides they come running, seizing and kissing his hands, or, since he has but two hands, his habit or his hood, and asking a thousand childlike questions, to which

the beaming Father replies, to the captain's admiration, in their own barbarous tongue. Ambrosio, once more entrusted with the books now that the Padre can keep his eye on them, does his best to curb the unruly demonstrations, but he is too much in sympathy with them to be severe, and the riot goes on.

The captain is in full sympathy, too, and enjoys the lively scene as much as any one. He wears full uniform, in honor of the occasion and the dinner that is to come, and had thought that, as the stranger captain, he should be a mark for curiosity. But the Padre is all, and the captain's part is only to share in the general ovation, and admire the benevolent character of this worthy priest as the noisy procession makes its way to the Mission.

Chapter Eight

SANTA BÁRBARA

I

Mission Santa Bárbara, and of Padre Ripoll Who Built It

From San Buenaventura one may follow the beach either by private conveyance or railway thirty-two miles to Santa Bárbara. For twenty, the way is a sandy strip between precipitous mountains and the deep sea, and the Portolá expedition was two days emerging from it into the more liberal landscape of what is now the eastern approach to Santa Bárbara. To the delighted eyes of the travelers, sick of sea and sand, this country seemed ideal for a Mission — populous with Indians for six leagues around and possessed of a soil of such fertility as to insure rich crops; and honest Costansó, the engineer, who, as well as Padre Crespí, made a written report of the trip, was moved to state: "The same we will say in the mystical sense; because the docility of this people gave us great hope that the word of God would be equally fruitful in their hearts."

Nevertheless, many years came and went before the Mission, which it was decided should be dedicated to St. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr, was established in this region. Not till December 4, 1786, the feast-day of the girl-saint, and over two years after the death of Serra, was the cross at last raised and the ground blessed for it. The spot chosen was at a place which the Spaniards called "El Pedregoso," "the stony," and the church first built was very different from the present noble edifice. It was a little adobe chapel, thirty-eight feet by fourteen, with walls a yard thick and a roof of beams on which

reeds were tied, supporting a layer of mud and a straw thatch. Close to the church were the Padre's house, the kitchen, the servants' quarters, a *monjerio* for the neophyte girls, and a storeroom — all of the same architectural clay with the church.

As baptisms went on, larger accommodations had to be provided, and one church building followed another until the present, which is the fourth and was begun in 1815, the earthquakes of 1812 having damaged its immediate predecessor beyond repair. Five years were consumed in its construction, and, when completed in 1820, triple brass could hardly have made it stronger. Its walls, nearly six feet through, are of sandstone blocks and are supported, sides and angles, by huge stone buttresses. Some of the timbers used, Bancroft states, were brought from Santa Cruz Island in the Yankee schooner Traveler, Captain James Smith Wilcox.

That Captain Wilcox was somewhat of a character in Mission days. He was a quaint figure, apparently of the real Uncle Sam type — long, lean, and lanky, and, on state occasions, sported a black swallow-tail coat, a high beaver hat long of nap, and a red bandanna. The Californians formed a great liking for him: called him Don Santiago and translated his schooner's name into *El Caminante*. For years he traded up and down the coast from Sitka to San Blas, making himself comfortably useful to Missions and Presidios alike, and even taking a hand in politics to an extent that more than once brought him into collision with this faction or that. His chief title to fame, however, lies in his having nearly spoiled California's most cherished romance; for, falling in love with Doña Concepción Argüello, he pressed his suit with such ardor (in claw-hammer, his furry beaver stuffed with the red bandanna beside him as he knelt, one wonders?) that he all but got her. The lady, however, managed to keep her heart,

and beat a temporary retreat to Mexico. Just how Don Santiago took his mitten I do not find recorded; but, as he turned up again in politics, he probably bore his rebuff with philosophic resignation.

To Padre Antonio Ripoll the honor belongs — and it is no mean one — of directing the building of the really fine piece of architecture which we now know as the Mission Santa Bárbara. This friar was a Mallorcan, from Serra's own town of Palma, and was a dominant figure at Santa Bárbara from 1815 to 1828. He was that joyous sort of character that does with its might whatever it begins. His especial interest seems to have been to improve the Mission's temporalities, and it is a matter of history that he left it more imposingly housed than he found it, and the neophytes clad in better cloth than had ever been spun there before. He was, moreover, exceedingly tender-hearted, as I glean from the grudging Bancroft. At the time of the Purísima uprising of 1824 (whereof more later), in which the Santa Bárbara neophytes joined, Padre Antonio could not eat his midday broth for anxiety, lest some of his dusky children, who were busy letting fly their arrows from the Mission corridors at the soldiers of the guard, should be killed by the latter's musketry. As for the soldiers, doubtless he thought getting killed was their natural way of dying; but shooting neophytes was simple murder. A few were in fact shot, and the rest took to the hills, carrying with them such goods as they could lay their hands on, but refraining from touching anything in the church. This evidence of respect for religion was worked to good purpose by the politic Padre, and he succeeded in securing from the Governor a general pardon for the rebels who then returned meekly enough to resume their life as *mansos*, as though nothing had happened.

At the time of the piratical Bouchard's descent upon the

California coast in 1818, Padre Ripoll rivaled Fray Luis of San Luis Obispo in military ardor — organizing at his Mission a gallant band of one hundred and eighty picked neophytes for service against the enemy. One hundred were armed with bows, fifty with *machetes*, and thirty with lances, and were enrolled under the splendid title *La Compañía de Urbanos Realistas de Santa Bárbara*. These urban Royalists never got into action, but their doting *capitan frailero* considered them *sin par* for bravery and loyalty. Still, he prudently kept their weapons under lock and key after drilling hours. Ripoll was an ardent royalist and not backward about saying so. After the attainment of Mexican independence, times became harder and harder for him, as for all those of the old order; and finally in 1828 he slipped away in tears on an American brig that had touched at Santa Bárbara. A few years later he was heard of in his native Mallorca, where doubtless he ended his days. It is worthy of note that a considerable proportion of the Spanish Franciscans in California were Catalonians (Mallorcans being of the same stock) — a fact, I think, which helps account for the wonderful achievement of the movement. Europe holds no sturdier, honester people than the Catalans, who, as a race, have long been noted for their morality, industry, resourcefulness, and quickness of wit. Add to these sterling qualities a sound eighteenth-century education and an endowment of Christian grace, and you have the measure of the men who made the California Missions.

The Mission is to Santa Bárbara what St. Peter's is to Rome. In old times when travelers more often came by sea than by land, the Mission's commanding site above the rather aristocratic little pueblo whose life was closely bound with its, made a notable landmark. Monsieur Duhaut-Cilly in 1827 compared it, indeed, to a mediæval castle in its stateliness. To-day, when the city has grown around it, it stands out less

conspicuously; but it is just as dear to modern Santa Bárbareños as it was to the old generation. Every tourist visits it, and in consequence an accepted part of the day's work with the good-natured Brotherhood who inhabit it is to show it off to visitors.

You alight from the little trolley car at the foot of a gentle knoll on which the gray old building stands, and shortly you mount the steps into the roomy corridor whence Padre Ripoll's neophytes in the shelter of the pillars shot at the soldiers. You touch the bell, and an alert Brother appears in the brown gown and white cord of the modern Franciscan; and, if there is but one of you, he finds himself apologetically busy for a few moments, being sure of more arrivals by the next car, or sooner. Then, when a suitable number has gathered, he takes you the rounds, exuding history as he goes. First, there is the church interior to see, with its Indian mural decorations, highly approved by Padre Suñer on their completion in 1820 as "all agreeable, strong and neat," and of late retinted into aboriginal floridness; and there is the fine altarpiece of carved wood, done by one of the present-day Brothers. Then there is the flowery, shady cemetery into which you go by a side door from the church, and where I forget how many thousand Indians are buried in unmarked graves, as well as numerous of the *gente de razon* of former days. Their mossy tombs bear many a name famous in California history. Then up the worn steps of one of the twin towers you are sent for a view of the world, and a beautiful world you find it, from among the bells; and so down again and across the corridor into the museum rooms where you may inspect all sorts of Mission curios, from Indian mortars to rawhide beds and portraits of saints who, you hope, were more beautiful within than the pictures would have them seem without. Somewhere in this round you may have had a glimpse of the Padres' trim *patio* garden, where,

"held in holy passion still," the Brothers doubtless resort to meditate in the cool of the day; but admission to this is denied to visitors. In the reception room, where you are invited to register your name, you may buy, if you like, a rosary of Job's-tear seeds, grown in the Mission garden, and drop a coin (or not — it is as you please, but I am assuming you are not a screw) into the Brother's palm. Then, seeing the light good in the corridor, you ask if photographing is permitted and learn to your delight that it is, and the Brother — fine fellow that he is — has no earthly objection to standing in the picture. Like Santa Bárbara Mission? Of course you do.

After the first formal visit to a place of tourist resort, I find, it suits my vagabond spirit to go again and browse around for unadvertised matters. So, while in Santa Bárbara, I went back one morning to the Mission and spent an hour on a shady bench near the fountain, watching people come and go.

Every car brings somebody, generally tourists, but here are two nuns getting out to pass into the church to their devotions. Sometimes the tourists are serious, gentlemanly and ladylike folk whose red Baedekers show them to be conscientiously doing California. At times they are under the wing of a resident who sedulously sees that all of interest is noted — the great trough of solid masonry below the fountain, where the Indian women did their laundry work; and, of course, the old fountain itself with its stone standard adorned with delightful scrolls and flutings and conventionalized leaves, arising from an octagonal basin, which was much more beautiful before some latter-day rage for neatness inspired the application of a sleek plaster of cement to it. The stately towers, too, are to be admired, and the dignified pilastered façade upon which the three Christian graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, perch in effigy. Quite often the visitors

FRANCISCAN BROTHERS AT WORK, MISSION SANTA BÁRBARA

are in a hurry to catch the next car back; and sometimes wonderfully ignorant. Here comes a young lady, for instance, chewing gum. I fancy she is on her wedding tour with the stripling who has grabbed her arm and is pushing her up the slope.

"Gee, ain't it an old place!" she exclaims in open-eyed surprise.

Two men, smoking pipes, are the next to pass me, and I catch the following: —

1st Gent.: There ain't any of the old Padres alive now, are there?

2nd Gent.: Lord, no! why, man, if they were, they'd be three hundred years old.

1st Gent.: I mean, any of the last bunch — since the war, you know. The country's only been civilized since the war, ain't it? Full of bushwackers before, was n't it?

In the lull between tourists, the sound of childish merriment came intermittently, to my surprise, from an open window in the Mission, and curiosity impelled me to transfer my seat to a bench in the corridor. In one of the rooms, it seems, a catechetical school for boys is conducted on Saturdays by one of the Brothers. There were twenty-five or thirty of the little lads there that morning, and the Brother in charge certainly knew his business. Their bright faces were riveted on his and he seemed completely to command their interest. I do not now remember where the joke came in, but every now and then a shout of laughter would go up from those jolly young throats. It is a fine art to turn theology into a *fiesta!* By and by, the assemblage broke up, and the boys clattered down the corridor and across the plaza to the old fountain. There they balanced themselves for a while on the edge at the risk of falling in, and, chattering like magpies, finally raced off homeward down the hill.

It is a feature of the Santa Bárbara Mission that it alone of all the California chain has never been without resident Franciscans from Serra's day to this. In 1842 the buildings became the official residence of the first Catholic Bishop of California — Francisco García Diego y Moreno, who had been a Franciscan friar. Since 1856 a Franciscan college for the propagation of the faith has been maintained on the Mission property, and the *convento* houses a considerable Franciscan community. The Fathers are occupied in preparing candidates for the priesthood, in preaching missions, and in visiting a few outside stations. In a windowless upper room shut out from the world's distractions, save as they may drop through a skylight, Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, the learned historian of the Franciscans in California, has his abode. I caught sight of him one day on some errand bent, a quiet, scholarly figure in Franciscan habit and a black skull-cap. All the necessary labor of the community is done by Brothers of the order, some of whom the visitor is pretty sure to see working about the Mission grounds; and not infrequently has his sense of humor touched by the sight of them, their clerical persons in brown gowns, pitching hay or shoveling dirt, their caputs topped the while with caps or straw hats. One whom I noticed wore a blue apron over his gown. Why not? Is not cleanliness akin to godliness?

Of course, the Mission rancho lands which extended once from Carpintería to Gaviota and across the sierra to the upper waters of the Santa Inés River, were sequestrated long ago.[1] Of the old vineyard and orchards, praised of old-time travelers, nothing remains, except perhaps a few olive trees, which as late as 1909, according to Mr. Walter A. Hawley in

[1] Before secularization, the lands of one Mission were, in a general way limited only by those of adjoining Missions. Here and there a parcel of land for a rancho was conveyed to some retired soldier or other servant of the king; but, as a rule, the Padres were opposed to private holding of land outside the

his interesting monograph, "Early Days of Santa Bárbara," still lived in the grounds of certain modern residences and doubtless still do. The ancient reservoirs and aqueducts, by which the Mission's water supply was brought from the mountains, displayed a thoroughness and taste in construction worthy of the water-loving Moors of Spain. Part of the friars' work has become incorporated with the Santa Bárbara municipal system. One of the open aqueducts from the hills used to cross the road that now skirts the cemetery wall at the east of the church, and here, as late as a generation ago, Indian women, a remnant of the former Mission flock, would come to wash clothes beside the waters running then abundantly. You will know the spot by the presence to-day of two great sycamores, standing so close together that a board has been fitted between them to serve as a bench for wayfarers. The trees have a story to tell.

One midsummer day in 1866, Father Joseph O'Keefe, then a young Franciscan Brother of the Mission community, had his kind heart touched by the sight of the patient women coming day after day to wash their linen under the broiling sun; for in those days the place was without shade of any sort. His sympathy being of the practical kind, he cut four large sycamore limbs from a neighboring tree and set them deep in the moist soil to furnish protection to those humble toilers in the sun. Of the four, two took root, and have grown to trees of generous spread — testimony-bearers to an act of simple kindness to the lowly, not unworthy, I think, of the seraphic Francis himself.[1]

pueblos. They claimed no ownership themselves in the Mission lands, but occupied them as trustees under the crown, for the benefit of the Indians.

[1] Father O'Keefe has been for half a century a familiar figure in later Mission history. Largely to his efforts is due the rehabilitation of Mission San Luis Rey, as a Franciscan establishment. He is the author of a monograph on the history of Santa Bárbara Mission, to which I am indebted.

II

Love in the Padres' Garden

It was five years since I had seen my old chum, Dick Trevgern, back in Boston, while Mrs. Trevgern I had never seen at all. So when, last winter, I found myself at Santa Bárbara, where they lived, one of the first things I did was to trace them in the telephone book and call up Dick. The result was an urgent invitation to dinner that evening. I was quite keen to meet my friend's wife, and all the more so, since Dick, who is one of the finest fellows in the world, is, or used to be, also one of the oldest-fashioned, and had seemed to be destined for bachelor joys; so I wondered what could be the special charms that had subjugated him.

I found them as cozy as a married couple of two years' standing has a right to be, in a rose-embowered cottage on one of the hill streets near the Mission. Mrs. Trevgern I found to be a very pretty, vivacious, and in every way attractive girl, — she was only twenty, — and as they were evidently very fond of each other I rejoiced at Dick's good sense and good fortune. It was a very jolly little dinner, and altogether as pleasant an evening as I have ever passed. At some indirect reference to the topic (it is hard to find a name for it that is agreeable to every one, but I will use a well-worn phrase) the emancipated woman, I had an opportunity of seeing that the lady clearly was of the affirmative party, whereas I knew, from recollection of old times, and anyway because Dick was Dick, that his view on the question was a decided No. This raised an interesting little speculation in my mind, and when, about eleven o'clock, Mrs. Trevgern declared that she was going to leave us two together for a good

confabulation over old days, and retired for the night, I made some half-joking reference to the matter, and asked Dick how it happened that he, of all men, had chosen a wife out of the emancipation camp.

"Oh, well," he replied, "she is a dear good girl" — I hastened to say that I was sure of it — "and we have lots of fun out of our different ideas on little things like that. The odd thing is, though, that it was Kitty's fad for woman's rights and that sort of thing that is responsible for her being Mrs. Trevgern — I mean, that was what you might call the exciting cause. Pull your chair up to the fire and I'll tell you all about it. It was really quite a joke.

"No doubt it will be news to you that I used to know Kitty years ago, before either you or I came to California. All the time that you fellows were ragging me about being an old bachelor, I knew my own mind and meant to marry Kitty some day. I don't think you knew her people, the Draytons. They lived down at Quincy, close to us, and our families were old friends. At the time that I got this appointment out here she was only sixteen, but before I came away from Boston I told her I loved her, and that when I had got on my feet I was going to ask her to marry me. I did n't want her to promise then, for it did n't seem square to ask her; but I had a pretty good idea that she liked me, and I figured that in two or three years I could be so placed that I might fairly ask her, and, as young as she was, she would hardly have fallen in love with any one else. After I came to California I wrote to her now and then, not often, and no spooning, you know, but just to keep myself in her mind; and she answered with good, sensible, newsy letters.

"She was always a particularly bright girl, with a good idea of what was going on in the world and a mind of her own about it. In one of her letters she said she had been going to

a set of lectures by some confounded Englishwoman, on The Woman of To-morrow, or the Day after To-morrow, or something, and asked me what I thought about what she called Woman's Awakening. I dare say you remember how we used to argue all that stuff in our old Debating Club — did n't we just! — and how I always got sat upon for being a back number and not lining up with the hatchet brigade? Well, I had n't changed my mind — have n't yet, for that matter — but I did n't suppose she cared two hairpins about it, and I replied with some old joke or other, and let it go. From other letters, though, I soon saw that Kitty had got really keen on the suffrage business, and that she knew I was a heretic: but we both had sense enough not to let the subject get on the argumentative line.

"It ran on that way until two years ago, and then her people came to spend the winter in California. In the early spring they came up to Santa Bárbara, and I saw Kitty again. I had n't weakened at all in my loving her, and she was prettier than ever — almost as pretty as she is now, bless her. — Yes, I knew you'd think so, old man. — By that time I was doing quite well, and prospects were good enough so that I felt I could ask her to marry me. One day, on a drive round by Montecito, I asked her. She would n't promise: said she liked me as much as ever, and did n't care about any one else, but did n't think she ought to marry me, and so on. I could n't get her to say why for a long time, but at last it came out. Some one, that idiotic Englishwoman, I suppose, had put it into the dear girl's head that it was her duty not to ally herself with 'a reactionary' (I think that was the word) and in this case that meant poor harmless me. I argued till I must have been blue in the face, but I could n't get her to give in: she says now that she thought she would make *me* give in. And so it had to stay, but my consolation was that I knew she

really cared for me. It was just head against heart, and though I knew, as I said, that Kitty's head was as good as anybody's, I thought her heart was better yet. I told her, though, that I should n't let it rest like that for long.

"A day or two later I had an engagement to go up with them to look at the Mission. One of the Fathers showed us through, a dozen or more people altogether, regular tourist style, and we had seen about everything there was, when some one asked if we could n't go into the sacred garden. You know what I mean? There's a private garden that most people don't get to see, and which, as the story goes, no woman is allowed to enter. The priest said he was sorry, but it was only by special permission that any visitor saw that garden and that permission was never given for ladies to see it. Kitty pricked up her ears at that.

"'Do you mean to say,' she said to me, as we walked on, 'that there is a part of the Mission where men may go and women must n't?' 'I don't mean to say so,' I told her, but the Padre here does, and I'm afraid that settles it.' 'Indeed, it does n't,' she said. 'What does he mean? Is there something horrid there that is not nice for women to see?' 'No,' I replied; 'it's nice enough, just a garden. They call it sacred, but I don't know why.' 'Oh, I see,' remarked Kitty, 'sacred from women, no doubt. That's just like these monks: they think this is the Middle Ages still. I suppose you think so too. You may go anywhere, because you are a man, but a woman is to be shut out of this and that — they're sacred!' I could see she was pretty much excited, and I tried to calm her down. 'Now, Kitty,' I said, 'you know very well that as far as I'm concerned there's nothing on earth that I want so much as for you and me to be together always and everywhere. Let them keep their old garden: anyway, if it's too sacred for you it would certainly kill me on the spot.' 'It's all very well

to make fun,' she returned, 'but it's the principle that has to be fought. It's absurd, it's — it's mediæval! And you're mediæval too,' she wound up. 'Well,' I said, 'I always knew I was a bit old-fashioned, but I was never called a regular antique before.' That made her laugh, and we forgot all about the old garden till we got back to the house.

"At least, I thought she had forgotten, but when I said good-bye she came with me to the door, and said, 'Dick, I'm going to see that garden at the Mission. It is n't that I care about the garden, but I do care about the principle. I'm going to get in somehow, and I want to know, will you help me?' 'My dear Kitty,' I answered, 'I'm your man: at least you know I want to be. The only thing is, how do you mean to do it?' 'That 's for you to arrange,' she said. 'You men think you can do things better than women, so here 's a chance to show what you can do.' 'Well,' I remarked, 'it looks like a burglar's job, and I've not done much in that line: but you know what I said, that I want to go everywhere you go, and if that means jail, I'm game.' She looked a bit serious when I talked about jail, for she thought I was in earnest: but she did n't back down, and I said I would see what plan I could think up.

"I easily found out whereabout the garden was, and the only way I could see to get Kitty in there was by climbing over the wall some evening after dark. It was an adobe wall, and not very high. I could easily get over it myself, but for Kitty we ought to have a ladder. There was a bright little Mexican chap I knew, whom I had met one day up by the Mission. He lived near there, and one day I had seen him haunting about and got him to pose in a picture. After that we 'd had chats now and then. It occurred to me that Julio could find a short ladder and bring it to the place: and I had an idea — old-fashioned, you see, as usual — that he would

make a kind of chaperon, too, to save a little bit of the respectabilities. I told Kitty my plan, and she thought it was all right, jumped at it, in fact; so we set the time for two days after the next full moon. We figured that as it was sundown soon after five o'clock, we could do our wall-climbing when it got dark, say about half past six, before the moon came up. It would rise about seven, and we should have plenty of light to investigate the garden. Kitty did pretty much as she liked at home, as regards being in or out, so all she would need to tell her people was that she was going to be with me that evening.

"Well, I arranged it with Julio. He was a mischievous little rascal, and it looked like a good joke to him; and a couple of dollars was good pay for a joke. When the evening came, I called for Kitty about six o'clock. I had told her to dress in some kind of color that would not show too much by moonlight, so she had on a big gray cloak of her mother's that covered her all up. It had a hood, too, so she did n't need a hat. For fun I had drawn a large placard, with 'Votes for Women' on it in big letters. I meant to tack it to a tree or something if I got a chance, but Kitty did n't know anything about this.

"When we got to the place, Julio was there with his ladder. It is very quiet round there at night, and there was not much danger of any one coming past. I got up first on the wall to make sure the coast was clear. There were lights shining from two or three windows, but no one was moving, so I beckoned Kitty to come, and she climbed up and sat on the wall while Julio came up. Then I quietly pulled up the ladder and lowered it on the garden side. I went down first, and then Kitty. She was a bit excited, I could see, but as game as ever. I had told Julio to wait up on the wall by the ladder till we came back.

"It was about seven o'clock and nearly moonrise when we started on our tour. I took Kitty's hand. She was rather trembly, but she said she meant to see everything there was in this precious garden. I did, too, now we were in. We went along a path by the wall and found a seat. There was no reason for hurrying, so we sat down to wait till the moon was up. It was certainly pretty — especially with Kitty there; there were tall black cypresses, and climbing roses, and orange trees just coming into bloom; and when the moonlight touched the old belfries, and there came the murmuring sound of chanting from some place within the Mission, Kitty whispered to me that the garden really was almost sacred, and I quite agreed with her.

"After a few minutes we went on. The garden is laid out in beds of shrubs and flowers, with winding walks between. We kept in the shade as much as we could, as there were several windows that look on the garden, and some one might see us if we made ourselves conspicuous. But there were lots of trees, and we skirmished about from one to another and had no end of a good time. Kitty was enjoying it immensely, and it did seem a pretty good joke to be dodging about in the old garden right under their noses, for we could see them now and then through the windows. We were standing under a big cypress that had been trimmed up to ten feet or so above the ground, when I remembered my placard. I unfolded it and showed it to Kitty, and then fixed it on the tree with thumb-tacks. Kitty was dancing about with joy at the placard, and almost clapping her hands, but I made her stop for fear some one would hear her.

"We had nearly been all round the garden, taking it easily, and sitting down now and then. We were laughing and joking under our breath, and I was thinking that this would be a good place to propose to her again; rather romantic, you

know, to pop the question under those circumstances. It was getting time to clear out, but we sat down again for a few minutes before we went. Kitty threw the cloak off, and in her white dress and by the moonlight in that old garden, she looked — well, you can imagine — no, you can't, though, no one could who did n't see her. So I up and told her all I wanted to say. The darling took it like an angel, but just out of mischief — I know, for she has said so herself since then — she hummed and hawed and began to talk about different points of view and stuff like that. Well, at that very moment, a door opened and a man, one of the priests, came out. We were sitting in the shadow, but the door was right opposite, and I suppose the bright light coming through the doorway shone on Kitty's white dress. Perhaps he heard us, too, for I guess we had forgotten about talking under our breath: I know I had. Anyhow, he spotted us. We saw him stop for a second and heard him say something to himself, and then he came right toward us. I saw we were in for it, so I caught Kitty by the hand and we ran. I heard the Father, or Brother or whatever they call themselves, coming after us: we could hear his skirts flapping about and I think he must have been a fat man from the way he puffed.

"We were right at the other end of the garden from where the ladder was. Kitty is a good runner, and we had a good lead and were nearly there when suddenly Kitty almost stopped and exclaimed, in a horrified voice, 'The cloak, Dick! we've left it behind, and it has mother's name on it!' Whew! that's a bad mess, I thought. It must be got, that was certain. 'You run on,' I told her, 'and get up the ladder. Do you see it?' 'Yes,' she said, 'but what about you?' 'I'm going back for the cloak,' I answered. 'You get up the ladder and wait for me. I'll stop him following you. Quick, Kitty, hurry up!' I watched her get to the ladder and then started

back. I did n't know just where the priest was, as we had lost him somewhere among the trees, but I ran back, got the cloak, and started again cautiously for the ladder. When I was halfway there I caught sight of him staring at the placard. I can't understand to this day why he had n't raised a racket. I think that placard must have hypnotized him. Well, he saw me and called to me to stop. As he was between me and the place where the ladder was, I saw I could n't get past him, so I ran back to the other end of the garden again, and he came running after me. When he came to the door I saw him stop a moment and then go in, evidently to get help. That was my time. I sprinted back as fast as I could, for it was getting rather too interesting. Kitty was there all right, sitting on the wall, but I could n't see Julio nor any ladder. 'Dick!' she called down to me, 'I've let the ladder drop down on the other side. Can you get up without it?' 'How on earth did you do that?' I asked. 'I was afraid that horrid monk might come along and see me, and take the ladder away to keep you from getting up,' Kitty said: 'so I pulled it up after me, and then it slipped and went down the other side.' 'Never mind,' I replied, 'I can climb up: but where is Julio?' 'I have n't seen him,' she said: 'but never mind him, come along up.'

"I threw the cloak up to her, and then jumped at the wall to clamber up. I caught the top all right, but the rotten adobe bricks came away, and I tumbled down with half a dozen of them on top of me, and in falling, by the worst kind of luck, I sprained my foot. I tried to get up, but found I could n't stand on the hurt foot. 'What's the matter, Dick?' asked Kitty. 'Sprained foot,' I said. 'I don't see how I'm going to climb up that wall now. I can't jump high enough with one foot, and the adobes would most likely come down again, anyhow. Confound that imp, Julio! he would have saved all this

mess if he had done as I told him. I guess we're trapped, I am, anyway.'

"Every moment I expected to see the Mission people coming, and there was the chance of some one coming along the road, too, and finding Kitty playing Humpty-Dumpty. The poor little thing was nearly crying. 'Oh, Dick,' she said, 'does it hurt much? Oh, I know it must, and it's all my fault. What will they do to us, Dick?' 'Well,' I answered, 'they can't skin us and eat us, you know. I should n't mind about myself, only that it makes a fellow look like a fool. You ought to marry me now, Kitty, for no one else will,' I added, severely. 'Don't you think so?' 'Oh, I suppose so, Dick,' she said, half laughing and half crying, 'No one else will marry me, either, for that matter. I wonder you want to, after my getting you into this fix.' 'All right, darling,' I said: 'it's a bargain, mind. They have n't got us yet, anyhow,' I went on. 'Here they come, though,' as half a dozen petticoated figures issued from the door. I saw them go toward the other end of the garden, where I had last been seen, and begin searching about. 'Now, Kitty,' I told her, 'when they come this way you just let yourself down the other side as far as you can, and then drop. You are lighter than I, and I think the bricks will hold. Then run home as quickly as you can, and lie low.' 'Dick,' the little trump replied, indignantly, 'do you suppose I'm going to run away and let you stand the blame? Do you think I'm one of those putty kind of girls?' I tried to argue with her but — well, you know what suffragists are; she would n't budge. 'Dick,' she exclaimed at last, 'what am I thinking of? I can drop down, as you said, and get the ladder over to you.' I'd thought of that, of course, but I could n't stand the idea of her falling and perhaps getting hurt. 'You must n't do it, Kitty,' I declared. 'If you get hurt as well, we shall be in a worse hole than ever.' My mind was working like lightning,

and suddenly I thought of the cloak. 'Kitty' I said, 'throw the cloak down to me.' It was a good old-fashioned cloak, with yards and yards of stuff in it. I twisted it into a sort of rope, and then stood up against the wall on my good foot and threw the end over as far as I could. 'How far does it reach?' I asked. 'Plenty far enough,' she answered. I did n't need to say any more. She took hold of it and let herself down, and I heard her drop to the ground. In another moment she was up on the wall and pulling the ladder after her. It made an awful row, and I saw some of the people stop and listen. It was touch and go then, I could see. Kitty lowered the ladder, and in half a jiffy I was up. As we were pulling the ladder up, they saw us and began to come on the run, but they were just about half a minute too late. I sent Kitty down and then scrambled down myself. Just then, along came that young scamp Julio, as innocent as you please. 'Take the ladder and run that way,' I ordered, 'and let it drag so as to make lots of noise.'

"Kitty was shaking all over, what with excitement and fright, and pity for my foot. We sat down against the wall and listened to the chaps inside calling us awful names in Spanish, Irish, German, and about everything else. My foot was pretty painful, and so swollen that I could hardly get my shoe off. Kitty produced a bandage from somewhere and bound the foot so as to keep it stiff, and then I got up and with the help of the wall and Kitty's arm I hobbled off with her in the opposite direction from that in which Julio had gone, while the sounds in the garden got fainter and fainter, showing that he was drawing the enemy's fire, as I expected.

"Of course the thing got into the papers somehow, but luckily the names did n't, for Julio did n't get caught. And as you see, Kitty lived up to her bargain."

Chapter Nine

SANTA INÉS

I

Mission Santa Inés, the Feast of all the Dead, and Other Pertinent Matters

Over La Cuesta de Santa Inés, as the old Spaniards called the mountain range that looks down on martyred St. Barbara's Mission and town, three roads go by as many passes to the Santa Inés Valley. There, at the edge of a solitary region of vast cattle ranges, hay camps and primeval oaks, remote from railroads and the unrest of cities, stands the Mission of a sister Virgin and Martyr, St. Agnes. All three highways are exceedingly beautiful. Those by the passes of San Marcos and Gaviota are frequented by automobiles; but the third, which traverses the pass called Refugio, was forbidden to motorists at the time of my pilgrimage, and I trust still is. In some respects it is the most picturesque of the three, and, though rough enough in places, is a joyous road to the pedestrian or the traveler with horses. Moreover, tradition says it is the way the Padres followed, when they tripped it the forty miles between Santa Inés and Santa Bárbara — a fact which decided me in its favor. Leaving the train at the flag station Oraya, I set briskly out, for a while skirting a little creek that flowed through lands once part of the famous Rancho de Nuestra Señora del Refugio, the scene of many an old-time smuggling adventure, and soon I was zigzagging up the sierra's flank.[1]

[1] Travelers who would be carried the entire distance to Mission Santa Inés leave the Southern Pacific train at Gaviota Station, whence a daily stage runs to Santa Inés; or the Pacific Coast Railway will take them to Los Olivos, where conveyance may be arranged for to the Mission, six miles.

The sun was setting when I reached the Santa Inés River at the mountain's thither base, and wading it, shoes and stockings in hand, I came by and by to a plain rimmed about with treeless hills, and ahead the white walls of the Mission flashed me a welcome. I knew it was a welcome; for it was my good fortune to possess the friendship of the resident priest. He, whom all the countryside knows as Padre Alejandro, and his good niece have lived at Santa Inés for a dozen years. Loving the place for its past as well as for its opportunities for present service, they have restored the church and *convento* part, largely with their own hands, from a ruin to what is now the most homelike of the Missions. While it is nowadays essentially a parish church and rectory, ministering to an extended vicinage, Padre Alejandro with his warm heart has made it far more than a building. He has imbued it with something of the old Franciscan spirit and love of humanity, though himself no Franciscan, but of the secular clergy; and the register of good deeds, kept in heaven, holds note, you may be sure, of many a run-down wreck of a wanderer wound up and set going again by this kindly minister of Christ.

The Mission buildings, in glistening white with roofs of red tile and a strip of flower garden before the corridored front, face the beautiful valley of the Santa Inés River, across which they look to the long reach of the oak-clad sierra. The sun had now set, and the eastern heights that crisp autumnal evening were pink with a sort of alpine glow, beneath drifting masses of fog wrack blown in from the ocean. Some thirty acres of church lands surround the Mission, preserving it in dignified isolation both from the little Protestant state of Denmark, called Solvang (a settlement of Danes who have lately taken up a tract of land across the way), and the dusty highroad that winds onward to Santa Ynéz town, four miles beyond.

Historically, Santa Inéz has cut no great figure that I can find, if we except its neophytes' participation in the redoubtable Purísima rebellion which is coming in another chapter. Thirty-two years covered its missionhood; for its founding was not till 1804, and secularization overtook it in 1836. The earthquakes of *el año de los temblores* paid their devoirs to Santa Inés and gave the church then standing so severe a shaking that it had to be rebuilt, and the present structure with its wide, shallow bell tower, dates from 1817. This quaint *campanario* was partially destroyed by a winter storm three years ago, which brought down the top and with it the heavy bells. The restoring hand of Padre Alejandro is responsible for the addition of three windows that the old lacked, and for the solemnizing warning, if you read Latin, that now catches your eye on the east wall of the tower beneath the bells: *Ex illis una tua erit.*[1]

I passed through a wicket into the arcaded corridor, which chairs, a bench or two, roses clambering about the pillars, and a flowery array of potted plants had transformed into a delightful outdoor living-room. An open door led to a box-like vestibule within, at the end of which was a closed door and in it a little window such as ticket offices have. It, too, was closed. Above, in neat lettering, was another inscription in Latin which I managed to translate: —

> Guest, as to thy knocking my door
> opens to thee, so do thou open to
> God, knocking at thy heart.[2]

A sermon, that, so universal in its appeal that any one — churchman or worldling — must, I thought, have owned it; and so I gently touched the bell. There was sound of foot-

[1] "Of these one will be thine": an allusion to the custom of tolling a church bell when a parishioner dies.

[2] Hospes, pulsanti tibi se mea janua pandet, tu tua pulsanti pectore pande Deo.

steps within and presently the little window slid back and the pleasant face of the Padre himself appeared in the opening. Then, flinging wide the door, he drew me in with such a welcome as one only gets at home.

To the sentimental traveler, like myself, there is a touch of the poetic about sleeping in an old Mission. You feel yourself the guest of Clio — a lingerer in the courts of history and old romance. As a prelude to the night, the Father did me, after supper, a Liszt Rhapsodie and Lohengrin's "Lebewohl" on the pianola in his snug music-room, and then, lighting a candle, he conveyed me to the side of the *convento* facing on the inner court, where my chamber was — a room big enough for a conclave of cardinals. The high ceiling was supported by huge beams hewn by the Mission neophytes a century before; and the massive adobe walls were five feet thick, if I may trust my notebook. They were pierced by a small door and one large, deep-seated window, giving on the inner arcade. As I lay in bed reviewing in dozy luxury the events of the day, I heard the voice of my kind host directed without in great earnestness to a dog, which had been barking intermittently in the yard. The Padre had thought the noise was disturbing me and he was explaining to the beast quite seriously the impropriety of such conduct. The argument appeared to reach the dog's sense of reason; for the barking was not resumed. I fell asleep, thinking of St. Francis and the wolf of Gubbio.

I had come at an opportune time. The day after my arrival was November 2, All Souls' Day, when the ceremony of praying at the graves in the old cemetery of the Mission would take place. This — *La Fiesta de todos los Difuntos* — takes on a special character at Santa Inés, because of the participation of a sprinkling of Indians from a near-by reservation.

There had been rain in the night and the morning broke

with lowering clouds, which brought despondency to the Father.

"If it rains," said he, "not a soul will come, — not a soul;" and I knew he was right, for in California it is unwritten law that a rain cancels the solemnest engagement.

However, before nine o'clock matters took a cheerful turn. The heavens lightened and the sun began to shine out of a sky that was all the lovelier for drifting squadrons of cumulus. There was to be high mass, and then the prayers at the graves. The *campo santo*, where the Mission Indians are buried five deep, had been burned over and raked the day before, to clear it of a year's accumulation of weeds and grasses; and now, as the hour approached and people began arriving in wagons, on horseback, or afoot, — none were in the automobile class, — their first business was to drift into the cemetery and seek out their people's graves, unmarked often save in their own faithful memories. Some brought flowers, and all set lighted candles about the mounds. Then, gathering in knots in the warm sunshine in front of the church, they rolled their *tabacos* and gossiped till the bell should ring for mass. Many came through the wicket into the sunny corridor to pay their respects to Padre. He, in his canonicals, received all with a smiling face, a cordial handshake, and a joke or a word of kindly inquiry.

"*Que hay*, Roberto, you fat rascal," said he to a chubby urchin whose cheek he pinched, "are mamma and Magdalena coming?"

"No, Padre," replied the boy.

"Not coming!" echoed the Padre. "I'm afraid they are *malas cristianas*, Roberto."

"No *malas cristianas*, Padre," cried Roberto, stung into uncivil contradiction, "no bad Christians. They have n't any hats."

The Padre, in the lulls of his receiving, would drop in my ear bits of his parishioners' personal history. They were plain folk, Spanish-speaking mostly, from the neighboring ranches, *vaqueros*, teamsters, and laborers, with their black-shawled wives and solemn-eyed babies, and a few Indians.

"That little man over there with the pigeon toes," he whispered, "is one of our local characters. You would n't think from his light skin that he is an Indian, but he is — *Indio legítimo* — and proud of it, but a Peruvian. His name is Fernando, but we call him Fernandito, little Fernando, to distinguish him from another Fernando who is a big fellow. He turned up here half a century ago. He only works when it suits him, but he is a decent fellow and welcome anywhere to a meal. As for sleeping, he camps under a tree if need be, *à la belle étoile*, and snores obliviously through a degree of cold and fog that would put you or me on crutches for the rest of time. 'The world is my home,' he says, 'and where I hang my sombrero is my house.' I once offered him permanent employment here at the Mission, including a room to himself and board and lodging in return for light chores; but what do you think the rascal said? 'Padre,' drawing himself up to his full four foot eleven, 'I am an Indian, and I must be free!' He really knows a great deal about Mission days — and he has had a good voice in his day. I have him sing the mass when he is here.

"Now, there's a different sort — that Indian talking to Fernandito," the Father went on. "He is a Yaqui, and, between you and me, a hard citizen. I've done my best to get him to come to church, but he won't. 'Francisco,' I said to him one day on the road, 'why don't you come to church?' 'Padre,' he replied, 'if I come to church I must do what you say, and Padre, I don't want to do that. My mamma, she says same as you, "Francisco, why don't you go to church?" and

I say to her, "Mamma, if I go to church, I must do what Padre tells me to do, and I 'm too young." *Poco poco, cuando viejo* — by and by when I 'm old — but now, no, no, Padre.' So there the matter stands; but somehow I like the rogue, he 's so honest about it. I only hope his *poco poco* won't prove to be *jamás* — never."

The interior of the Santa Inés church has all the ancient flavor that we expect of a Mission, and many of the old-time furnishings are still used in the services. Among these I noticed a confessional box with Indian ornamentation of carved wood fastened upon the sides with wooden pegs; and an odd little image of the Virgin in a sort of Watteau shepherdess hat, much dilapidated, and a full-bottomed skirt. There were candlesticks and other vessels in beaten silver and copper, particularly an exquisitely wrought silver dipper in the form of a half bivalvular shell. Metal-work, it seems, was a specialty of the Santa Inés neophytes, and utensils made there were often supplied to other Missions.

I took my seat on a bench in the dim light near the door, the kneeling assemblage in front of me; and, brought up though I had been in another house of faith, I felt no hindrance in joining these simple folk in their devotions. Through the small windows placed high in the walls the sunlight streamed in mellow shafts of blessing out of the common heaven of us all; and by and by from the old choir loft above me the beautiful notes of a Gregorian chant floated out. It was old Fernandito singing the music of the mass, and singing it with dignity and feeling. He stood alone, this day, where in other days a choir of many with viol and flute had been wont to stand and raise praises to the same living Lord. His voice, still strong and melodious for all his age, — he must have been nearly eighty, — bridged for me the gulf of the years. I seemed to see at the altar not Padre Alejandro, but

another, — in gray gown and cord of the Brothers Minor, — perhaps that Fray Francisco Uría, who for half of Santa Inés's life as a Mission, was the strong arm of her outward estate — stout, jolly, warm-hearted, quick-tempered old Padre Uría. Or was it Father Arroyo de la Cuesta, he of the many tongues of whom we shall hear at San Juan Bautista? It was at Santa Inés that he entered into rest. His dust is still here buried before the altar, with that of six others of his order, as Padre Alejandro has found out and lovingly put a mark where none was before. One of these is Padre Ramón Abella. Poor Padre Ramón! He dwelt forty-four years in California, outliving the Missions' golden age and participating in their desolation. His last years were clouded with ill-health and loneliness, his harp turned to mourning. De Mofras, in 1841, found him at San Luis Obispo, sleeping on an ox hide, drinking from a horn, and dining on jerked meat. Whatever the charitable might send him, — little enough, you may be sure, — he shared with a few Indian children whose parents inhabited some of that Mission's decaying hovels. Amid the ruins of his Carthage he still talked of "going to the conquest" (*ir á la conquista*), and bore uncomplainingly, as a true Franciscan, the humiliations and privations of his poverty.

Mass concluded, the congregation formed in procession. They were headed by the Father in his robes and the altar boys in their scarlet and white, bearing high a silver cross and tall standards with flaring candles, and carrying censer and aspergill; and all marched chanting from the church around the corner to the cemetery. Here for an hour or more prayers were chanted at each lighted grave, the Father assisted by Fernandito. The latter, clad for the occasion in a new blouse of blue jeans and armed with a reading-glass to magnify the notes of his music-book, sang the responses and received, in a

basket hanging at his elbow, the fees for this rite. Silently the crowd followed the Padre, the men with bowed, impassive heads, the women sometimes sobbing. When the prayer at one grave was ended with the beseeching *Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison*, the incense scattered and the water sprinkled, the crowd moved to another. So the round was made, till, last of all, Fernandito, brushing the charred grass off two unmarked mounds where neither marker nor flowers nor candles were, said simply:—

"Padre, these are friends of mine; this is Bárbara, and this, José."

And Bárbara and José had their prayers, too, and doubtless will have every 2d of November while Fernandito lives.

The Mission relics at Santa Inés are many and interesting. Besides those used in the present-day church services, and the beautiful old vestments that are in the sacristy, there is a considerable collection arranged for interested visitors in an interior room of the *convento* — a room formerly used as the *loquorium*, where daily, after dinner and after supper, the friars were at liberty to come to rest for an hour from their laboring and praying, and relax in human chat.

The Father left me here one morning to browse and ruminate. The relics have been patiently got together from all sorts of places — from the cluttered corners of the Mission's ruins, from crumbling outhouses, from the earth of the surrounding fields as the plough turns it up, from the garrets of the countryside, from city junk shops. There were beautiful old basins and cups and kettles of hammered copper; crucifixes of wood wonderfully and realistically carved, some with a cord, meaning the carver was a Franciscan; and there was a quaint wooden *matraca*, like a watchman's rattle, for use at the altar in Holy Week when bells are stilled. There were wooden

candlesticks with carved and painted ornamentations; and the famous ancient yellow umbrella of tattered silk which only Santa Inés has. There were great parchment books with manuscript church music, written by monkish hands now turned to dust; and there was a desk full of manuscript Mission records bound in skin, the covers fastened with buckskin ties. On opening one of these, I was fascinated to find its title-page — done in the careful script of a day when leisure was no disgrace — read thus: —

Viva Jesus.
Libro l° de Bautismos de la Mis^{n} de La Purísima Concepción de la SSma Virgen Maria, Madre de Dios y Señora Nuestra, fundada en la Vega del Rio Santa Rosa.

It was the first book of baptisms of La Purísima Mission, saved from the wreck of that establishment. Each entry closed with the *ministro's* neat signature and *rubrica* — page after page testifying to Gentile Indians with names of inconceivable unpronounceability, made into good Christian Robustianos, Saturninos, Apolonias, Zeferinas, and Odoxicos, to say nothing of the more commonplace Juans and Marías and Pablos. Turning these yellow parchments, I thought that the mere selection of baptismal names for a dusky family of a thousand or so, to whom the Padres stood *in loco parentis*, must in itself have been no small labor. The difficulty was met, however, by a custom of giving the name of the saint of the day, or sometimes of one of the godparents.

After all, I believe I found Fernandito the most interesting relic at Santa Inés. The Father introduced us one day, and in

the sensible Spanish-American fashion, the old Indian repeated his own name, Fernando Cárdenas, as we shook hands. He delighted to talk of old times, and we sat together on a sunny bench in the corridor for an hour or two, he prattling of his own life, the hopes of his old age, and the days of the old Padres. His quick intelligence, the cultured method of expressing his ideas, his good English, the gentleness — almost courtliness — of his manner, all betokened in this Peruvian aborigine a development far in advance of the ordinary run of Indians as I had known them in California, or, indeed, anywhere. As a matter of fact, I soon saw that he felt himself superior to the *Californios*, though he was not above associating with them. Nevertheless, as he confided to me, he did not want to be buried with them in the cemetery at Santa Inés, but at the parish church in Santa Bárbara. There were places there in the wall where one could be shelved to one's self, and sealed up. It seems he had lived with priests all his life, and had received his education from them. From Peru he had gone to Mexico, and thence to California, making sojourns at several of the southern Missions before casting anchor at Santa Inés in the fifties. That was, of course, after secularization, and the Franciscans had departed; but there were still living in the vicinity many *hijos de la Mision* — children of the Mission — from whom he had first-hand information of the old ways.

"This Feast of the Dead," said he, "used to be always at night. The candles were lighted in the cemetery at sundown and burned till morning. The church was kept open and the Indians crowded it all night, praying. All the Indians, even the Gentiles, believed the soul lives after a man dies — the Fathers did not have to teach them that —but they had some ideas about it the Fathers thought wrong. For one thing the Indians believed their souls emigrated and needed to be

helped on their journey; so, many things of value were buried in the graves — mortars, cooking utensils, beads, money, and so on. It was one of the Padre's hardest tasks to stop that.

"But in time the Indians got to like the ways of the *gente de razon* best. Once I was at San Bernardino and some Gentile Indians — mountain Coahuillas — came to the priest there and said, 'We want to be Christians.' 'Why?' asked the priest. 'Because,' one old man answered who was spokesman for them, 'we want to be buried up there' — pointing to where the Christian Indians had been buried in holy ground. Then he went on to tell how he had been taught at some Mission by the Padres, and he had taught those Coahuillas what he could remember of Christian doctrine, particularly the mystery of the Holy Trinity. 'That I taught in this way,' he explained. 'I take my blanket and fold it over in three folds. Now one fold is the Father, and one is the Son, and one is the Holy Spirit — three persons, see, but all one substance.'"

Fernandito smiled at the memory, and started a fresh cigarette.

"It was a good life in old California," he went on, "very different from the American way. It was a communism: not the French kind, but a true communism, where every man's house was open to every traveler, and he could stay as long as he liked, and an offer to pay would have been an insult. As for the Missions, of course, they were always free-handed. When visitors were seen approaching, an Indian was sent to ring the church bell in a particular way that was a signal — one way if it was a Padre coming, another way if it was white travelers, another if it was Indians — and the neophytes all came from their work and showed themselves in front of the Mission. It would have been disrespectful to pass a Mission without stopping and partaking of the Padres' hospitality.

The neophytes, of course, had all they could eat. Every Friday there was a great killing of cattle and sheep, and the rations for the coming week were distributed to the heads of families. Besides meat, there were beans and wheat and other things given out, too. Nobody went hungry then."

I think that in this respect Fernandito regarded the present time as out of joint. Nevertheless, as he accepted the Padre's invitation to join us at dinner, he was evidently disposed to do what he could to revive the good old ways — was willing at least to play the guest's part.

II

Pasquala of Santa Inés

The Mission of Santa Inés is fortunate in having as its present incumbent a man of taste and energy, by whom the old building and its past history, as well as its present affairs, are regarded as a sacred trust. The place in the church where the Indian girl, whom I have named Pasquala (her true name is not recorded), is buried was made known to the Father by old Fernandito, who speaks from the first-hand resources of an Indian's wonderful memory.

It was by chance that Pasquala's lot in childhood fell at Santa Inés. Her people were not of the Indians who lived in the region, but belonged to one of the several tribes of the interior valley who were classed together as Tulareños, — Indians of the Tulare country. These tribes were — still are, in fact, to some extent — in the habit of coming annually to the coast to gather shell-fish, and on one of these visits, the child becoming ill, her parents did not return with their people. They had heard of the cures performed by the priests at the Missions, and came to Santa Inés asking aid for the child, then about five years of age. The Father willingly gave help and medicine. He was a kindly man, who delighted in relieving distress, and in this case he was the more glad to be of service inasmuch as he hoped it might lead to a better feeling on the part of the Tulareños (for Kinyala, Pasquala's father, had told his tribe, and the Tulareños had long been known as the determined enemies of the Missions).

The girl recovered quickly under the priest's care from the

childish malady that, left to the "practice" of the tribal medicine-man, might well have ended the little life. In gratitude, Kinyala resolved to cast in his lot with the Indians of the Mission, and rejoiced the heart of the Father by voluntarily accepting baptism, with his wife and child. So they were christened, Kinyala in the name of Gregorio, and his wife in that of Marta, while the child took the name of Pasquala in place of the one she had borne. The Father had become fond of the girl, who was more teachable and responsive than the children of the coast Indians. "Pasquala," he said one day, putting his hand on her head, "do you know what your name means?" "No, Padre," murmured the child. "It means one who helps other people," he said (speaking in these simple terms in order to reach her childish understanding); "and I gave it you because perhaps one of these days you may help your people to be good, like the others at the Mission." And though she understood little of his meaning she knew that somehow the Father expected more of her than of the other children, and in many little ways she tried to please him; and indeed succeeded well.

When a year had passed Gregorio received a message. It was brought by his brother, and was from the chief and the head men of his tribe. They were on their way again to the coast, and were encamped a few miles from the Mission. The message was that Kinyala and his wife and the girl must rejoin the tribe. They had learned that he had joined the Indians of the Mission. That was not well. The priests were enemies of the Indians. They were like women, and had made the other Indians like women, working instead of hunting and fighting. Kinyala would become like a woman, too. Let him return to his own people, or suffer the consequences.

The message disturbed Gregorio, and he spoke of it to the Father. To the latter, however, it meant little — a mere

vague threat, not worth a serious thought. The consequences? Well, the consequences would be that Gregorio, by a few years' training at the Mission, would be fitted to lead his troublesome people into the better ways. Gregorio had been a man of influence in his tribe, the Father knew. It was, indeed, providential that he had come under the Mission teaching, and it was not to be thought of that he should return, at least for the present, to his benighted people. So Gregorio remained at the Mission, and his people returned to their home without him.

Another year passed, and the warning was renewed: this time not by word of mouth, but by a sign which Gregorio found one day placed on the floor of his house: a token composed of feathers, bones, and painted sticks, which he easily translated into a threat of death if he did not return to his people. The next year the token appeared again, and year after year it was placed there by some always unseen hand. But Gregorio had come to think little of it, telling himself that it was only the work of old Nau-kloo, the medicine-man, who had always been his enemy. He was angry because the child had been cured at the Mission, that was all.

Meanwhile, Pasquala was growing into a slender, beautiful girl. She had always, by some innate force of disposition, taken a chief place among the children of her own age. It was always Pasquala who must say whose arrow had flown farthest, and Pasquala who must give the bright pebble, or the plume of blue-jay feathers, to the winner in every game. As she began to grow out of childhood she learned the simple arts taught to the girls at the Mission — to weave, to sew, and to perform the elementary household duties. Moreover, she had a quick ear, a good voice, and a natural love for music, so that she learned to sing the chants and other offices as she heard them in the church; and the Father, chancing to

overhear her one day as she sang to herself, often wished that she were a boy, that she might be a chorister, or perhaps learn to play one of the instruments that led the music from the gallery at the rear of the church.

Five years had passed since Gregorio with his wife and child had come to the Mission. Then one day the blow, that had been threatened so often that the threat had come to be despised, fell. It was the season for the yearly visit of the Tulareños to the coast. Gregorio, at work in the vineyard at the foot of the hill below the Mission, was stealthily approached by an Indian boy in the dress of the Tulareños, who said that Gregorio's brother was waiting among the oaks beyond the creek to tell him something of importance. Gregorio, afraid to disregard this message as he had ignored the tokens sent, he believed, by old Nau-kloo, followed the boy. When hidden from the view of his companions in the vineyard, three arrows had been fired from ambush, and he fell dead. The body was found at noon, when the Indian workmen, noting his absence, followed his tracks into the timber. The Tulareño arrows told the tale.

When they brought the body of Gregorio into his little adobe hut, another arrow was found stuck into the wall. Neither the wife nor Pasquala was to be found. There was no sign of struggle, but from that day they vanished from the Mission as though the very ground had swallowed them. The Tulareños had not left their vengeance incomplete.

Sorely now the Father repented the blindness that had led him to believe that an Indian warning might be ignored; and sorely he lamented for his little favorite. Sorely, too, he felt the failure of his plans for the bringing of the Tulareños into the fold of the Church. His dream had but ended in the death or loss of those whom he had hoped to use as instruments. His one consolation was that they had been baptized, and he

believed that Pasquala, if living, would never forget the Mission teaching.

Far to the eastward from Santa Inés, in the hot, dry valley of the Lake of the Tules, Pasquala was living the bitter life of a captive. Her mother was dead, as the result of the ill-treatment meted out to her by the vengeful Tulareños, and Pasquala now lived with her uncle, the brother of Gregorio, who had first brought him the warning to return to his people, and then had betrayed him to his death. A hard lot, indeed, it was that had fallen to her. The only motive for the killing of her father and the abduction of her mother and herself had been that of revenge, since no benefit accrued to the tribe; and revenge now took its hateful pleasure in rendering the child's life a daily martyrdom. The return for the hardest of work and the meekest obedience was constant abuse, and she was no stranger to blows. Her uncle, a mean-spirited man who himself would have stopped at no act of treachery, affected to feel himself degraded by his brother's action in forsaking his tribe, and visited upon poor Pasquala the pretended outrage upon his virtue. And if he had needed an abettor, old Nau-kloo, her father's enemy and now her own, was ever at hand to stimulate his persecutions and to supplement them with taunts of his own.

So four miserable years passed over Pasquala's head. Then, one day, stung by some scornful remark directed at the Mission, which it was known she still loved, she answered that the Indians there were happy, and better off than the Tulareños, and that some day the white people would come and drive the Tulareños over the mountains, and their enemies the Inyos would kill them all. Then the Indians of the coast would take their land, because they had learned at the Mission, and the Tulareños were stupid. The retort so enraged

her uncle that with the shower of blows that fell on her he let fall a hint that Pasquala's quick mind seized upon. "You will soon see who it is that will be killed," he said. "It is a pity we did not leave you at the Mission, since you think so much of those women-men there. Then there would be an end to the lot of you, once for all."

As she turned the words over and over that night in her mind, there seemed but one thing that they could mean: that there was to be an attack on the Mission, and that, not for robbery only, but for massacre. She knew the Indian method. The attack would be sudden and secret, probably at night. The people at the Mission would have no chance; all would be killed, as her uncle had said. If only she could warn them, she thought; and as she recalled the kind words of the Father to her many a time, and contrasted them with the misery of her life among her own people, she determined to make the attempt. At the worst she would die with those who had been kind to her, or in trying to take them warning: but death was better than such a life as she was living. She would escape from her people. She could find the way over the mountains, for she had been over it several times in her earliest years (though she had always been left behind with the old men and women when the tribe had made their yearly expeditions to the coast since her recapture); and later she had traveled it again, with how much sorrow!

As to when the attack was intended she knew nothing. But it was useless to wait in hope of learning that, for it would be only when the fighing men were about to start that she would find out, and that would be too late. She might, indeed, be too late in any case, for she knew that her uncle would guess whither she had gone, and, remembering the words he had let fall, would know that she would warn the people at the Mission. Then the war party would start at once, and if they

overtook her she would be killed and they would go on and destroy the Mission. Yes, she must go the very next night, as soon as it was dark. She could walk and run all night, and perhaps they would not be able to overtake her.

During the day she took a little dried venison and some acorn meal from the big store-basket which stood in the corner of the hut, and at night, when her uncle and his wife were sleeping, she rose from her bed of straw, and with Indian stealth, step by step, edged her way toward the door. She lifted the skin that hung over the entrance, passed out, and stood for a moment listening, ready with an excuse in case she had been observed. But all was quiet, and slipping like a shadow past the two or three huts that she had to pass, she was out in the cold, quiet night, alone.

There was a half moon, and the night was clear. She ran quickly but steadily, husbanding her strength with Indian instinct. She had tied her little bundle of food in a piece of deerskin and fastened it to her waist, so that it should not impede her movements. When she had run for nearly an hour she began to stumble; so she stopped for a few moments to rest, then went on, walking now, but as fast as she could. When she felt able, she ran again; and so, alternately running and walking, she made her way along the rough and narrow trail until, after several hours, she sat down, exhausted, at the foot of a friendly oak, and instantly fell asleep. She awoke with a start and a cry. There was a movement in the brush close beside her, and her first thought was that she had been overtaken. It was only some night-wandering beast that had startled her, but it taught her caution. She must not stop on the trail, where she would easily be caught if she fell asleep: and after that, whenever she sat down to rest, she turned aside into some hidden place, not meaning to sleep, but fearing lest she might.

So the night passed, and when the day broke (early, for it was summer) she was far on her way. So far the trail had been plain, but now she came to a place where another track led away. She could not tell which was the right one, and she felt lost and frightened: a mistake would ruin all, and how could she tell? Then she thought she would pray, as the Father had taught her at the Mission, and perhaps the Blessed Virgin would show her the way. So she prayed, kneeling at the parting of the trail; and when she stood up she saw, as if they had just been put there (for she had not seen them before) three smooth white pebbles. They were set in the ground in a line, at the foot of a small oak, and were half hidden in the dead leaves; but she knew it was an Indian sign, and marked the way her people took to the coast. So she went a little farther, and then, coming to a small stream that ran in a hollow, she found a sheltered place and sat down to eat.

Soon the sun came up and warmed her, and she felt glad, and remembered that there, in front of her, was the Mission, and soon, if the Blessed Virgin would help her, she might be there, once more happy as she used to be. And again she prayed, and as she rose and went on, she had a feeling of assurance that she should fulfill her purpose.

All that day she hurried on, with bruised and aching feet, but with the patient fortitude of the Indian. When she found wild fruit, gooseberries, or tunas, she ate of them, to save her small stock of provisions; and now and then she rested, but always with caution, and taking only fitful snatches of sleep. Night came, this time chill and foggy, and when she could no longer see the trail she prayed again to the Virgin. Sleep overtook her as she prayed, and when she awoke, refreshed, the sky was clear and she had light for her journey. Soon after dawn the trail became more downward and easy, and she knew she had come to the top of the mountains. Once,

too, she thought she saw, far away, the gray line of the sea.

When the sun was high overhead she stopped to rest, for her feet refused to carry her farther. Every muscle ached with the long strain, and her head swam with the premonitory symptoms of fever. For a long time she lay and gazed up at the sky, and at last sank into a half dream in which she thought she was again in the clean white bed at the Mission, and the Father was by the bedside to cure her. From the dream she fell into a sleep, from which she awoke refreshed, and took up her journey with a happier heart though with stiff and failing limbs.

That evening, as she was eating the last of her food, she clearly saw the gleam of the sun on the distant ocean, and the sight brought a new fear. The trail she was on would take her to the sea, where her people went, but the Mission was not there, but by a clear, winding river. How was she to find it? She did not even know whether it lay to the right or the left of her path. The torture of the doubt added to her fever. Yet for hours she went wearily on by the clear light of the moon, until, about midnight, coming to a cañon in which a stream ran, she halted from mingled fatigue and perplexity. Once more the thought came to her to pray to the Virgin, and even as she knelt at the foot of a tree she fell asleep. When she awoke from an uneasy slumber she seemed to hear the well-remembered sound of the bells of the Mission. It was only a delirium of her fevered ears, but as she listened she thought she still heard the sound, which seemed to come from the south, to her left hand: and she knew that again the Blessed Virgin had helped her. After bathing her face and feet in the cool brook she forced herself to take up her journey once more; but she left the trail, and began to descend the cañon, and the thought that she was now almost secure from

capture gave her courage, though, indeed, she was almost at the limit of her strength, and every step was torture. The cañon was rough, with thick brush and many boulders, but there was water, and sometimes she found cactus with ripe fruit that refreshed her.

And then, to her great joy, at a bend of the cañon she saw, not far away, the winding river, and she knew it was the one that ran by the Mission. Eagerly now she pressed on, and before long, when the cañon turned again, lo! there lay the beautiful Mission shining in the morning sun. She gave a cry of joy, and stopped for a moment to feast her eyes on the sight, while a flood of recollections overcame her and long unwept tears had their way.

All was easy now. The cañon widened and led gently down, and soon she could see the people moving about at their morning tasks. It was almost too much of joy, coming upon the long mental and physical strain; and it was in a state of utter exhaustion that she came at last to the Mission. The few Indians whom she met looked curiously at her, but did not recognize her, for she had changed much during the past miserable four years, and now was haggard with fever and weariness. She knew where the Father would be at this time of day, in his little private garden adjoining the cemetery, and thither with failing steps she made her way.

For a long time the good Father had held to the hope that Pasquala and her mother, whom he guessed to have been abducted, might somehow return, by escaping from their people on one of their visits to the coast: but as time went on he had given up the thought. Often, still, the recollection of Pasquala would come back to him, and he would grieve over the fate of the child, who had been so quick and teachable, so different from the dull Indians of his charge. To-day, as he walked to and fro in the shade of the big pear trees, he was

planning the details of the anniversary service he meant to hold soon, when the Mission would have its twentieth birthday. He would have the Fathers from Santa Bárbara, San Buenaventura, and La Purísima to help in the service, and they would sing high mass. He had already begun to train the men who were to sing in the service. His mind reverted to the child Pasquala, who used so to love the music, and whose voice was sweet and clear, so unlike the harsh voices he was training with so much trouble and such poor results.

As he turned in his walk he saw a figure approaching, a slight girl's figure, moving with slow, unsteady steps. As she came near he saw that it was Pasquala herself, but spent and haggard, a sight to bring the tears. "Pasquala!" he cried, "my poor child! How do you come here, and what has brought you to this sad plight?" But the girl was past replying. She had fallen at his feet in a burst of sobbing; and tenderly lifting her in his arms he carried her to a bench near by.

When she had a little recovered she told her story, painfully and slowly, for her mind was far from clear. But the Father quickly gained the knowledge that she had brought at such cost, and his heart was full of pity and love for the child. Summoning the *mayordomo*, he committed Pasquala to the best care the Mission could afford, and then took steps to provide against the expected attack. All that night, while Pasquala tossed in fever on a clean white bed, in the very room where she had lain when a child, in her early illness, the Father was up and about. He had sent a runner over the mountains to Santa Bárbara for aid, had posted some of his most trusted men far out on the trails to bring warning of the enemy's approach, had armed the others so far as he could, and had raised barricades at the points most open to assault. He guessed that the attack would come at night, and he was

not mistaken. An hour before midnight one of the scouts returned, bringing word that a war party of Tulareños was approaching. Soon after, another came in, reporting that Indians had been seen, in the moonlight, moving about among the timber almost within bowshot of the Mission. Pasquala's warning had been only just in time.

Shortly before dawn came the shrill war whoop, and then the rush of the attacking Indians. The first assault was also the last, for the Tulareños, disheartened at finding the Mission prepared for attack, drew off after only one attempt. The noise of the brief fight hardly reached Pasquala where she lay in a restless half dream, and she was only faintly aware of the Father coming in, laying his hand on her hot forehead, and blessing her as the savior of the Mission. To the terrible exhaustion of the journey there had succeeded a fever that could not be controlled by the simple means at the Father's command, and he saw with sorrow the young life of Pasquala ebbing quickly away.

Once, near the end, she regained for a short space her clearness of mind. The Father, who had already given her the Sacraments, was standing by her, watching the restless fingers as they played with the coverings of the bed. Unconsciously voicing his sorrowful thoughts, he murmured, half aloud, "Alas! it was then a true name that I gave you, for you have, indeed, laid down your life for ours, my poor Pasquala!" The wandering mind of the Indian child caught the name, and she opened her eyes, and knew him. "Yes, Padre," she said, thinking he had spoken to rouse her. "Pasqualita," said the priest, taking the little hand in his, "you are truly our savior. But for your coming to warn us, the Mission would have been burned and many of us killed. The Blessed Virgin has favored you greatly. I shall put it all down in the book, so that always people will know that it was

Pasquala who saved the Mission." "Oh, Padre," she whispered, a glow of her old childlike happiness lighting up her face: "that will be fine!" Then, after a pause, she added, "Padre, will you tell me how you will put it in the book?" "Yes, my daughter," the priest answered; "I shall write down that Pasquala came a long journey over the mountains to warn me, and that so the Mission was preserved. Is not that right?" "Oh, yes, Padre," she replied painfully: "but will you say that it was Pasquala the Indian girl that you cured?" "Surely I will say so," said the priest. Again there was a silence, and then she whispered once more, "Padre, will you say how the Blessed Virgin came and helped Pasquala, too?" "Be sure I will say so, my daughter," said the Father. Seeing how rapidly the remaining sands were running out, the Father again gave her absolution and pronounced over her the last blessing; and a few hours later Pasquala's short and troubled life was ended.

The burial was a solemn one. There was no precedent for the burying of an Indian within the actual precincts of one of the Missions: but as the Father stood by the dead child's body the thought came to him that the Mission which owed to her its preservation might well afford her a burying-place. He knew what happiness she would have had at the thought; and when he asked himself whether the Church would approve, the words came to his mind, "Greater love hath no man than this," and they seemed a sufficient answer to the sorrowing priest. And so it comes that Pasquala, the Indian child, rests from her long journey within the Mission that she died to save.

Chapter Ten

LA PURÍSIMA

I

La Purísima: Its Mission and Its Rebellion

Lompoc is a place of modest size and hid so snugly away in its secluded valley that I doubt if many readers of the present chronicle have even so much as heard of it: or, if they have, know how to pronounce its aboriginal-looking name. I may, therefore, be excused for stating that its last syllable rhymes with "joke." In the world of commerce, however, Lompoc is a place to be seriously reckoned with. It lies in the heart of as fertile a little valley as the sun often shines upon; and impartially, like the same sun, which shines for all sorts of businesses, it caters to man's æsthetic aspirations by raising sweet-pea seeds and to his fleshly tastes by turning out onions and potatoes by the carload. It is also strong on beans. But the chief gem of Lompoc's agricultural crown is mustard seed. Lompoquians will tell you they raise all the mustard seed for the whole United States, and I believe statistics go a considerable way toward supporting the little town's claim to this hot preëminence.

More to our purpose is the fact that Lompoc is a Mission town. It stands on land that once belonged to La Misión de la Purísima Concepción de la Santísima Vírgen María, Madre de Dios y Nuestra Señora — that is, the Mission of the Most Pure Conception of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God and Our Lady. That, it seems, was the official name, but usage has cut it down to as much of a wreck as time has wrought of its buildings, and no one any longer speaks of it except as Purísima.[1] Nevertheless, Lompoc cherishes the

[1] From Mission Santa Inés, Lompoc is but twenty-two miles or so, due west

memory of its ecclesiastic past. Strolling from my hotel down its main street, I came shortly in sight of a hill at the town's southern outskirts, upon whose flank a colossal cross, outlined with electric lights, overlooked town and valley. It marks, beside an ancient reservoir, the approximate site of the first cross erected by the Franciscan missionaries who here founded, on December 8, 1787, the first mission dedicated to "the singular, most pure mystery of the Empress of the Heavens, Mary Most Holy; that is, of her Immaculate Conception." The commemorative cross was unveiled December 8, 1912, and blessed and venerated in the presence of a large assemblage, including a handful of Indians brought from the reservation near Santa Inés to chant the hymns of the Church around the foot of the cross. The scene brought vividly to mind the event of one hundred and twenty-five years before, and all Lompoc, Protestant as well as Catholic, Jew and twentieth-century Gentile, joined heartily in the occasion as of one blood; and the municipality of Lompoc, I was told, freely contributes the electricity to light the cross when at night it sheds its radiance over the valley, like an up-to-date version of Portia's candle.

But alas, for the ancient Mission! A stone's throw distant from this fine cross and on the same declivity, a few roofless walls of crumbling adobe, inside a crazy barbed wire fence, are all that is left to bear witness to the original establishment. In this case, not human neglect, but Nature, is responsible for the ruin — Nature, in the shape of earthquake. The year 1812 is known in the old annals of California as *el año de los temblores* — the year of the earthquakes — because of

by a road (*el Camino Real*) that follows in a general way the Santa Inés River. The traveler by public conveyance, however, must go sixty-three miles to reach it; that is, by stage to Gaviota, rail to Surf, and rail again from Surf to Lompoc. Altogether, counting waits *en route*, this will consume most of a day.

the numerous severe shocks which the coast suffered. On December 8 of that year, the day that brought havoc to Mission San Juan Capistrano, only slight tremors were felt at La Purísima; but, on December 21, came what must have seemed both to Padres and neophytes the beginning of the world's end. About half past ten in the morning a severe shaking set in and continued for four minutes; then followed a succession of slight vibrations, culminating about eleven o'clock in a furious quaking lasting more than five minutes. This brought the church tumbling down in a shapeless heap of ruins and completed the destruction of about a hundred adobe huts which the neophytes had occupied. The hillside, back of the Mission, cracked wide in several places and belched water and black sand. One of these great gaps is seen to this day. Hard upon this, the heavens opened and precipitated such torrents of rain as all but swept the devoted settlement into the rampant Santa Inés River — in those days, by the way, called the Rio de Santa Rosa. With it all there was no loss of life, though several sustained injuries.

After such a terrible dressing-down, the Padres took the hint and looked around for a likelier situation to rebuild. This was found across the river in the Valley of the Water Cresses (*La Cañada de los Berros*), distant from old Purísima about four miles, "and the same distance back again," as the record carefully specifies — meaning, perhaps, that the way between is level, which it is. Thither in 1813 the missionaries moved with their dusky family and such salvage as they had managed to rescue from the wreck of the first Mission; and there in succeeding years a fine new establishment grew under their hands. Even this is all a sad wreck now; but it makes an object for a pleasant walk from Lompoc, over a good road that skirts prosperous-looking ranch lands and bean fields beside the Santa Inés River — the mildest of shallow streams

in the dry season, but, in the wet, capable of becoming overnight an unbridled torrent.

Roofless, breached of wall, and half hidden in a tangle of wild mustard and rank weeds, Purísima is desolate as Tadmor in its wilderness, and seemingly as thoroughly beyond hope of repair. Its most striking feature is a line of square white pillars which stand like forgotten sentinels, solidified at their posts. Of a black night their wan lengths amid the ruins might be disturbing to the nerves, I fancy. They once supported the tile roof of the corridor front, and, being of brick, bid fair to outlast the wasting adobe walls behind them. The pity of it is that only a few years since the building's utter ruin could have been arrested. The owners of the land which it occupies, the Union Oil Company of California, offered to deed it to trustees as an historic monument, provided fifteen hundred dollars should be promptly spent on repairs to stop the inroads of the elements; but the beggarly sum was not forthcoming, and the work of disintegration has gone remorselessly on until now fifteen thousand dollars would probably not do what fifteen hundred dollars would have done when the offer was made. As I strolled about, I came here and there upon reservoirs and other remains of the fine irrigation system. One strongly built basin had steps of square red tiles descending into it, as though for the convenience of Indians going down to wash their clothing in the water there, or perhaps for Purísima Rebeccas to fill their jars the more easily.

Though Purísima was rather a frosty, grasshoppery place in its day, and overrun unduly with ground squirrels,[1] rattlesnakes and bears, the records say, it attained an enviable

[1] A curious by-product of the Mission system in California is said to have been the marked increase of gophers and ground squirrels coincident with the civilizing of the natives. In their Gentile days the Indians had regularly fed on these rodents.

measure of temporal prosperity, particularly in the matter of cattle, the Purísima herds being widely famous. Padre Mariano Payeras, who served here from 1804 to 1823 (during five years of which nineteen he was President of the Missions), has left in one of his reports an idyllic picture of life at La Purísima. The neophytes, according to this document, were famously docile, industrious, and disinclined to run off to the *monte*. It was the Padre's joy to watch them at their work, their songs and their prayers, and especially to see how patiently they bore their sufferings, begged for confession, and died as good Christians should die.

Yet it was these same Indians who, within a year after Padre Payeras' death, engineered the most serious revolt of Mission history against white domination. This, though, seems to have been due not so much, if at all, to the missionary system as to other causes. With the progress of Mexico's revolution against Spain there was a spread of lax notions respecting all authority, both civil and ecclesiastic, and the attitude of the white Californians toward the priests grew increasingly indifferent, while the temporal wealth of the Missions became correspondingly the object of their covetousness. One form which this took was for the military authorities to require of the Missions that the neophytes should do manual labor for the soldiers. For such work the Indians got more kicks than halfpence; in fact, it is unlikely that they received any pay at all; for, while the Spanish Government had been a notoriously poor paymaster, the Mexican was probably worse. The result was what might have been expected. From sullen discontent, the Indians were at last goaded into an active rebellion, which broke out simultaneously at Santa Inés, Purísima, and Santa Bárbara on February 21, 1824, the immediate cause being the flogging of a Purísima neophyte by the corporal of the guard of Santa Inés.

It seems to have been a pathetic little rebellion, whose timid, fluttering day lasted only till a company of one hundred soldiers could be had down from Monterey. At Purísima four hundred Indians with Falstaffian courage managed to overcome the half-dozen soldiers of the guard, after the latter's powder gave out (!), and deported them to Santa Inés. Then the Indians set about fortifying the Mission, first keeping the resident Padre under guard against emergencies — fat Fray Rodriguez, famed for his pop-eyes, heavy jowls, and kindly heart. They cut loopholes in the Mission walls to fire from, and mounted two old *pedreros*, or swivel guns, which until then had been used for no more bloody work than terrifying ungodly spirits on feast days. For three weeks there reigned at Purísima such equivocal joy as comes to children playing truant, with the sure knowledge of a sound thrashing being on the way. On March 16, the thrashing arrived with the troops from Monterey — horse, foot, and artillery, the latter consisting of one four-pound cannon. The neophytes, in spite of their numbers, their two swivels, and a dozen or so of muskets, besides native bows and arrows unnumbered, were impotent against the soldiers, and, after suffering two hours' bombardment, they begged Padre Rodriguez to help them out of their scrape. He, good man, sallied forth under a white flag, and succeeded so well for his luckless children that the siege was raised upon delivery to the military of several ring-leaders who were variously sentenced to death, imprisonment, and banishment. The Mission buildings had been much damaged by the attack upon them, and the church had to be rebuilt. As for poor Padre Rodriguez, who had been sick before, he never got over the adventure. Immediately after the fight, he departed for San Luis Obispo, where the same year he laid down the burden of his flesh to receive, I trust, the livery of the Children of Light.

II

A Little Mystery of La Purísima

One hardly expects to meet ghosts in California. We are too new, and also, I think, there is too much sun. But if ghosts there be in this hustling century and this most modern of States, then certainly the Missions are the places where one might expect to see or to hear of them: and of all the Missions, commend me to La Purísima for such a quest. With all my interest in and sympathy for these relics of "the glory, that was Spain's," I must allow that the sensation in my mind when I recall my visit to this particular Mission is not a pleasant one. There seemed something sinister in the phenomenal weediness, a slimy dankness about the débris of broken adobe, a gloom about the whole place that the glare of sun somehow accentuated, as if it were the gleam of a detective's lantern turned on some ominous, secret spot.

But, then, I knew that such impressions are apt to arise simply from one's mood at the time, while that may come from nothing more mysterious than one's liver. Still, I was not a little interested in an experience of my friend R. L. D. recently at La Purísima. I venture to pass it on to the reader, just as he told it to me, merely prefacing it by remarking that my friend is not any more prone to psychologic excitements than the average person. For convenience' sake I write the account in the first person, but without unnecessary complication in the matter of inverted commas. This is his story:

You remember that three years ago this summer I was making a sight-seeing trip through southern California. I stayed for a few hours at the little town of Lompoc, where lives your friend Señor Andrés Leyva, to whom, you will

recall, you had given me a note of introduction. I called on him in the afternoon and spent a very pleasant and profitable hour. I meant to camp that night at the ruins of the second Mission, which are three or four miles out of the town. I made a point of seeing all the Missions that were near my line of travel, and when possible I camped for a night with them, having rather a fancy, as you know, for poking about this kind of place in the dim, owl-haunted hours when the tourist ceases from troubling and the motor-car is at rest in the garage. So as I was leaving I mentioned my plan of camping to Señor Leyva. "You had better change your mind," he said, shaking his head: "it is not a good place at night, I have heard." "Why not?" I asked; "I suppose you mean that it is unhealthful over there, damp, perhaps?" "No, it is not that," he replied, "but you will not sleep." "Why not?" I asked again. "I'm used to camping out, and always sleep particularly well out of doors." "Well," he answered, "you must go if you must. You English like to do such things, I have heard. For me, no: I enjoy more a quiet sleep without disturbances and unpleasant company." "But please tell me what you mean," I said, becoming interested at what seemed a hint of mystery. "I will tell you," our friend said, "though you will only laugh, I suppose. You are a Protestant, and believe nothing." At this I protested, indeed. He laughed, and rejoined, "So the priests tell us, señor, but then, I know it is not so. We all believe in the good God, is it not so? But this is why you should not try to sleep at the Mission. It is a story that I shall tell you, but I know it is true, for it happened in my own family, and I shall tell it just as my father told it to me. That was many years ago, but I heard it from him more than once, and I remember it very well.

"Many years ago my mother's uncle, Don Felipe, used to have the San Tomás Ranch, not very far from the Mission;

and when my father and mother came to California from Mexico, about 1830 or 1831, they lived with Don Felipe while their own house was being built. It was a large *hacienda* that Don Felipe had, and though his wife was dead he liked to have much company, so there were always many guests, with *meriendas* in the daytime and dancing almost every night. Don Felipe had one son, whose name was Jorge. He was only about twenty years old, but he was not like a young man, but like a monk. He did not care to be with the other people, and often when there was a *merienda* he would go away and ride all day over the ranch. So it was not strange that no one liked him. But just the opposite of Jorge was my mother's young brother, Vicente. He had come from Mexico when my father and mother came, and was a handsome *galanteador*, who could dance finely, and play the guitar, and make himself agreeable to the ladies.

"Well, señor, it came that there was some trouble about the land that my father expected to get for his ranch. The Governor would not let him have the place he wanted. I need not tell you all about it, but everybody thought that Don Jorge, who was a friend of the Governor, wanted that piece of land for himself, and had made the Governor act the way he did. At any rate, Don Vicente said right out that Don Jorge had made the trouble. There was a bad quarrel between the two young men, and after that there was trouble almost every day.

"It was fifteen miles from Don Felipe's house to the Mission, and whenever there was a feast day, like Easter or Corpus Christi, they used to go to mass at the Mission. Don Felipe was a good man, and he would have every one go, even if it stopped all the work on the ranch. It came to be one of the Holy Days, and all went to mass. Those who could ride went on horseback, and those who were too old went in the

ox carts. It was a very slow way to travel, and took nearly all day; so they had to go the day before, and sleep at the Mission, and generally they slept there the next night, too, and came back the day after. Of course Don Jorge and Don Vicente went, for everybody went on those days, and it was like a *fiesta* after the service: they had games, and dancing, and sometimes there was a bull-fight. People had come from the other ranches about there, and among them, this time that I am telling about, there were Don Estéban from the Los Alisos, and his daughter Doña Anita, who people thought would marry Don Jorge. She was very rich, and Don Jorge used to go often to the Los Alisos, though he never went to other places.

"Well, in the afternoon, after mass was over, they had games and horse-racing. Don Jorge was a very good rider, the best in all the country, some people said. He had often won the races and horseback games at the *fiestas*, and he was proud of his riding; all the more, I suppose, because it was the only thing that he did well. They had a game that day that was called *juego de gallo*. It was burying a chicken in the ground, all but the head, and then the *caballeros* would ride at full speed and stoop over and catch the chicken. It was a good game, and you had to ride well and have a good horse too. When some one asked Don Vicente to play the game he said No, it was a new game to him, and he would not play. Don Jorge heard him say it, and he said, so that others could hear, '*Don Vicente es buen ginete en la sala*,' that is, Don Vicente is a good horseman in the drawing-room, meaning that he spent all his time with the ladies and could not do anything else. Don Vicente heard it, but he laughed and said, 'It is not everybody that can ride in the drawing-room. It seems as if some people could not walk there, even.' That made Don Jorge very angry, but before he could say anything

Don Vicente said it would not do any harm to practice and become a good *caballero* in the field, too, so he would play at the game if Don Jorge would show him how to ride. Don Jorge did not want to have anything more to do with him, but he thought it would show how much better he could ride than Vicente; so he said he would ride at the chicken three times, and then Don Vicente could show if he could play at anything except the guitar.

"So he rode, and twice he caught the chicken out of three times. Then Don Vicente rode. The horse he had was a good one, but had not been ridden many times, and every one thought he would not do anything. One must know one's horse to play at *juego de gallo;* I used to play it myself, and I know. Well, Don Vicente caught the chicken once, and everybody said it was good, but it must be luck. Then he caught it again, and they began to think he must know the game, after all. The third time he caught it also, and everybody shouted *Bueno!* and *Excelente!* for that was very fine playing, to get the chicken three times together. But he said that it must be luck, because they did not play games like that in drawing-rooms: but it was a good game, and he would like to play it with something smaller to ride for, if Don Jorge would try again with him. Don Jorge could see that when Vicente said he did not know the game he was only setting a trap to make him look foolish: but he could not very well refuse to play, for everybody, and Doña Anita, too, would say he was afraid of being beaten. So he said he would ride again. Don Vicente said they would have a coin to ride for: that would not be so easy. Doña Anita, who was close to him, pointed to the buttons on her bodice, and asked if they would do. They were silver buttons, not much bigger than a real. He said Yes, and she took the knife and cut one off and gave it to him. Then what must Vicente do but put it to his mouth

and kiss it. We have a saying for one who is reckless, that '*el busca cinco pies al gato teniendo cuatro:*' that is, he looks for a cat to have five feet, when they only have four. Well, Don Vicente was one like that: he was — how do you say it? — looking for trouble that day. Next he looked in a bold way at Don Jorge, and then bowed to Doña Anita, and said, 'It is a *don de amor, bellísima:* I shall take care not to lose it.' Then he said to Don Jorge, 'We have a fine prize to try for now, *caballero.* You must ride better than you did the last time, or you may lose it.'

"By that time Don Jorge was angry enough to kill. Don Vicente was doing it all to make him angry, especially what he said to Doña Anita. He did not care about her: she was older than he, and not very pretty; but the devil was in him, and he did not care. They got on their horses, and Vicente rode first. No one thought he could pick up the button, but he did it the three times without missing. Then Don Jorge tried, but he did not do it the first time, and he would not try again. My father said to Don Vicente that he had better take care, or Jorge would do him some harm; but he laughed and said he only needed to take care of his back, for that was where Don Jorge tried to hurt people, as he had done to my father about the land.

"As I said, the people who came from the ranches far away stayed at the Mission the two nights. The priest — his name was Fray Antonio Rodriguez, I remember — had long tables set in the corridor for meals, and there were plenty of rooms for sleeping. There was much fun and joking at supper. Jorge sat next to Doña Anita, and Vicente, who was not far away, seemed to try to keep up the quarrel by the things he said to her. It was as if the devil was in him, and they say jealousy is the worst devil of all. After supper they all sat in the dusk and talked and smoked *cigarritos.* Some one had a

guitar, so there was music, and after a while they called for Don Vicente to sing. He had been there at first, laughing and joking, but now he was missing. It was dark by that time. Then some one said, for fun, that they had better see if Doña Anita was there. She did not speak, and they soon found she was not there, nor Don Jorge either. That was bad, for Don Estéban, her father, was a strict man, a Spaniard, and the Spaniards are very particular about the unmarried girls, for fear they should get talked about. Everybody was uncomfortable, but they thought she would come back before the time came to have candles and retire to bed.

"My mother was tired, and was the first to go. In a moment, she came running back and said to my father that Doña Anita was outside by one of the pillars. She had fallen down, and must have hurt herself. My father told Don Estéban, and they went and found that she had fainted, and might have been there a long time. When they got her out of the faint she said she had been to her room to get a handkerchief. While she was in the room she heard people talking, as if they were quarreling, and then she heard one of them call out, and after that there was silence. She was afraid there was trouble, and came back to tell her father; but she felt faint, and sat down by the post, and that was all she remembered.

"What Doña Anita had said made my father uneasy about Vicente, so before going to bed he went to see if he was in his room, but he was not there. Then he went to Don Jorge's room, and saw that he seemed to be asleep. So he thought it must be all right, and that Vicente had only gone for a ride, as he did sometimes at night. The first thing in the morning he went to Don Vicente's room again, but he was not there and the bed had not been touched. Then he was sure something was wrong. He told Don Felipe and the priest, and they went and searched. They went to the place where the

horses were kept, and Vicente's horse was there. The Indian who kept the horses told Don Felipe that Jorge had come at daybreak and taken his horse, and had left a message for Don Felipe that he had to attend to some work that would take all day, so he would not be home at the ranch till night.

"Many of the people were leaving early in the morning, but Don Felipe and my father and mother would not go without knowing about Don Vicente. They knew he had not gone home, because of his horse. My mother was almost wild, for Don Vicente was her favorite brother, and to think he might be dead, and not to know anything, was terrible grief.

"Just before the time for service in the evening, an Indian named Bernardino, who was the *mayordomo*, called the Padre to come with him. They had found Don Vicente. You will see, if you go to the Mission, that there is one little room by itself, like a separate house. The walls are very thick. I have been told that it was a jail in the early days. It was partly broken down, although it was so thick. I suppose the bricks were of bad adobe, or else they were not dried properly. That is where Bernardino took the Padre, and he pointed to one corner where there was a heap of the bricks that had fallen down. Bernardino said, 'He is there, Padre,' and the priest went closer, and then he saw something among the bricks, and that it looked as if they had been moved. He sent for a lantern and some Indians to move the bricks away, and then he saw that Don Vicente was there and that he was dead. There was no blood and the Indians said that the wall had fallen on him: but Bernardino whispered to the Padre, No, he had been put there: and the Padre knew it was so, and that some one had killed him.

"Everybody must have known in his mind that Don Jorge had done it, but because Don Felipe was his father no one said what he thought: it was bad enough to have Vicente

dead without making more trouble. They thought it would be best to have the funeral quickly; so they took the body into the church and put it in front of the altar, and some of them stayed with it all that night. The next morning they had the burial.

"The next day, Don Felipe went home to his ranch. Then in the evening there came bad news from the priest at San Buenaventura. Some Indians from there were coming from San Fernando with olives. While they were crossing over the Santa Clara River at the fording-place, they saw the hoof of a horse sticking up out of the wet sand a little way off. Do you know the Santa Clara River, señor? It is a bad river: there is not much water, but it has much quicksand, and it is dangerous to cross it unless you know the safe places. The Indians thought a man had sunk in the sand, because they could see part of a sombrero in the sand close to the horse. They had two horses with them, and they took the pack-ropes and made a noose and threw it over the hoof like a *reata*, and made the horses pull. They got it out far enough to see that there was a saddle, and that there was silver on the leg-guards, but they could not get it farther out. When they got back to the Mission they told the Father, and he thought it must be Don Jorge because the horse was black, like the one Don Jorge had been riding.

"Well, señor, that was what had happened. Don Jorge had gone home early in the morning after he had killed Vicente, and taken a new horse and some money, and had started to go somewhere and get away. I suppose he was going to Mexico, but no one ever knew. My father and Don Felipe went to the place in the river with horses and ropes, but by that time the horse was gone out of sight and there was nothing but the sand. So Don Vicente and Don Jorge were both dead. Don Jorge must have tried to cross the river in the

dark. It would be just about the time that they found Vicente's body when Jorge was caught in the quicksand. They say that God will not owe a debt to any one very long. Truly, it was not long before Don Jorge was paid.

"So that is why La Purísima is a bad place to stop, señor. I would not go there if I were you; not at night, anyhow."

"Well," I said, "it is certainly a terrible story, and I am sorry it should have happened in your family. But it was long ago, and I did not kill poor Don Vicente, so why should I not sleep there, if I wish to?"

"It must be as you will, señor," he replied; "only I have heard that people who die like Don Vicente, without a chance of confessing to the priest, do not stay in their graves, but they come out at night and try to make a confession, so that they can stay quiet. Vicente was only a boy, but he was a spirited lad, and it is likely he had much to confess. I do not know about all that, but I know many people have heard bad things there at night, and they say it is because of Don Vicente's spirit."

"It seems to me that Don Jorge should be the one to confess," said I. "We have many stories like that in England, but I have always thought that the people who see the spirits are the restless ones — I mean that people who are nervous and cannot sleep well get these ideas out of their own brains. Well, I am a good sleeper, and do not hear or see many things at night; but I will write and tell you what happens, or does n't happen, to me at La Purísima."

And now (continued my friend) for my own share in the business. It was late afternoon when I arrived at the remains of the Mission. After eating supper I spread my blankets on a level spot at the west end and just at the rear of the building. Then I used up the remaining daylight in exploring the ruin. You have not been there at night-time, I believe? Well,

I can assure you that it is the owliest and battiest, froggiest and rattiest of ruins, and I thought to myself that if our good friend had told me the foregoing story here in its proper setting, I might have been more impressed. By the time the light was gone a cold wind had begun to blow, so instead of picketing my horse in the open I took him to a little adobe hut sort of place, that might have been an outhouse. It was roofless, and the greater part of the walls had fallen, but there was a corner that if it were a little higher would give a good shelter from the wind. I gathered some of the best of the adobe bricks that lay about, and put them carefully in place, so as to raise the height, and found the place then made a pretty snug makeshift stable. So I brought the horse in and tied him to a heavy timber, and left him happy with his grain, while I myself turned in at my camp, some twenty paces or so away. I slept well, only that twice I was awakened by the horse plunging and snorting. The second time I got up and went over to quiet him. He was trembling and wet with sweat, and I had some trouble to calm him. To avoid a third disturbance I took him outside and blanketed him as best I could, and left him tied to a bush, after which I slept undisturbed until daylight.

When I went to give the horse his morning grain I noticed, on glancing into the house, that the adobes I had placed in position on the wall were thrown down — not merely one or two that might have slipped and fallen, but every single brick, many of which could by no possibility have fallen by chance, for they were heavy and had been squarely placed. The horse could not have pulled them down: even by kicking he could not have reached the wall, and had he done so the wall itself must have fallen before the bricks, each weighing several pounds, would have been dislodged. I studied the problem while I ate my breakfast, but could arrive at no possible

solution; and on starting on my road to the north I left the puzzle unsolved.

At Santa María, a few days later, I thought of my promise to let our friend know how I had fared at La Purísima. In writing I said that I had seen and heard nothing of any spirits, but I mentioned, as a matter not of any particular significance, the riddle about the bricks. At San Luis I received his reply, of which the part that concerns this matter runs as follows: —

". . . I think it is fortunate, *amigo mio*, that your horse and not yourself was in the old adobe. If the place you speak of is the little building near the west end of the Mission, that is the house in which they found the body of Don Vicente. I do not think I said, when I was telling you the story, that my father used to say that many times the Padre had had the wall put up after Don Vicente was found there, but always it was pulled down the next night. He had it properly built, and the bricks laid in mortar, but they were pulled down every time, and at last the Indians said they would not put them up again. They said it was Don Vicente's spirit that pulled them down, because they had fallen on him and killed him. Then the house got a bad name, and it was never used for anything all the time till the Padres left the Mission.

"It is strange that after all this time the bricks should fall again. I do not know what you say about the spirit now. For me, I think it was Don Vicente's spirit that broke down the wall and frightened the horse; and when you come again to Lompoc I recommend you to choose a bed in the house of a good Catholic, who is also

"Your friend and faithful servant,

"Andrés Muñoz Leyva."

Chapter Eleven

SAN LUIS OBISPO

I

Mission San Luis Obispo de Tolosa: Its Bears and Its Bells

It would seem almost as if the Lady Poverty herself had taken a personal interest at the place we now call San Luis Obispo, in preparing the way for the Lesser Brothers of her lover Francis in California. The first few years of the Mission period, while the orchards were not yet of bearing age and the tricks of an untried climate and soil were being learned, were times of a lean larder; and dependence for every sort of supplies, even food, had to be on shipments from Mexico. Such supplies came by occasional crazy little sailing craft which consumed anywhere from two months upward, in the twelve-hundred-mile voyage from San Blas to San Diego, or five hundred more to Monterey. In the spring of 1772, owing to the non-appearance of the expected supply ships, the four Missions then existent were reduced to a state almost of famine, and the Padres joined with the birds and the Indians in picking up a scant living from the wilderness.

At San Carlos, the *comandante*, to relieve the situation, set out with a few soldiers on a hunt which carried the party from Monterey southward more than a hundred miles, where was a valley opening to the sea, named by Portolá's expedition of 1769 *La Cañada de los Osos*,[1] or, as we should say, Bear Valley. It was a great, open swale, with a marshy lagoon in the midst of it, and was a favorite stamping ground for bears,

[1] This was the soldiers' name for it. Fr. Crespí, as customary with him, had given the valley a more dignified, religious appellation, "La Natividad de Nuestra Señora," (the Nativity of Our Lady).

which fed on the tule roots and other dainties to their taste, there abounding. Incidentally the beasts wrought more or less havoc among the *rancherías* of the Indians thereabout, for it was a populous region, "to the four winds settled with much Gentilism," remarks Palou (*por los cuatro vientos está poblada de mucha gentilidad*). Accordingly the advent of the Spaniards with horse, lance, and carbine, bagging the bears as they would rabbits, seemed to the red men like the gods to the rescue. Thus it came about, when a few months later Padres Serra and Cavaller, arrived from Monterey, planted a cross at a spot a mile or so from La Cañada de los Osos, and there dedicated, on September 1, 1772, a Mission to St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse, the Gentiles of the region were glad of their new neighbors; for the memory of those doughty deeds of valor among their enemies, the bears, was still fresh. And, when it came to listening to the message of these gray-gowns with a plan for beating the devil himself, why might there not be something in it, when their comrades of the same white skin were such redoubtable killers of bears? So, in the main, the Gentiles at San Luis Obispo were from the first favorably disposed toward the Mission.

This was particularly providential, because at the time Serra was bound to San Diego, and, pending the arrival of a fresh supply of missionaries, there was no friar available to companion Cavaller. The latter, accordingly, had to be left alone to handle the case with two Christianized Indians from Lower California, a corporal's guard of five soldiers, and last but by no means least a box of brown sugar (*un cajon de panochas*), very efficacious bait for attracting the sweet-toothed Gentile into the apostolic net. As a consequence the spiritual fruit of the solitary Padre's first twelvemonth of labor was not bad — well on to three dozen of baptisms. This, too, notwithstanding what Serra called "the lashing of

the Enemy's tail," as manifested by the misdeeds of the evilly disposed soldiers, whose idleness always bred more or less of deviltry about the Missions.

In Palou's "Noticias" I find a little description of San Luis Obispo in 1773, which enables us to picture that church in the wilderness in its first estate — practically a duplicate of every other Mission at that time. "Within the palisade," he notes, "they have their little church of stakes and tule, and some living-rooms for the Fathers with the corresponding workshops, storeroom, and living-apartment for the soldiers of the guard, all of stakes and tule." Now, those tules of San Luis Obispo are worth noting, for they gave rise to history. They formed the thatch for roofing, as was the case at all the Missions at first, and in the dry season they became so much tinder. At San Luis, because of this, the Mission was thrice badly damaged by fire — once from a spiteful Indian's blazing arrow lodging in the thatch. As the experience was tending to become a habit, the Padres set their wits to work to supply a better sort of roof. Adobe, thick about them, suggested tiles, and though neither of the resident friars knew anything of the art of making them, they decided to try. The experiment proved successful, and San Luis's tile roofs set the fashion throughout California. The exact date of this first tile-making I do not find recorded, but it was before 1784.

It was dark night when the train deposited me at San Luis Obispo town; and I went promptly to bed and to sleep in a very comfortable hotel to which a villainous little omnibus had rattled and jolted me from the station. Fatigue made a short night of it, and it seemed but a few minutes before I was startled wide awake by such an outlandish clamor of discordant bells as made me think for a moment that fire again was arousing the town. It proved, however, to be only the bell of the Mission calling to early mass — this edifice of my quest

being just around the corner. Mission bells, I seem to remember, are a rather prominent feature among the properties of California poets. There is a very exquisite bit by Bret Harte, suggested by the Angelus sounding at the Mission Dolores — doubtless you know it, beginning

> "Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
> Still fills the wide expanse,
> Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
> With color of romance."

It would be a robust poet, however, who could hold his own against San Luis's bells of the present, and I should judge the San Luiseños are indifferent, as a community, to concord of sweet sounds, or they would not stand for this demoniac chime.

After breakfast, I walked around to the Mission, prepared by a post-card print in a shop window, to behold a building badly spoiled, to be sure, by a modern steeple, but still retaining some semblance to a Mission because of a corridor in front. In reality it proved to be a pretty fair facsimile of a New England frame meeting-house, painted white. Even the tile roof, which of all the Missions should be San Luis Obispo's badge of architectural glory, had given place to prosaic shingles; and there was no corridored front. The latter, which formerly ran the length of the *convento* wing, and gave distinction to the historic structure, was torn down a few years ago, because it played Alexander to the resident secular clergy and stood between them and their sunshine. The sheathing of the original adobe walls with boards is perhaps more excusable; for ugly as it is, it at least has stopped the inroads of the weather, and the old walls remain, though unseen.

It was very discouraging; but being there I resolved to see the adventure through, and as it was Sunday, I joined the string of worshipers who were straggling up the steps into the

church and through an open doorway, which bore over it the figures 1772. I do not remember that the interior possessed anything of noteworthy interest for me, except an elderly priest of fine, dignified presence, who preached the sermon. His English betrayed his Spanish nativity, and his exhortation was delivered with vigor. "You are responsible, you parents," he charged, "for your children's being and for their souls, and what do I hear you are doing? Instead of sending them to Catholic schools, where they will be taught proper manners and respect for church and authority, you are letting them go, many of you, to secular schools. That is the same for their morals as being brought up in the street, or running wild in the hills. Do you realize that as parents you must answer to God in the last day for your children's everlasting condition?" He was a grandfatherly sort of man with convictions, and I felt in listening to him that peculiar refreshment of spirit which comes over most of us on hearing our neighbor hauled over the coals.

After the service I strolled along the terrace in front of the living-quarters, and came by and by to a door on which was tacked a card of invitation to visitors to ring the bell for admittance. The housekeeper admitted me into the cool twilight of a hallway whose adobe walls were of the familiar Mission thickness, and left me standing while she went for the sacristan. Since Sunday is a busy day at a parish church, I suppose I had no business to intrude myself as a sight-seer, and a priest who passed through the hall as I waited probably thought so too, if I am to judge from a sourishness that seemed to flavor his salutation to me. The sacristan, however, when he appeared, set me at ease with the most cordial of greetings. He was a young man, — a French Canadian, it transpired, — and he went joyously to work with me as though I were the very first he had ever had the privilege of

convoying over the place. What I was expected to see, it seems, were certain relics in the sacristy and in an adjoining room at the rear of the church. To reach these he led me a rapid march through the garden, really a charming nook, of which I should have liked to see more, with a modern palm tree or two, an arbored walk where vines of Mission grapes cast a meditative shade, and the perfume of roses sweetened the air. Beyond I caught sight of a kitchen garden, and the whole was shut out from the world by high adobe walls and the Mission itself.

In the relic rooms the guide went at his business hammer and tongs. For professional enthusiasm I have never seen his equal. His utterance was exceedingly rapid, and he seemed possessed with a sort of apostolic fervor as though he saw in his job a chance to save my soul. He quickly smoked me out as a heretic of some mild type and set to to leave me, if possible, better instructed than he found me. There was indeed a rather rich collection of relics, though ill arranged. I remember, for instance, a wooden box with front doors, like a cupboard, crudely carved and gaudily colored by Indians. This, my young friend told me once occupied a space on the old altar, and served as a tabernacle, "That," said he, "is the center of the Catholic religion"; and then gave me a dissertation on the mystery of the mass, with Scripture to establish his points. Then there was an ancient wooden cross said to have been used when the first mass was said at San Luis, "for you can't say mass without a cross," I was assured; and there was a quaint little wooden cradle with a canopy, wherein lay a wooden image of the infant Saviour. It was placed in the church on Christmas Eve, and before it many an adoring Indian had knelt in days gone by. Then, too, there were numerous silver chalices and candlesticks, and other altar utensils; altar cloths of linen, and silken canopies; priests' vest-

ments magnificently embroidered in rich designs of flowers and butterflies in gold and silver on colored silks by Sisters in the convents of Spain: their contributions to the propagation of the faith in the Indies. These and many another thing were reverently shown me, and their uses and symbolisms explained in great detail, but at such a verbal hand-gallop as made my brain spin. I should have liked to remember more, for the lecture was really interesting; but somewhere in the midst of it I became rather hypnotized from watching this intense young man with a seraphic face and "can't bust-em" overalls drawn temporarily over his Sunday suit. As he talked, his head was bent in reverence, his eyes fixed on space as though seeing something beyond this world of sense, his face now and then irradiated with a smile. His lips, the while, moved like the paddles of a mill-wheel under the pressure of his torrential speech, and occasionally they spat droplets of moisture. He wound up by presenting me with a squat little volume in yellow paper covers entitled "Catholic Belief"; and I am free to say, if I die outside the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church, it will not be the fault of that delightful sacristan of San Luis Obispo.

As I emerged from the cloistral shades of the sacristy into the little garden's heavenly sunshine and the companionship of its ministrant lilies, it felt good to be free again. Yet he was a kindly young man, profusely thankful on the Church's behalf for the small fee I left in his hand, and I am sure the love of God and of man was supreme in his heart. A good Catholic hinted to me afterward that his heart was thought to be sounder than his head; but is not that the world's usual estimate of enthusiasts?

I was gratified to find in San Luis Obispo a street called Osos, showing that that famous Cañada of the Bears is held worthy of memory still. I learned, moreover, that the valley

itself is of easy access; so I set out for it afoot by a street that leads northward from the Mission through land once the Padres' gardens, but now cut into town lots, where rose-embowered cottages are sprinkled about, children play tag, and the domestic virtues flourish. In a pasture I had sight of a hoary olive tree which a San Luiseño told me had been set out by the Fathers, the only remnant, I believe, of their once extensive olive yard which De Mofras states rivaled in size the best in Andalusia. So, to the outskirts of the town and the foot of a steep cone-shaped hill, which rose like a watch-tower from the midst of the plain. This I had learned would be a proper vantage-point from which to view the Cañada. On the map the hill is called Cerro San Luis Obispo, but colloquially it is San Luis Mountain, and a popular resort on Sundays and holidays for such as are sound in wind and limb and have a taste for aerial adventure. I found it, indeed, a stiff climb by a dusty, stony, zigzag trail, at times as steep as a high-pitched roof; but *nec palma sine pulvere*, and the crown was worth the dusty struggle.

Below me lay the little town nestling amid trees and flowers and oil tanks, and at the heart of it the Mission quadrangle, out of which the strident voice of those terrible bells broke in brief outcry — made tolerable by distance, though still hardly musical. To the west lay La Cañada de los Osos, dreamy that day under a thin veil of ocean mist, and stretching to the beach six or eight miles away where a deliberate surf came and went in intermittent gleams of white. Where the bears were hunted and the Indian *rancherías* stood, is now a sunlit, wind-swept countryside with here and there a ranch-house in its little bower of trees. Seaward rises the hump of Point Buchon, linked with the Mission past. Crespí tells us that when the Portolá expedition of 1769 camped in the neighborhood of the present San Luis Obispo, they found

there a *rancheria* of Indians whose chief was afflicted with a huge tumor or goitre. The soldiers, in characteristic fashion, at once dubbed him "El Buchon," which is Spanish for such a swelling, and applied the same name to the native village. The latter has long since gone, but the hill near which it stood fell heir to the title and bids fair to hold it so long as the good California custom persists of respecting the old historic names. Kind Padre Crespí, who had more interest in the poor fellow's soul than in his physical abnormalities, piously christened the place San Ladislao, in order that this saint "should be his patron and protector for his conversion."

II

Fray Luis the Light-Hearted

THE story of the Missions does not, in its nature, show us much of the lighter side of life. It is true that the general impression that history gives of the life led by the Spanish-Californians in the later part of the Mission period is one of almost idyllic ease in a lotus-land of vast, sun-swept *ranchos:* but the lot of the Padres, struggling day by day with the burden of their ignorant and often troublesome charges, was well-nigh as dull and unattractive as any field of labor can show. To the necessary cares of the missionaries were added others born of the friction that usually existed between them and the political and military heads of the province: so that the story in detail makes somewhat melancholy reading. It comes, then, as a real boon when the student gets a glimpse, here and there, of some rattling Father O'Flynn whose heart, banded with triple brass, refuses to down, and thumps merrily under his garb of solemn gray, let happen what will.

Welcome, then, Fray Luis Antonio Martínez, of San Luis Obispo, Fray Luis of that ilk, as one may call thee. I think the good St. Francis, blithest, humanest of saints, would have been glad to know thee and to number thee among his band, and would have had but gentle words of rebuke, if any, for thy exuberances. After all, the sky is as blue over San Luis as above Assisi, where the Apostle of God's Open Air caroled his cheerful lay to Brother Sun.

It is not much that history tells of Fray Luis, but all we know runs to the same effect as showing his unconventional character. It was in 1818 that the pirate Bouchard made a descent, with two ships, upon the almost defenseless coast of

California. After a more or less successful attack on Monterey, the capital, he sailed southward and sacked the *rancho* of Nuestra Señora del Refugio, near Santa Bárbara. Fray Luis rose to the occasion. From his Mission, some hundred miles from the scene of pillage, he wrote to his friend José de la Guerra y Noriega, *comandante* at Santa Bárbara, to this brave effect: —

"If I had but two cannon I should have the ships; but there is nothing, so I shall content myself with doing what I can and as long as I can. There are horses enough for flight, even as far as New Mexico, when I leave the Mission burned to the foundations. Live, Fernando, while we are alive! Live, Holy Church and our native country, even if we all die!"

He had at the first alarm sent a detachment of his Indians to the help of Governor Solá at Monterey. Now, leaving a sick-bed, he hurried with thirty-five volunteers to join De la Guerra at Santa Bárbara, and thence marched with the defending force as far as San Juan Capistrano, some three hundred miles from his starting-point, where (in the words of Solá's report to the Viceroy of Mexico) "he animated all to defend the rights of the sovereign and their own homes."

It may be a surprise to logical minds to encounter Fray Luis next in the rôle of friend and patron of smugglers. Under the narrow policy of the Spanish Government, trade between California ports and foreign vessels was strictly prohibited. At the same time the province itself produced hardly anything beyond hides, tallow, and grain, so that for almost every manufactured article its civilized people were dependent upon the occasional visit of a supply ship from San Blas. Here was a state of things that plainly invited, indeed necessitated, smuggling, and Mr. George Washington Eayrs, in the ship Mercury, of Boston, duly appeared to fill the need. The islands off the southern California coast made most conven-

ient points for illicit trade, and we may guess that the lovely bay of Avalon, in Santa Catalina Island, now prime haunt of tourist and angler, was, a century ago, a favorite rendezvous for the exchange of hides and tallow for the more refined articles of trade craved by señora, caballero, and even Padre under vow to Lady Poverty. Letters are extant that make it plain that certain of the Fathers at the Missions succumbed to temptation; and little blame, indeed, is it that they did so. One does not look in vain for the name of Fray Luis among the candidates for Mr. Eayrs's commodities. Here is a letter, which bears evidence, moreover, that it was not the first communication to pass between them: —

Friend Don Jorge, Greeting. I expect you to dine with me at the ranch-house. Come with this *vaquero*, and we will talk of what is interesting in the news from Europe and the whole world. We will also trade, unless you bring things as dear as usual. The boy says that you asked him why I was out of humor with you, and I say I am out of humor with nobody. *Adios*. Since I do not know what you bring, I ask nothing; and since you say nothing, I get nothing.

Your friend, Q. B. T. M.,
Fr. Luis.

Let us hope that the dinner and the trading were satisfactory on both sides. As for the talk, little doubt that it was interesting enough. How one would like to have been posted behind the door of the dining-room that evening!

Something of a figure, too, Fray Luis would cut when he had occasion to take the road, as when he convoyed his mule-trains of Mission produce to Monterey. The story goes that he took good care that on such occasions the dignity of his "San Luisito" (little San Luis), as he endearingly called his

Mission by the Valley of the Bears, took no damage in the eyes of the world. His pack-mules were ever of the sleekest; his Indian *arrieros* and servants, in their uniforms of blue Mission cotton, better dressed than the average Spanish-Californian of the day; and the portly Padre himself (distinguished, we learn, by a big nose bent to one side of his good-natured face) headed the caravan in some sort of primitive gig or *calesa*, with beribboned Indians for postilions and outriders.

Let it not be supposed, however, that stout Fray Luis was simply and solely a man of the type of the Friar of Orders Gray of the old ballad. From other letters and from history we get a view of our Padre which calls for the respect due to a man of high principle. We find him writing with passionate earnestness against the laxity of religious belief which was a feature of the period, and which had then lately been exemplified in so extreme a form in France, during the Revolution. And to this side of his character was allied, not unnaturally, a consistency in politics which was quite unbending, and which brought him into a long course of trouble with the authorities, ending in his forcible deportation from the Mission he had served for thirty years, and from California. Upon the revolt of Mexico from Spain, which culminated in 1821, the Provincial Government in California naturally accepted the new order, and the Spaniards, military, civil, and ecclesiastical, in the province were required to take oath of allegiance to the Mexican State, at first nominally an Empire, then a Republic. There was little or no objection among the two first-named classes of the population, but many of the priests refused to abjure their loyalty to the King of Spain. There is nothing to show that they, or any of them, made, or intended to make, difficulties for the new régime, but naturally they fell under suspicion. Among these loyalists we find,

without surprise, the sturdy figure of Fray Luis, and upon him it was that the brunt of the trouble fell. Probably he was indiscreet, and did not take special pains to keep his sentiments to himself. We may guess him to be the kind of man who would drink to "The King over the Water," whoever might be the company at table; though, after all, the worst we hear from him is, "Go to, with your Republic!" But in 1829 there occurred a miniature rebellion headed by one Juan Solís, and Fray Luis was accused of complicity in this *opéra-bouffe* affair. It gave the authorities the handle they wanted, and Governor Echeandía straightway had him arrested and taken to Santa Bárbara.

A forcible though dignified remonstrance against being sent to Mexico for trial resulted in his being permitted to leave the country on his word of honor to retire direct to Spain. He was placed on board an English ship, and there we take farewell of good Fray Luis but for a letter, written by him to a friend in Lima, soon after his arrival in Spain. In it he says that he sadly misses his old California friends; and he mournfully remarks that everything at home is strange and different from the former days, so that now he cannot feel at ease in Madrid. And he adds a reflection that, no doubt, has found a counterpart in the experience of many another home-returning wanderer — that one who has spent thirty years in the New World can never again settle down in the Old. Poor Fray Luis! But we may hope that in his old age he had the happiness to meet again some of his California brother-missionaries, several of whom were driven, like himself, to seek a refuge from political molestation in their native land. So let us picture him finally as again Fray Luis the light-hearted, flourishing for many a year in his native Asturias, and racily recounting to loyal Spanish ears the story of his wrongs and his exploits in far-off, barbarous California.

While on the topic of the unconventional spirits who appear in the annals of the Padres, we must allow ourselves a reference to those two roysterers, Padres Mariano Rubí and Bartolomé Gilí, who ran a brief but meteoric career at — most inappropriately — the Mission of Nuestra Señora Dolorosísima de la Soledad. These blackest of black sheep came like most of the other early California Padres, to this distant province from the Franciscan Missionary College of San Fernando, at Mexico City, evidently with a hearty "good riddance" for farewell. We quote from a letter of complaint against them, written by the Guardian of the College to the Viceroy: —

"A very short time after their arrival from Spain, Fathers Rubí and Gilí manifested disgust for the regular life, repugnance for the laudable customs of this Apostolic College, and regret for having come. Finding no other excuse for withdrawing from the religious exercises, they took advantage of the charity with which our infirmary treats the sick and infirm, as far as its poverty permits. Pretending to be suffering from ills which in reality they had not, they retired to this asylum, where they passed the days in sleep and idleness and the nights disturbing the rest of those who, having labored during the day, needed rest and sleep during the night. The reports are filled with the excesses which these two, like sons of darkness, committed. Among them the worst are that they loosened the bolts to rob the storerooms; broke, not only once, the jars containing the chocolate of the community; stole from said room the small kettles to beat them for drums; took away the balls which the community used for pastime on recreation days, and rolled them through the dormitories at unseemly hours of the night, on various occasions, causing terror and confusion to the religious. Finally, they scaled the walls of the College, and went out, scarcely for the sake of

performing some act of virtue. They make no meditation and do not appear in choir." And so on.

There is something uncommonly refreshing in the thought of that row of reverend shaven pates, starting from their snug pillows with looks of "terror and confusion" at the racket of those unseasonable games of bowls. Really, some one ought to paint that scene. And it would be a pleasure to forgive the jokers, if only there were nothing more shameful in evidence. Unfortunately there is, though it is not necessary to record it here.

An ingenious demon he must have been who was responsible for this unconscionable pair ever entering the priesthood. Probably it was the same imp who put it into their heads that the Missions of California would be a promising field for their special gifts. (By the way, Rubí appears to have been a musician, for we find him referred to as "the organist." California at that time boasted no organs, except a barrel-organ contributed in 1793 by Vancouver to the Mission of Carmel; so that here the soothing charms of music were denied the prankish priest, though, indeed, they seem to have had little efficacy at the College.) Anyhow, the two rascals appear on our scene about the year 1790, and after a short stay at Mission San Antonio were transferred to Soledad. How happy they made the life of Padre García, the missionary in charge, can be as easily imagined as described. We read of Gilí having four quarrels in public with him, and learn without surprise that the twin disturbers of the general peace were soon at odds between themselves. "Always grumbling, always restless; agreeing with no one and not even with each other!" — so writes Father Lasuén. However, their course was soon run. Before the end of 1793 we find Rubí — clerical titles seem quite too incongruous with these scapegraces — back like a bad penny at his College in the City of Mexico, and

requesting to be sent to Tampico. Of Gilí we take leave in the following year in the capacity of chaplain on a vessel that is bearing him, against his will, to the Philippines.

In conclusion, another incident, but in quieter vein, of the humors of the Padres. To a proclamation of Governor Borica, in 1794, requiring the priests to refrain from dealings with foreign vessels, Padre Diego García replies from his Mission of Soledad, some forty miles away from tide-water, that "It will give him pleasure to comply with the order if Divine Providence should ever favor this inland Mission with a harbor." So it is good to note that the Padre, whom we just now saw quarreling with his two unruly brethren, has recovered his good humor and is ready for a little joke.

Chapter Twelve

SAN MIGUEL ARCÁNGEL

I

Mission San Miguel Arcángel and the Case of the Gentile Guchapa

It is quite conceivable that if I had no other home under heaven than a darkling adobe room in the mouldering *convento* of a lonely Mission, and between my parochial calls lived there by myself among my books and the ghosts of the past, with an old housekeeper across the hall to cook my meals and darn my stockings and show the church to the curious comers and goers and keep them from picnicking in the corridors and from scattering discarded lunch-boxes and chewing-gum wrappers about — under such circumstances, I say, it is entirely likely that I, too, would be crusty; that I, too, would put up such a sign at my wicket as the resident priest has displayed at the wicket to the Mission of that Most Glorious Prince of the Heavenly Militia, St. Michael, Archangel. The notice is in plain English, for the Spanish-speaking visitors at San Miguel are doubtless good Catholics, who do not need this special sort of instruction. It reads: —

Mission San Miguel.

Founded July 25, 1797.
Parish Church of St. Michael, Archangel,
and
Residence of Pastor.
Strictly Private
As home of Any Other Person.
Not a Public Park.
Visitors and Callers Welcome. Visitors and Callers
Should Announce themselves. Please enter and Strike the
Old Mission Bell.

It was not altogether cordial, but, on the other hand, it was a sort of invitation. Moreover, it improved on re-reading; for really it was reasonable, and imparted a good deal of information in small compass. So I passed through the gate with meekness and struck the old Mission bell, which I found hanging in a wooden frame near a corner of the church wall. Another bell, which swings in the upper air at the top of a tall, inconceivably ugly, spider-legged tower, planted impudently before the church entrance, you are not to molest. I suppose there was a reason for putting up that discordant sort of *campanario*, all iron legs and ribs like a little Eiffel Tower; but it certainly was not for art's sake. Save for this awkward blot upon its entrance, the Mission would be genuinely attractive, with its roofs of old red tile and its picturesque white corridors with their arches of assorted shapes and sizes, and a quaint old-timey tile chimney. The situation on the outskirts of the little town of San Miguel, which is also a railway station, makes the Mission of easiest accessibility.

While waiting for some response to my summons, I was edified by reading another notice posted at a side entrance to the church. Evidently the poor rector of San Miguel has had his troubles with the unregenerate who come a-calling at his Mission out of curiosity; and he is not the man to suffer in silence. This notice proved to be a rather comprehensive essay on conduct in church; and comprised injunctions against men appearing therein in their shirt sleeves or hats, and against women entering with uncovered heads. Smoking, I believe, was also interdicted, and loud talking; and certain other details of behavior (which I have now forgotten, but which at the time I thought none but savages would have needed lecturing about) were explained as becoming or unbecoming, as the case might be.

I had about digested this sermon, when a cheerful, little old

woman, of housekeeperly aspect, came from one of the *convento* rooms, her keys jingling as she walked, and, bidding me a pleasant good-morning, ushered me into the cool twilight of the church. The interior proved very attractive. The old square-brick tiling of the floor was worn into hollows and humps by the tread of generations, and the walls were elaborately decorated in the primitive style and gaudy tones that bore evidence of Indian artists having contributed largely to the adornment.[1] There was a charming old wall pulpit with a sounding-board suspended above it like a candle extinguisher about to drop; a cell-like confessional built in the thick adobe wall; and an ancient wood ceiling, supported by hewn timber beams, the ends resting on carved brackets embedded in adobe. The altar was adorned with a painted wooden statue of the Archangel, and over him a huge sun-like carving of gilded wood, radiating gilt spokes, symbolized, I believe, the omnividency of God. All this, in the half light from an occasional little window well up under the roof, was as an old Mission should be, and I was touched into forgetfulness, if not of forgiveness, of that unspeakable skeleton of a bell tower without. There seemed a dearth of relics for display. At least, my *ama de llaves* vouchsafed me nothing that I remember, except a baptismal font of no great interest to me and some worm-eaten confessional chairs of still less. She had real joy, though, in calling my attention to the print of a dog's foot impressed on a floor-tile by the door.

"An Indian dog stepped there while the mud was soft, do you see?" she explained. "A many years ago — an Indian dog, mind you, was n't it funny?"

[1] Mr. G. W. James, in an interesting chapter on "Interior Decoration" in his *In and Out of the Old Franciscan Missions of California*, states that the decorations of San Miguel church were done by a Spaniard named Murros, under the oversight of the Fathers and with the assistance of neophytes.

The sight of it seemed to give her as fresh an enjoyment as though she had just observed it.

A glance at the map shows that San Miguel lies almost due west from the upper end of the San Joaquin Valley, a region once noted for boglands abounding in tules or bulrushes to such an extent that it was called by the Spaniards the "Tulares," or Place of the Rushes. It was a famous stronghold of unreconstructed Indians, who found good living on the waterfowl that infested the lagoons and on the tule pollen which was a dainty item in the aboriginal dietary. Later these Indians lived still better on horseflesh, for which they mercilessly raided the centrally situated Missions, such as San Miguel and San Luis Obispo. The Tulares were just far enough away to be comfortably safe from the Mission soldiers and yet near enough to make the raids not too fatiguing to the Tulareños. Furthermore, when Mission life became too irksome to the more restless neophytes, and the call of the wild became irresistible, such backsliders had a way of taking French leave and making for the Tulares. The region naturally had a bad name at the Missions, one old Padre pleasantly stigmatizing it as "a republic of hell and a diabolical union of apostates." It seemed, therefore, to the doughty soldiers of the Cross, a suitable place for systematic campaigning and the possible establishment of a new Mission. With this in view, two or three expeditions were made by the Padres into that kingdom of the devil, the leadership in such *entradas* being San Miguel's, as the nearest Mission. Nothing further came of them, however, than drumming up recruits for the existing establishment. One of these reconnoissances was in 1804, in charge of Padre Juan Martín; and I take it, it was on that outing he had the famous adventure with Guchapa. Guchapa was a hard-shell Gentile of much influence in his neighborhood; and Padre Juan, who was the sort of diplomat

that believes in going straight to headquarters and the point, ingenuously requisitioned the old chief for a supply of young Indians to make Christians of. Guchapa refused, using what appears to have been very intemperate language; expressed his contempt for friars and soldiers, who, he argued with some show of logic, were nobody to be afraid of, for did they not die the same as Indians? And he wound up by ordering Padre Juan and his little ragged escort out of the country.

The Padre, on returning to San Miguel, reported the matters to the military *comandante* of the district, who thought the dignity of Catholic Spain required that this red Douglas should be brought to knee. Accordingly a sergeant with thirteen leather jackets and gunpowder enough for a demonstration, was dispatched to humble his pride. There was a lively fight, which resulted in the capture of Guchapa, who was brought into the Mission. Here his views about the *gente de razon* became a good deal modified; and upon promising to send some young Indians down he was permitted to return to his *rancheria*, with a pocketful of glass beads. Bancroft, from whom I take the story, says that his promise was "to send back all Christian fugitives within his jurisdiction" — which, if all that was got from him, would indicate that the old heathen had held his own pretty well in the camp of his enemies. On the whole, Guchapa's case stands out quite refreshingly, in the general record of weak-kneed apathy that historians attribute to most of the California Gentiles.

Padre Martín was San Miguel's most noted missionary, if we except poor Fray Concepción, who went crazy and insisted on the soldiers shooting off their guns and the neophytes their arrows at a rate that would soon have turned missionary life into one grand Donnybrook fair, had he not been taken in hand rather promptly and transported. Martín's term lasted from the day of the founding in 1797 until 1824, when his

mortal frame was laid to rest in the Mission whose destinies he had guided, under Providence, for twenty-seven years. Much of that time he was the only friar in residence; but between 1807 and 1817, he had the cheery companionship of Padre Juan Cabot, brother to that Padre Pedro, "El Caballero," whom we buried at San Fernando. Fray Juan was nicknamed "El Marinero," (The Sailor), because of his bluff, frank manners. He had a big heart, and his hospitality and jovial demeanor made him universally liked. After Padre Martín was called to his long home, it was Padre Cabot who was assigned to continue his work at San Miguel, and there he stayed until secularization.

Temporally Mission San Miguel never ranked with the best. The land, though lying, much of it, in the fertile bottom of the upper Salinas Valley, yielded but stubbornly to missionary treatment. There were hard frosts in winter and in summer a scorching heat. Robinson speaks of it in 1830 as "a poor establishment," the heat felt even by the fleas, which gasped for breath on the brick pavements! Secularization made quick work of what there was, if we are to believe Mrs. Ord's reminiscences; for she says that in 1835 she could not find even a tumbler on the premises to drink from. The present structure dates from about 1820.

To make up to some extent for the agricultural deficiencies of the land immediate to the Missions, the San Miguel Padres availed themselves (after the fashion at other Missions) of sundry little fertile vales in the surrounding hills. There temporary colonies of neophytes, under the care of experienced Indians as *mayordomos*, were established. Fruit trees were set out, beans and grain sown, and herds and flocks tended. One of these outposts, Santa Margarita, was midway on the road to San Luis Obispo. Until recently there could be seen — and possibly still may be — some remnants of the

adobe storehouse, *mayordomo's* quarters and little chapel that once stood there. There, it is said, the priests from San Miguel and San Luis Obispo, during such periods as reduced those Missions temporarily to one missionary apiece, would sometimes arrange to meet, to make confession to each other.

II

The Tragedy of San Miguel

In the criminal annals of California during the troubled early years of American rule, no page is darker than that which tells the tale of the "great murder case," or, as it might well be called, the massacre, of San Miguel Mission. After sixty years the story is still current in the locality, and on a recent journey through central California I heard at least three quite different accounts of it. I am not keen on horrors, nor do I suppose my readers to be so, nor, certainly, is the charming and accomplished lady who related the facts to me: but the incident being a part of the actual history of the Mission, I think it worth while to set down the plain and unembroidered statement as I received it from the lips of the granddaughter of one of the persons chiefly concerned.

We were sitting in the warm dusk of an August evening in the veranda of the hospitable home of Señor León Gil, in the oak-shaded foothills of the Santa Lucía Sierra. The talk had wandered from sport to local politics, from local politics to local history, and then to old California topics, a field in which my host and hostess, both descendants of old Spanish California families, were full of interesting matter. A chance reference to San Miguel Mission, which was not very far distant, brought out the tragic history. Said the señora: —

"It was in 1849, that eventful year for our dear California, that my grandfather, Don Petronelo Rios, was living close to the Mission of San Miguel. You will see the place, the old Rios ranch-house, when you visit the Mission. The priests had gone, for it was long after the secularization, and my grandfather, in partnership with an Englishman, Mr. Guil-

lermo Reed, — he was called by the people "El Piloto," because he had formerly been a pilot, — grazed large numbers of sheep and cattle on the Mission lands. Mr. Reed lived with his family in the Mission itself, and incidentally the partners carried on a general merchandise business there, using some of the old rooms, and were doing a good trade with the miners who came in the great rush of that year to the placer diggings of the San Joaquin.

"Mr. Reed, however, was not satisfied to be making money slowly in the course of business, while others on all hands were getting wealthy quickly at the mines. One day he said to my grandfather, 'Why should not we go to the mines, and get our share of what is going? All our acquaintances are getting rich while we are muddling along here. I propose that we close up the merchandise business for a time, and go mining too.' My grandfather was an older man than Mr. Reed, and more cautious, so he was not very eager to go; but his partner persuaded him, and they wound up their affairs for the time, and went to the mines.

"At the placers they did moderately well, but not by any means so well as Mr. Reed had hoped. He, however, partly for bluff and partly for a joke, used to pretend that they had struck it very rich — that is the funny American speech, is n't it? — and the story got about that the two had made lots of money, and had sacks and sacks of dust and nuggets hidden away. My grandfather often objected to Mr. Reed giving out this impression. 'Here we are,' he would say, 'among all kinds of wild fellows, and it is not wise to make all this talk of the money we are supposed to have. We are in danger of losing the little we have made.' But Mr. Reed only laughed, and always kept up the same kind of talk.

"Before very long they got tired of the mines, and returned to the Mission with what gold they had. There they took up

again their former business. Soon afterward, my grandfather left there and moved over to Templeton. The Indians who lived about San Miguel were much attached to him, and they moved away with him, so the country was left very quiet and lonely. His partner was left in charge of their joint affairs.

"One evening a party of men came to the Mission. There were three Americans, an Irishman, and an Indian who acted as guide. It turned out that the white men had known Mr. Reed and my grandfather at the mines, and Mr. Reed made them welcome accordingly. In the course of their conversation he still kept up the pretense of their having made lots of money at the mines, and when the men asked how much they had, he replied, 'Oh, bags and bags of it! Why, that boy' — his wife's little brother, eight years old — 'can hardly lift the smallest sack!'

"The miners were in no hurry to go. Mr. Reed made them very welcome, and they stayed some days about the place. At last they left, but the next day they returned, to buy some supplies, as they said. When they put down their money, which was in twenty-dollar pieces, Mr. Reed called to the boy to bring one of the little sacks of dust (still keeping up the pretense of having a great deal, you see), from which — the only one they had, as a matter of fact — he weighed out their change. He was a very sociable man, and again he kept them talking until it became so late that he suggested that they stay at the Mission for the night.

"During the evening they all sat about the fire in the big room. The Indian was not there, for the other men treated him roughly and would not associate with him. The night was cold, and when the fire got low, one of the men said to another, 'You had better go and get some wood to make up the fire.' The man went out, and returned in a few moments with an armful of wood, hidden in which there was an axe.

He came behind Mr. Reed, who was laughing and joking with the others, and with one blow of the axe struck him dead. He did not utter a sound.

"In the next room, which was a bedroom, were Mrs. Reed, her child, three years old, an old woman who was a sort of nurse in the family, the nurse's daughter, and the daughter's young child. They were getting ready for bed. The men broke into the room and with the same axe killed Mrs. Reed and the young woman. Meanwhile, the old nurse had caught up a heavy stick, and snatching the *reboso* from her head she wound it round her arm and bravely defended herself and her grandchild. Of course she had no chance against the four men, and she and the child were soon dead on the floor. The other child, who was sleeping on the bed, was awakened by the noise. One of the murderers caught sight of it, and made a blow at it with the axe through the bedclothes, which killed it and left a gash in the wall which I have been told can still be seen.

"They went next to the kitchen, where the cook, who was a negro, was asleep. He had not been awakened, as the walls were so thick that they shut out all sound. They murdered him as he slept, and then went on to another room, where the sheep-herder and his grandson were sleeping. They killed them both in their beds. Then, after ransacking the building for the supposed gold which had been the motive for the terrible crime, and finding only a small quantity of dust, they dragged the bodies of the nine people they had murdered to the farthest room of the Mission, and threw them into a heap with the intention of burning them there. While they were carrying the bodies there they discovered Mrs. Reed's little brother, who had hidden himself among some boxes on the corridor. The boy had become friendly with the men during the days they had stayed there, and he clung to them and

begged them not to hurt him. One of them, taking pity on him, tried to hide him behind himself, but the leader saw the action, and exclaimed, 'What is that you are hiding there? Do you want that brat to betray us?' and he seized the boy and killed him by dashing his head against one of the pillars of the corridor.

"By this time it was nearly daybreak, and it was necessary for the murderers to escape. So they took the great double doors of the church off their hinges and placed them as a barrier to prevent any one opening the door of the room where they had put the bodies. Then they took their horses from the corral and rode away to the south. At that time all the country about San Miguel was very thinly settled, and the murderers had left no one alive about the Mission. It was two days before the massacre was discovered. Then Mr. Branch, of Arroyo Grande, and Captain Pryce, of the Los Osos, who were both friends of Mr. Reed, happened to be on their way down from San Francisco. They noticed, as they rode past the Mission in the morning, that there was nobody about, and that the church doors were not in their place. Seeing that the cattle were still in the corrals, Captain Pryce went round to Mr. Reed's room and tapped at the window, calling out, 'Get up, you lazy fellow! Do you know what time it is?' As he heard no reply, he pushed the shutter open, and then saw that the trunks were overturned and everything was in disorder. They knew that something was wrong, and rode on quickly to Templeton, which was five leagues away, where they told my grandfather what they had seen. He sent them on to San Luis Obispo for the officers, and when they came they all went on together to the Mission. There the awful crime was brought to light.

"The night after the murders, the men had camped at my grandfather's place at Templeton, with the intention of kill-

ing him also, if necessary, in order to secure the gold which they had expected to get at Mr. Reed's. But on account of there being so many Indians about they were afraid to attempt it. One of the Indians went over, as Indians are apt to do, to the men's camp after they had left, and there picked up an earring, which he brought to Don Petronelo. He recognized it as one that he had often seen Mrs. Reed wearing, and was suspicious that there had been bad work at the Mission, even before Captain Pryce arrived with his news.

"The officers from San Luis had been instructed not to attempt to take the men prisoners, but to shoot them immediately when found, as it was clear they were desperate, and would not hesitate to take more lives. The Indian guide had left them and hidden himself after the murders, as he had heard them speak of killing him too, which no doubt they would have done when they no longer needed him. He was to have taken them by back trails to San Diego, and from there they meant to escape into Mexico. Through the guide's desertion they were obliged to travel by the roads. They were overtaken at the coast, near Gaviota, and two of them were killed on the spot. The leader ran out into the water, throwing from his pockets the gold they had taken at Mr. Reed's, and was drowned while the officers fired at him. The last man, who was the Irishman, surrendered and begged to be allowed to confess. It is from his statement that we have the particulars I have given you. When he had made his confession he was shot.

"It happened, many years after the murders," added the señora, "that Don Mariano Soberanes, of the Los Ojitos Ranch, was visiting us at our old home, the Rios ranch-house. Don Mariano chanced to see there an old Indian who was working for my grandfather. 'That is the Indian who was with those men who killed all the people at the Mission,' he

said to my grandfather. It was true. It appeared that the men, while on their way to the Mission, had stopped at the Los Ojitos, and Don Mariano's notice had been attracted to them by the brutal manner in which they treated the Indian, whom they made kneel down to eat, instead of sitting with them at the table. Thus he recognized him so many years after. Don Petronelo told me, I remember, that he questioned the Indian about the matter, but that he always acted as if 'loco,' and could never be induced to say anything about it. At every mention of the murders he always became wildly excited, and seemed to be under the influence of the greatest terror."

Such is the story of the tragedy of San Miguel Mission, a notable warning against that Golden Tempter from whose wiles the good St. Francis wisely tried to shield his followers and companions in the Way of Poverty. "*Verdaderamente, Don Dinero es gran criminoso*" (Truly, Don Dinero [money] is a great criminal), murmured Don León, as we rose to go to bed.

Chapter Thirteen

SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA

I

Mission San Antonio of the Oaks and the Tradition of the Friar Who flew thither

To reach San Antonio from San Miguel, one goes first to Jolon, a mountain hamlet six miles from the Mission; and to attain Jolon, an automobile stage may be taken at King City, after a comfortable country dinner at the hotel across from the railway station. It was late afternoon when the stage delivered me, so I reserved until the morrow the adventure of this Mission of a wilderness still almost as primitive as when the establishment was founded.

It is a delightful walk thither from Jolon. For a mile or two the road passes an occasional ranch-house, and then enters by a gate the lands of the great Milpitas cattle ranch. Stately native oak trees stand everywhere about, set at liberal distances from one another, and forming a sparse sort of forest in whose grassy glades the cattle of Milpitas graze and ruminate while the pasture lasts. Because of the prevalence of these trees, the Padres called the region "La Cañada de los Robles," (the Valley of the Deciduous Oaks); and in time the Mission came to be tagged in familiar speech with the same "de los Robles" as a locative — that is, San Antonio de Padua of the Oaks.

After four miles, my road emerged from the oaks into a broad sequestered amphitheater, at the western side of which, outlined against the blue of the sierra, the façade of the Mission reflected the morning sun. It is a lonely situation, but an altogether lovely one. The first Spaniards called it before

there was a Mission here, "La Joya de la Sierra de Santa Lucía"; and its utter seclusion from the world of man puts San Antonio in a class by itself among the Missions — islanded in one of those huge, privately owned cattle estates, of which many still remain in California to furnish texts to our socialistic philosophers. With the exception of one of the Milpitas ranch buildings, half hidden in trees on a near-by hilltop, there is nothing to suggest the present republic of the Gringo. It might still be 1771, and gray-gowned,[1] limping Padre Junípero with his companions, Fray Pieras and Fray Sitjar, his file of *soldados de cuera*, and his pack-train of mules loaded with provision, church bells, and ecclesiastical furniture, might be descending that hill before us, just arriving from Monterey. San Diego is two years old; San Carlos has lately been founded; and here is to be established the third of these recruiting stations for Heaven, on the devil's frontier.

It was midsummer when Serra's little company arrived here, and the charming mountain valley had not altogether lost the freshness of the early year; the little river was running plentifully enough to give assurance of an unfailing flow for irrigating the fertile bottom lands; and we can imagine the sunny air, sweet then, as on July days now, with the breath of mint and sage crushed by the passing foot, and musical with the call of mourning doves and the hum of the wild bees. A frenzy of enthusiasm seized Serra. Ordering the mules unloaded and a bell swung from the branch of a tree, he caught the rope, and ringing furiously, cried in ecstasy: —

[1] The Franciscans as we see them now in California are always robed in brown. This was not formerly so, the brown uniform dating from an edict of Pope Leo XIII, issued a generation or so ago. St. Francis prescribed only a "poor color." In Spain this was always gray, and such, of course, was the color the order brought to Mexico. Later, when the Fathers did their own weaving in the wilderness, they had to cut their coats according to their cloth, and their coarse gowns were of such wool as their sheep produced, — gray, brown, and even black.

"O Gentiles, come, come, to Holy Church! Come, come, receive the faith of Jesus Christ!"

There were no Indians in sight, and as yet no church, and the Father's prosier companions, apparently as nonplussed as Don Quixote's squire when that doughty knight persistently mistook the nose on the face of life, remonstrated with him for his outburst; but he only said: —

"Let me give expansion to my heart. Would to God the voice of this bell might resound through the whole world . . . could be heard at least by all the Indians in these mountains."

Then they set about founding the Mission. The proceedings were much the same on all such occasions. That the location might be purged of any lingering little devils of darkness there was sprinkling with holy water, a large wooden cross was made, blessed, venerated, and erected; and a bower of leafy boughs cut from trees at hand was built for a chapel, in which a plain table was set to serve for an altar. Here mass was said and a sermon preached in honor of the Mission's patron saint. The audience as a rule on such occasions was limited to the soldiers of the guard, the muleteers, and such christianized Indian servants as had been brought along with the expedition. The savages at the founding, particularly of the earlier Missions, were generally too much perturbed at the advent of the strangers and their outlandish doings to venture near for some time. Here at the founding of San Antonio, however, when Serra turned from the altar to preach to his little assembly, his delighted eyes were greeted with the sight of one astonished Gentile looking on. This "first offering of Gentilism" he took for a good omen, and so it proved; for the San Antoneños were very hospitable to the faith. Perhaps a certain tradition prevalent among them helped in the matter. One day an old Gentile woman came

to the Mission craving baptism; and upon being asked why she would become a Christian, her answer was: "When I was a child, my father used to tell that there came a man to our country, wearing a dress such as you Padres wear; but traveling neither afoot nor a-horseback, but over the hills flying. And he taught our people the same sayings you teach now. And in my old age I have remembered, and I too would be a Christian."

The missionaries took the tale with a grain of salt at first, but finding on inquiry that the neophytes confirmed the tradition, they concluded their present labors might, indeed, be in the nature of watering seed sown a couple of centuries before by some missionary from New Mexico.

San Antonio Mission to-day, while sadly ruined, is by no means hopelessly so. There is a substantial and picturesque façade of red Mission brick showing through a scaling coat of plaster, dating from about 1810 — for the present edifice is the third. The original site was a mile or two farther to the east on the Rio San Antonio. The thick adobe walls of the church are held together by iron braces, and a shingle roof, put on some years ago by the Landmarks Club, has considerably arrested the inroads of the weather. Outside of the church matters are going to the bad more rapidly. Still one can trace in the broken walls and crumbling mounds much of the ancient plan; and there is a remnant of the Padres' old garden still, where a ragged corporal's guard of ancient pear trees, rosebushes, pomegranates, and what-not, suggest what has been. De Mofras says that travelers from the North got at San Antonio their first taste of the South — orange trees, palms, and cotton growing on its lands. The old irrigation system, too, is much undisturbed, and not only is it interesting to the archæological mind, but two undisturbed reservoirs, with their brick retaining walls built into

OLD ADOBE OUTBUILDING, SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED AS A JAIL,
AT MISSION SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA

the hillsides, are still sound enough for the Milpitas ranch people to put to use.

The interior of the church is entirely dismantled. A rough table of planks blocked with drippings of candles was evidence, however, at the time of my visit, that some religious service had been held there not long before. It seems that every 13th of June, St. Anthony's Day, it is customary to have a *fiesta* at the Mission. Then the priest from King City comes up, mass is said, and the *paisanos*, from the surrounding country for miles, make holiday. For the rest of the year, the church is given over to the bats, the owls, and the swallows (who have a fancy for its protecting eaves to build their mud nests under), and such occasional visitors as myself.

Coming from the ruins I was startled to see an automobile stopped before the church, and in it a sweet-faced old lady who smiled a greeting to me. She introduced herself, and I recognized the name of one of whom somebody at Jolon had spoken, as knowing more about San Antonio Mission than any one else in the neighborhood.

"Yes," she said, "when I came into this country — you passed our ranch just outside of Jolon — there was not another white woman nearer than Monterey. We had mail only once or twice a month, and it was very dull, sometimes; so I would come to the Mission for society. There was a resident priest then, Father Ambrís, a very nice man. The country was such a wilderness the Mission seemed like civilization to me; and though I was an Episcopalian, I got very friendly with the priest and we arranged to rent some of the rooms, and I lived here for two years. That was about 1859 or 1860, and things were in good order then. One of my granddaughters was born here — she has just gone into the church. Yes, she is a real daughter of the Mission.

"Father Ambrís loved the Mission and he loved flowers

and trees and liked to work among them. Those olives there" — pointing to two thrifty trees which stood one on each side of the church entrance — "were put there by him, transplanted from the old orchard over yonder. He died about 1880, and is buried in the church. He had been here thirty years, and came of his own free will, for the Mission had been secularized before that. Everything was going to wrack, and he believed it a good work to come and be curate. He made it very nice here, but it is all desolate again these many years, and so neglected. Of all the Mission lands which extended once for miles all around, only thirty-three acres are owned now by the Church. They are rented, all but a couple of acres or so right at the Mission, to the Milpitas people, who have them planted to crops for feed for their stock. And the Indians, of course, are gone long, long ago; all except three or four families living in the hills on Mission Creek and on the San Antone. Of course, they own no land, but the Milpitas people don't disturb them. They are good workers and hire out on the ranch; though the foreman tells me the old folks are better than the young people. Once in a while one dies, and is buried in the old Mission cemetery here."

The extinction of the Indian life around the California Missions is no small part of the pathos of them. It was quick business. Here at San Antonio, for instance, the register of 1805 showed thirteen hundred neophytes. In 1832, on the eve of secularization, the number was down to six hundred and sixty, and every Indian within reach appeared to have been converted. Then came secularization, after ten years of which the census-takers could find only a beggarly fifteen, ten of them men, five women. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest." The Fathers killed by kindness; Mexican liberty by starvation, mistreatment, and *aguardiente* in payment of labor. It was a few years after that census of fifteen

that Father Doroteo Ambrís took charge. His business was simply that of a secular curate; but his administration, undertaken as a labor of love, was worthy of the fine old Franciscans who had preceded him at San Antonio — of Padre Buenaventura Sitjar, who came with Serra to the founding in 1771 and was still there thirty-seven years later when Brother Death called to relieve him; of Padre Pedro Cabot, "El Caballero," so called because of his polished manners, which Robinson thought worthy a bringing-up at some European Court rather than in a cloister; and of good old Padre Juan Bautista Sancho. It was Cabot and Sancho, *compañeros* for a quarter of a century at San Antonio, who guided its course in the golden noon of its prosperity and stayed with it till the evening of its decline — Sancho till his death in 1830, Cabot till secularization in 1834, when he left to lay down his weary body at San Fernando, as we have seen.

Padre Sancho brought the temporalities of the Mission to a pitch of excellence that made its name recognized throughout California for certain good things — as capital flour, and horses renowned for speed and hardness of hoof. Sorrowing Padre Pedro, who buried him, has left a tribute to his good qualities, from which we learn somewhat of his mettle. A foe to idleness in himself, he would have none of it in his *neófitos*. "Who would eat, must work," was his motto. He had an iron constitution and every moment of the day found him busy — working in the field, visiting the sick, or ministering to the spiritual needs of his flock. On rainy days he turned scholar and scribe, composing catechisms for the Indians, whose language [1] he had learned, and writing music-

[1] This at most Missions meant not simply learning one language, but a number. Padre Arroyo, for instance, preached in thirteen at San Juan Bautista. It was characteristic of the California Indians that they were split up into a great number of small linguistic groups; and naturally any given Mission,

books for them. Whatever was to be done, he did with his might, and again and again he became so absorbed in the task of the moment that he forgot to eat. In what remains of Mission San Antonio to-day, we see more of his sturdy strokes, I fancy, than another's; and if ever the old church is restored, as it deserves to be, it will be because of Padre Sancho's foundation of honest workmanship. Tireless old toiler in the vineyard of God! The buildings at which he wrought are now a sorry wreck; the fields of his sowing, waste; the people of his spiritual care, obliterated from the land. Was it all worth while — those twenty-six years of unceasing labor in the wilderness? I believe it was. It was more than a pair of hands that worked: it was an eager, loving spirit, sowing to the Spirit; and the harvest of such sowing is life everlasting — and not, I think, for the sower alone.

reaching out for converts over a radius of ten or fifteen miles, got into its fold speakers of very diverse idioms.

II

A Christmas Pastoral

I had camped, the day before, on the Nacimiento. I wonder who named that stream, the "Rio del Nacimiento," River of the Nativity? Whoever it was — some friar of the early days, no doubt — "I thank thee, Fray, for teaching me that word." (And, indeed, California owes no small thanks to those priests, Serra and his companions and followers, who fixed the names upon so many of our geographical features. Contrast "Bloody Gulch" with "Arroyo de las Llagas" and "Horse-thief Bluff" with "Lomas de la Purificación.") So probably it was the fact that my mind had been dwelling upon the attractive name of the attractive little stream, together with my having lately been reading something about Christmas celebrations in old times at the Missions, that brought before my mind's eye a picture of one of those simple Morality plays (or *Pastorelas*, as they were called) when I sat by my camp-fire the next night, beside the San Antonio River and within stone's throw of the ruined Mission.

The Valley of the Oaks, as regards that part of it that is contiguous to the Mission, seems to be in unaccountable disturbance. Usually, for all that can be seen or heard, soon after nightfall the owls and coyotes hold undisturbed possession, unless, perhaps, for a bar of light that shines from the room where the Padre's candle burns. But to-night (if I may borrow from the great Milton)

> "The stars, with deep amaze,
> Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,"

as on that first Nativity: for it is again Christmas Eve, *La*

Noche Buena, the *Good* Night, as the Spaniards name it; and twinkling lights move here and there all about the Mission, which itself sends out a steady beam from open door and high-placed window.

A deep bell tone sounds, once; then trembles out, solemn but sweet, upon the cold, still air. Another — and another — and at each, the Indians, wending toward the church, torch in hand, stop and reverently bend the knee; for it is the token of the Most Holy Trinity. Then, merry as you like, Pio, Camilo, Florencio, whoever you are, merry and fast, for an example — though there is no need — to the people, who now come hurrying, running, old and young, men and women, boys, girls, and babies, and press through the open doorway. But they check as they enter, again bending the knee and crossing themselves before the Mystery typified to their unquestioning, humble minds by blazing altar, star-crowned Madonna, awful crucifix.

Within the crowded church all is silence but for the bells that continue their clamor above. Suddenly they cease, and again three slow and solemn notes are sounded. The priests enter. The people drop to their knees, and every head is humbly bowed. (Good reader, Protestant like myself, let us, too, kneel and bow the head, in company with ignorant, superstitious Indian, and — if it be so, I do not know — haughty, bigoted Spanish priest. It may well be, indeed, it surely is, that in His eyes to whom they kneel we are as ignorant, superstitious, haughty, and bigoted as they. Let us thankfully share our brothers' humility, as well.)

A deep, strong voice from the gallery at the rear breaks the hush. It is the *Kyrie Eleison*. Domingo, the old cantor, is singing the first line. Then instruments join in, violins, flutes, bass-viols, and many voices, all of men: a strange, resonant singing, that somehow is like the Indian himself, somber,

dark, joyless. Now the priest's voice rises in the *Gloria in Excelsis;* and so the solemn service of the midnight mass proceeds, and with *Ite, missa est,* closes.

Again the bells ring, merry and fast; but the people, instead of leaving the building, stand looking toward the door. The priest, who had gone to the sacristy, now returns, carrying in his arms a small figure of the infant Saviour. He stands before the altar rail, and invites all who will to approach and kiss the Holy Child. Immediately the women press forward and, one by one, awkwardly, reverently, touch their lips to the wondrous Babe, their dull eyes and stolid features lightened to a strange thrill in the caress of the beautiful *Niño,* dimpled, smiling, fair of skin and hair, — all that is ideal, adorable, to the dusky, heavy-witted Indian. To sympathize, we need not call it religion: we can reverence at least the Eternal Womanly.

But now the bell ceases, and then comes on the great, the long-looked-for, long-prepared-for event of the night, the wonderful *Pastorela,* arranged by the Padre, and rehearsed at frequent intervals for two months past by the Indians who are to participate, at huge expenditure of the Padre's patience. The moment has arrived, and a flourish of music from the gallery, a lively, rattling tune, announces the opening of the sacred drama. Then through the door come the actors, to the long-drawn breaths of admiration of the adults and the shrill exclamations of round-eyed children. First enters a handsome, smooth-faced young Indian in a tunic of blue, bespangled with gilt stars, and with a similar larger star fastened with wire above his forehead. It is Gabriel, the Archangel of the Nativity. Excitement is unbounded, and must be expressed in clasped hands and murmurs of "Ah! the blessed angel! how beautiful!" Next comes an older Indian dressed in sheepskins with the wool turned outward, and

carrying a crook-headed staff. The word goes round, "It is the shepherd of Belen, the one who talks to the blessed angel."

Then appears a figure at sight of which the women press back and hold the children against their knees: a tall, cadaverous personage, face grotesquely painted in blue, white, and yellow, with two small goat's horns projecting from his forehead, and wearing a sleeveless coat which, like his bare arms and legs, is emblazoned with red flames. He rolls his eyes as he walks, and terrifies the children by poking at them with a rod painted red to imitate heated iron. No need for mutual explanations at this. "*El Diablo! Satanás!*" is whispered shudderingly. Following him comes a clown-like fellow in fantastic garb, mopping and mowing and pointing as if crazy. He is known as Bartolo, and his function seems to be that of fun-maker, with no bearing upon the serious action of the play. Last enter six young girls in white robes reaching to the knee, carrying lighted candles and wearing white, veil-like head-coverings, each with a small gilt star. They are plainly angels, and excite great admiration as they walk to their places; but instead of remaining with the other characters in the midst of the church, these go on to where a low platform has been built, just outside the altar rail, on which is an object that is covered with a large white cloth. The angels take their stand, three and three, on each side of the platform.

After a moment's pause, Domingo's voice is heard from the gallery. It is the cue, and at once the girls take up the hymn, *Adeste Fideles*, the actors, even including *El Diablo* and the dubious Bartolo, joining in it. When it is ended, Gabriel advances and announces the birth of the Saviour. His words are largely taken from the Biblical account, and he ends by declaring that God (*El Padre Celestial*) has sent a marvelous star to lead all men to the holy Birthplace, there to adore the Divine Infant and to venerate his Virgin

mother. As he finishes his speech he points upward. All eyes turn thither, and — a miracle! — a large star appears above the altar, and is seen slowly to descend. Hands are clasped, and a sigh of wonder and awe goes through the church. Many cross themselves and bend the knee. The star draws nearer, nearer, and at last comes to rest above the veiled object.

There is a revulsion as Satan now steps forward and, addressing the shepherd, combats the Archangel's words. He declares that by Adam's fall mankind has passed forever under his dominion, and that hope of redemption is vain. His speech is a long one, but is listened to with deep attention by the people, in spite of the comicalities of Bartolo, who, all the time it is in progress, is employed in gestures and antics which appear to have Satan himself as their principal object. All seem to feel that solemn events hang upon the argument, and there is a hush of anxiety when he ceases. Gabriel again takes the word, and relates how the Father has mercifully ordained that for all who humbly repent of their evil lives and diligently pray to Him there is a way of escape from the destruction due to Adam's transgression. He directs the shepherd's attention to a cross, which he holds before him, and the shepherd, sinking upon his knees, adores the symbol of Redemption. But the Devil, at his other side, attempts to distract him from his devotion with whispers and demonstrations with his red-hot weapon, mimicked in every action by the irrepressible Bartolo, whose intention is to throw ridicule upon the Evil One. Gabriel intervenes by advancing between Satan and the shepherd, and, presenting the cross toward the former, calls upon him to forbear his temptations and threats directed to the shepherd, and to acknowledge himself vanquished and adore the Eternal Majesty. The Devil, cowed by the virtue of the cross, unwillingly kneels, while the angels, at a signal from Domingo, break into a song of victory.

Gabriel, cross in hand, now leads the shepherd toward the star, Bartolo and the Devil following, and as they reach the platform, the Archangel draws the veil aside and reveals a rude, straw-filled manger, in which is seen the image of the Holy Child, while at the head is a small statue of the Virgin. Then comes a closing tableau, the Archangel, the angels with lighted candles, the shepherd, and Bartolo grouped about the manger, *El Diablo* in the background, and the star shining over all.

The Padre comes forward and invites all to approach in order, and view the manger and *El Niño Salvador*. There is a long sigh from the watchers, who seem loath to break the spell that has held them absorbed, hardly breathing. It is broken for them by the bells, which again ring out in lively din. Men, women, and children press forward, bowing and crossing themselves as in turn they pass the central figures; and then cluster about the platform, chattering gayly — a rare outbreaking for the grave, silent Indians, almost as if they felt that, with the happy *dénouement*, their own dark shadow had truly been lifted. (Perhaps they did feel so: for they were simple as children, and it is, after all, as by little children that the Kingdom of Heaven must be received.) Bartolo and *El Diablo*, the play being done, hovered on the outskirts of the crowd, indulging in all manner of uncouth antics, to the delight of the men and boys and the hopeless bewilderment of many very sleepy babies.

While still the bells ring lustily, the concourse gradually disperses, and the *Pastorela*, crude, indeed, but sincere, and therefore, no doubt, effective for its purpose, is over: — barely in time for Padre and people to snatch a little sleep before the bells will ring once more, to summon them to the solemn early service (the *Misa del Gallo*, or cock-crow mass), of Christmas Day.

Chapter Fourteen

SOLEDAD

I

Mission Soledad, and how Papá Arrillaga's Soul lacks a Mass

One Saturday night the train dropped me at the station of Soledad, a dreary little town in the midst of the flat, wide valley of the Salinas River, twenty miles north of King City. The region roundabout is a sort of little Switzerland, not because of any snowy peaks there or chalets with rocks to hold the roofs down, but because it is largely settled with Italian Swiss, whose ranch-lands, planted to alfalfa and beets and stocked with dairy cattle, are flowing with cream, cheese, and butter. Somewhere near here the expedition of Portolá, one September day of 1769, emerged exhausted from their cruel passage of the Santa Lucía Sierra, and rested their tired eyes on a leafy fertile *vega*, fragant with rosemary, salvia, and "roses of Castile." To those haggard, footsore explorers it was a heavenly place, and I think there must have been a temperate celebration that night around their camp-fires; for though Padre Crespí, in his priestly way, was for dedicating to St. Eleazer this first camp by the river we now call Salinas, the soldiers named it "El Real del Chocolate" (the Camp of the Chocolate), that delectable confection being the especial luxury of the pioneers.

The ruins of the old Mission of Nuestra Señora Dolorosísima de la Soledad, to which Soledad owes its abbreviated name, are across the Salinas River, and I set out for them afoot early the next morning. The distance is four miles by road; but an obliging Soledadan of whom I asked directions

put me on a short cut through the fields that would halve the distance. I knew the proverbial uncertainties of any short cut and was soon astray on this one, but fortunately among the willows at the river bank I came upon the camp of a cheerful hobo. He was devoting his Sabbath morning to the exercise of that virtue which, being next to godliness, may, at a pinch, be allowed to Sunday, and was washing his scraps of linen. He let me into a trail that led eventually to the flimsy little foot-bridge by which the river — at that dry season reduced to a mere ribbon — is here crossed. Once over, I entered a zone of Swiss farms, and, traversing this, I came to the highroad after its roundabout trip from Soledad town. A dusty half mile of road and I passed into a field in whose midst was a pitiful barbed wire fence inclosing an acre or two of weedy ground and the wreck of the Mission of Our Most Sorrowful Lady of Solitude — a century and a quarter ago hopefully dedicated to the conquest of Satan in those parts; now all desolate and Satan still unconquered.

As none of the buildings of this Mission ever got beyond the adobe stage, what remains is a rambling ruin of roofless, mudbrick walls, broken and breached by the elements, strolling cattle, and graceless humanity; and every year puts them but the farther on their Avernian road. No vestige of the former occupation is evident, not a fruit tree, not a rosebush, or a burial cross. The only break in a brown monotone of adobe when I was there was an aforetime squatter's frame shack under the shade of a wild walnut tree that lent a little touch of homelikeness to the habitation. I hope the vagrant occupant acquired grace in his ecclesiastic surroundings. It would be interesting to know whether he left because an awakened conscience made the solitude unbearable, or whether he was evicted with the trespassing cattle when the fencing was done. At any rate, he is gone now, and even the

bats and the monkey-faced owls, a dependable population at other ruined Missions, have deserted Soledad.

The Mexican Governor, Alvarado, I read, had the distinction in 1841 of putting the final touch to Soledad's confiscation, taking the last of its cattle, iron-work, and tiles for one of his own misgotten ranches, and conveying its lands to his crony Soberanes for a little property nearer the gayeties of Monterey. Of the church part only a single right angle now stands, formed by the toppling façade and some twenty feet of one side wall that joins the front, and so, perhaps, keeps it from falling. I passed within and, picking my way over rubbish heaps of broken tiles and collapsed walls, sat down on a mound of melted mudbricks to think it over. A rabbit, startled at the unwonted noise of footsteps, leaped from its home amid the dusty débris where I fancied the ancient altar had been, and scuttled away. A ground owl chittered in the neighboring fields, and I could see him atop of his sticks of legs, ridiculously bowing at nothing. By and by a quail out there called. Then, unbroken stillness. The church stands with its back to the river, or rather did when it had a back; its face, like the Psalmist's who looked to the hills for his strength, is toward the rugged mountains to the westward — that Sierra de Santa Lucía whose northern spurs drop to the sea at San Carlos. The range may be five miles from Soledad, and from my dust-heap I saw a misty blue section of it, like a picture framed in the square of the old doorway, the foothills in the foreground dotted with an occasional ranch-house and bunch of grazing cattle, and its crest veiled with clinging remnants of the fog of the night before. It was a peaceful scene, and all around was a sense of peace after struggle; and there was the blessed sunshine still, and suddenly the song of a lark; so somehow I was not so sorry as I expected to be for the old Spanish *gobernador*, Don José Joaquin de Arrillaga,

who just a century ago was buried in the church, and I suppose lies there yet. While the sun shines, and the birds come and go and the stars look nightly down, that unmarked grave under the sky cannot be all cheerless, I think.

Arrillaga was a kindly governor, with a passion for silk handkerchiefs and silk stockings. He was Papá Arrillaga to his soldiers to whose babies he liked to stand godfather, and a fast friend of Padre Florencio Ybañez of Soledad. So, when he found himself sickening, he posted to the Mission to be near his familiar comrade and spiritual counselor; and there he died. At his own request he was, after death, "clothed in a habit which the religious of our Father St. Francis wear," and interred in the church where the friend of his heart ministered. Like a provident good Catholic, Arrillaga ordered in his will one hundred masses to be said for the repose of his soul. The commission was executed partly at San Antonio and partly at San Miguel, I read, and in due time an account was rendered to the Governor's executor, one Alférez Estrada, at a *peso* per mass. This Estrada seems to have been a very businesslike person and felt the responsibility of his trust; for, according to Bancroft, who never misses an opportunity for a sly dig at the ways of the *frailes*, the said executor could figure out only ninety-nine masses said, and very thriftily discounted the Church's bill one *peso*, before paying!

Padre Ybañez was a man of strong personality. With his *confrère*, Fray Antonio Jaime, a snuff-taking, easy-going Padre with the kindest of hearts, to whom his *neófitos* were willing slaves, he conducted the affairs of Mission Soledad during its best days, from 1803 to 1818. He was a strapping, broad-shouldered, jovial Catalan, famous for a way he had of being markedly kind to all common folk and rubbing up the fur of his visitor dons and bigwigs by treating them as if they were just *vin ordinaire*. To the soldiers of the guard he

was always considerate, and would teach them to read and write, to improve their condition. As for his neophytes, he took especial pleasure in showing them the best ways to handle their work, and went to great pains with their musical training; for he was himself more than ordinarily proficient in music, and was a bit of a rhymester, too. He ended his days at his well-beloved Mission, and his remains doubtless mingle with its dust.

Soledad seems always to have been noted among the California Missions for its absence of outward charm, though its hospitality was on a par with the best. The name of the Mission is, indeed, all in favor of cheerlessness and predisposes the visitor to find only that about the place; yet, as a matter of fact, the Solitude of the dolorous title has reference not to any outward condition, but to a spiritual. In honor of Our Lady of Solitude — *Nuestra Señora de la Soledad* — there is a special form of devotion practiced in Spanish-speaking countries on Holy Saturday of Passion Week, to commemorate the unspeakable solitude of Mary in the time between the crucifixion and the resurrection of her Son. A Mission dedicated to this experience of the Sorrowing Mother was decided upon some years before the actual founding, it being the custom in the case of all the California Missions to settle in Mexico upon their heavenly patrons and their titles. It so happens, in the case of this establishment, that the region had been known as the Valley of Soledad long before it had been pitched upon for a Mission. Probably in some expedition of the early explorers, camp had been made here, and the priests, as was their custom, had given it a religious name which persisted.

II

Faithful unto Death

The sites of all the Missions were chosen, naturally, with great care, and even at this distance of time the visitor to them to-day can usually discern the reason for their location, and admire the good judgment displayed by the founders. But in the case of the Mission of Nuestra Señora Dolorosísima de la Soledad it is hard to see any reason of beauty, fertility, strategic importance, or anything else, for the selection of this cheerless site: though, when it was definitely wished to dedicate a Mission to Our Lady of Solitude, no better choice could have been made throughout the whole long coast of California than this wide, sun-bleached valley of the Salinas. It is, even now, a sparsely settled region: a land of sun and dust, of scanty, ill-clad trees, of vast roaming winds; where month on month one sees only an eternal color monotony of drab of barren earth, pale gold of parching grass, and hard cobalt of sky; and for sound accompaniments hears only day-long chipping of ground squirrels and nightly clamor of coyotes.

But absolutely without attractiveness as the region is, and complete as is the destruction of the old church, now an incoherent and unsightly ruin of adobe fragments, I have always felt a beauty in the perfect sympathy that exists between the place and the name. Our Lady of Solitude — how deeply suited to this scene of lonely desolation! To De Quincey's great trilogy of "Our Ladies of Sorrow," I think the name of this forsaken spot might well be added, *Mater Solitudinum*. Like those other dark-robed three, *Mater Tenebrarum*, *Mater Lachrymarum*, and *Mater Suspiriorum*, she, too, ministers at

the birth of many of the sons of men, and, however unwelcome, guides their fated way through life.

It seems appropriate that Nuestra Señora Dolorosísima de la Soledad should have been the scene of one of the saddest incidents in the history of the California Missions. Their decline from prosperity was as rapid as the rise had been, and began even before the ill-omened policy of secularization, which had long been threatened by the Government of Mexico, went into effect. The edict, which formally went into force in 1834, inaugurated an era of open spoliation. Father Sarría was the priest in charge at the Mission of Soledad at the time, and, with a devotion which, judged by either Protestant or Catholic standards, can only be called heroic, he remained at his post while even the means of barest living dwindled away to the point of absolute hunger. On a Sunday of 1838, while saying mass in the church in presence of the remnant of his Indians, he fell at the altar, fainting from weakness, and died the same afternoon apparently of literal starvation.

The figure of Father Sarría is one of the most attractive in the whole number of California's early missionaries. In a special degree his works exemplified and his words enforced the beautiful Franciscan rules of simplicity and poverty. Yet, like the founder of his order, he was a man of fine taste and high acquirements. Even in translation, one cannot but admire the elegance both of thought and language of his letters, the letters of a sweet spirit and a polished gentleman. On the subject of church architecture and decoration he writes, in a pastoral following upon a visitation which, as *Comisario Prefecto*, he had made to all the Missions: "It is right for each Father to give full rein to his ideas of beauty in architecture, art, etc., but always within the bounds of lovely, evangelical simplicity which our worthy predecessors have

taught us." "Lovely, evangelical simplicity" — that is a charming phrase for the best of virtues; and it is to such a spirit in the leaders among the early Padres, indeed, that is due the dignity and perfect taste which make the Mission buildings, even in ruin, so pleasing. Would that it were more in favor in many phases of our modern life!

Constantly in Father Sarría's letters we find the same thought uppermost. Continually he exhorts to the fulfillment of the Franciscan Rule, and that, one may be sure, not from bigotry or a wooden asceticism, but from a sincere understanding of its value. Hearing that certain carriages had arrived by one of the supply ships, he would forestall their possible harm by a few quiet words to the effect that a missionary should exhibit the purest simplicity, so that the carping world might see the disinterestedness of his service of the poor Indian, "even like that of Our Saviour Jesus Christ." He prefers that the Fathers go afoot, or use, when needful, the primitive ox-cart of the country (a mode of travel, it may be said in passing, to which walking would seem to be on all points preferable). He would even have the priests wear the time-honored sandal, rather than the more modern shoe, which would seem luxurious to the bare-footed neophyte; and similarly he discountenances other non-necessities. He is always keenly solicitous for the welfare of the natives, in temporal as well as spiritual matters; yet, while criticizing this or that item of Mission management, he is ever ready with cheerful praise in general of the work of the missionaries. One notes, often, an almost Pauline delicacy of thought and phrase. "Though I cannot say," he writes, "that everything has been remedied according to my wishes, through the mercy of God there is nothing of moment to prosecute, nor anything that might seem unedifying, considering the circumstances under which we labor. Indeed, there are those, and

not a few, who observe the Rule most strictly, so that they can be the consolation of a Superior, his luster, his crown, his true and desired joy."

Gentle as was his nature, however, Father Sarría could show a front of iron when occasion of principle arose. At the time of the change in Mexico from Spanish rule to independence, he held the responsible post of *Comisario Prefecto* of the Missions of California. He was thus the head of the Fathers in all affairs of business and politics, and it was a matter of importance what position he would take toward the new Government. He made no difficulty of recognizing the Government first established, which was intended to be an empire, with the Spanish king or one of his brothers at its head. But when, after a year or two of chaos, the Mexican Republic emerged (in 1824) Father Sarría, with a few others of the priests, refused to take oath of allegiance. Whatever view one may take of his course on the broad question of monarchy *versus* republic, one must honor the spirit which shines out in the words of his letter of refusal to Governor Argüello. "Having reflected," he says, on the "oath which is demanded of us, I have concluded that I cannot take it without violating prior obligations of justice and fidelity. I therefore inform you accordingly, albeit with much and earnest regret, inasmuch as in all things possible I should wish to give an example of submission, as I have done heretofore; yet I am now unable, because my conscience forbids me. For the same reason, I will not influence the other Fathers to take said oath, or to sanction it by celebrating holy mass and singing the *Te Deum*, as is ordered in your communication of the third instant. I am well aware that we are threatened with exile, but I will undergo all, along with the crushing sorrow and many tears which the abandonment of the much-beloved flock entrusted to my care will cause me, and will

bear it for God's sake. I will leave whenever it must be for the sake of the same God, whom I have more than once implored to make me suffer whatever is useful for His Holy and Adorable Name."

In another letter, explaining in detail his motives, he offers to take oath not to do anything against the new Government, and says that he is leaving the Fathers who are under his direction entirely free to do as they think proper in the matter; ending with the words, "I bewail all this at the Mission of my heart, and commend it to God."

Such was the man who, at the age of sixty-eight, fell a victim — if one cares to use that word in a case, like that of the Happy Warrior, almost enviable — to his high ideal of duty. In the roll of the Padres of California the name of Vicente Francisco de Sarría is worthy to stand linked in equal honor with that of Junípero Serra himself. One would think that the great and wealthy Church to which he belonged could afford to place, even at this lonely ruin, some monument to the memory of the martyr of Our Most Sorrowful Lady of Solitude. On such a memorial might well be inscribed for epitaph — *Fidelis usque ad Mortem.*

Chapter Fifteen

SAN CARLOS DE MONTEREY ON THE CARMEL

I

San Carlos de Monterey on the Carmel, and how Padre Junípero entered into Rest

At Monterey there is somewhat of an embarrassment of Missions. In the town itself is the church of San Carlos Borroméo, which the misguided will tell you is the original Mission church; and when you see its Old Worldly stone façade with elaborate carvings and flutings, the yellowish color beautifully mellowed with years, and a quaint pathway of whale's round vertebræ leading to the door, you are probably not disposed to question the statement. Moreover, in the church are many relics of Mission days — old candlesticks of silver and brass, priestly vestments, chalices, and what-not, used in bygone times. Vellum-bound books of baptisms, marriages and deaths, with page after page in Junípero Serra's autograph and signed by him, used to be shown to visitors; but since one evil day when an unscrupulous souvenir collector slyly cut out a leaf with his penknife while the guide's back was turned, such matters are kept from the public eye and hand, and the innocent now have to do penance for that sin of another.

Nevertheless, this church, with all its antique look and atmosphere, is not a Mission nor ever was. It is merely the successor of the little chapel early built to serve the spiritual needs of the garrison of the old Spanish *presidio*. Nowadays it is Monterey's parish church, to which have been entrusted for safe-keeping and for display to the curious many of the relics of the real Mission, which stands five miles away in the lovely valley of the Carmel.

Of course, you can be whisked from Monterey in an automobile to San Carlos on the Carmel, or you can have for "two bits" a seat in the Carmel stage which will deliver you within half a mile of the old church; but why not go afoot and enjoy one of the most romantic walks in all California?

That was Serra's own particular Mission until the time of his death in 1784. Though the second to be founded — San Diego preceded it by a year — it was long the first in importance of all the chain, both by reason of being the residence of the first Fathers President and because of its proximity to Monterey, the capital of Alta California. The five miles of road between Monterey and Carmel were, for a generation or more, perhaps the best traveled in the province. Back and forth upon it went an intermittent procession of Spanish governors and *comandantes* in slashes and furbelows and jingling armor; gray-gowned, sandaled friars with beads and crucifix; and leather-jacketed soldiers of the King with lance and bull-hide shield; hard-riding *vaqueros* in gaudy sashes and high-peaked sombreros; *arrieros* with their trains of pack-mules; and dumpy Indian neophytes cracking their snaky whips around the ears of oxen that pulled cumbersome *carretas* whose ungreased axles shrieked to heaven. Many a book-writing traveler, too, passed the same way — that French Comte de la Pérouse, for instance, with his *philosophe* ideas about the rights of man, even Indians, but practical enough withal to introduce Chilean potatoes into California; and Captain George Vancouver, to whom we owe a sketch of Carmel Mission as it looked in 1792; and young Mr. Richard Henry Dana, Jr., "before-the-mast" man from Boston, who arrived a year or two after secularization, and had some pert remarks to make about "something in the way of a dinner — beef, eggs, *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and some middling wine" — which the *mayordomo's* hospitality provided.

With such memories possessing my romantic head, I quitted Monterey hotel one foggy morning, and, after a swashbuckler sort of breakfast of ham and eggs, hot cakes, and coffee at an "owl" restaurant, with a couple of hairy-chested working-men for messmates, I struck out on the Carmel road. I found it a broad highway of the old-fashioned country sort and pleasantly flowery with Indian paintbrush, asters, and monkey flowers. A grass-embroidered footpath edged the road, winding in and out under pines and gnarled old live-oaks hung with stringy lichens, or Spaniard's-beard, as Stevenson calls it. So early was I astir that I was granted the selfish luxury of the road to myself, save for the passing of Wing, the Chinese huckster "boy," inward-bound to Monterey from his Carmel ranch with a load of cabbages and squashes.

For a mile or more the road was uphill business. At the top of the grade, I stopped for breath, and, turning about, looked down on Del Monte in its sylvan seclusion; on Monterey town and its fishhook bay, white-rimmed with surf and dotted with fishing craft. The fog now was broken by the rising sun and retreating gloomily — like a sulky loser — out to sea. Here at the hilltop, there branches dimly from the highroad a footpath which you may follow the rest of the distance to Carmel, through idyllic ways, now beneath the pines and now across grassy glades where wild flowers twinkle. Through a rift in the woods you see now and again the blue of the sea, and the breeze brings to you the complaint of the distant surf. I should have liked mightily to think that this trail I trod was the very path of the Padres, worn by their faithful feet as they traveled to and from Monterey — of Junípero and Lasuén and Crespí the Blessed, and the rest who made Carmel for a brief while as a good deed in a naughty world. It is questionable, however, if the most expert anti-

quary can pick out for us to-day the exact line of their ancient *camino*. Doubtless, though, the present highroad follows it in a general way; and certainly this charming woodland trail through scenes largely unspoiled as yet, holds the very spirit of the old time.

The vale of Carmel, with its little river emptying into a quiet bay of its own, owes its name to Viscaino, who, while the seventeenth century was still in long clothes, — in 1602, to be exact, — discovered it. Having as his ecclesiastical contingent three barefoot Carmelite friars, he bestowed upon the region the name which should commemorate their order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Like so many of the names given in California by Spanish explorers, this has persisted, helping to preserve in the land that flavor of romance which goes with the things of Spain. As I emerged from the woods, the valley opened out before me with much the same cheerful aspect that it presented to the early Spaniards who found it "an extensive plain very apropos [*á propósito*] for cornfields . . . brushy with willows and other trees, with brambles and infinitude of roses of Castile." It was a fertile *vega* swept pure and clean by the besom of the ocean wind, the little river of Carmel winding through its midst. On the farther side rose the wild Sierra de Santa Lucía, and at its foot to the westward Point Lobos thrust a long, wolfish nose into the spouting surf, whose long-drawn thunder came faintly to my ears. On a slight knoll at the hither edge of the valley stood the old Mission, with its quaintly starred front and egg-shaped dome, made familiar in many a picture. Captain Beechey, of His Britannic Majesty's sloop Blossom, who visited San Carlos in 1826, mentions as standing on the road from Monterey, just before the Carmel Valley appears, "three large crosses erected upon Mount Calvary," and farther on a number of smaller ones at the roadside, apprising the trav-

eler of his approach to the Mission. No traveler sees them to-day — they were swept long ago into the general limbo of lost things.

I suppose the first impulse with every visitor at Carmel, who believes himself possessed of some artistic taste, is very heartily to damn the architect responsible for the distressingly incongruous, high-pitched shingle roof that humiliates this Mission of San Carlos — one of the most interesting survivals in the United States of an idealistic past. Yet, but for that shingle covering, little of San Carlos would remain to us to-day, and its builder put it there merely as a stop-gap until funds should be available to lay a tile roof of ancient pattern harmonious with the rest of the structure; for tiles cost money.[1] It is to one Father Angelo Casanova, parish priest at Monterey from 1868 to 1893, who found the Mission a wreck dishonorable alike to Church and Commonwealth, that we owe the maligned roof, the eviction of the squatter owls and bats, and such restoration and protection from the marauding human public as make the place now visitable. At a little ranch-house under the hill where the Mission gardens used to be, and where still one may gather pears from the relics of the original orchard, I found a bright little girl with the church key, and by her, for a trifling fee, was ushered into this "Santa Croce of the West," as a modern historian has dubbed it.

The furnished sanctuary and a number of benches placed well forward toward the altar showed the place to be used for present-day religious services, which are, indeed, held here one Sunday of every month. The building is a very substantial one with walls four feet through at the base, of a soft,

[1] A fund has been started for this work, and any traveler, sufficiently impressed with the need of a tile roof to put his hand in his pocket, may have his contribution gratefully cared for by the present parish priest, Father R. M. Mestres, at Monterey.

bluish stone quarried in the vicinity. Owing to the long, narrow shape and a queer leaning inward of the side walls and stone pilasters, together with the flat arching of the ceiling, the effect of the church as a whole is curiously like a ship's hold, bottom upward. The architecture is all very interesting and marvelous, when one remembers the work was done in a remote wilderness under the direction of a couple of friars by Indian workmen who shortly before were as wild and untrained as plover. I was particularly charmed with the carvings of columns, capitals, and archways, done with the captivating naïveté that so often distinguishes primitive handicraft. My little *cicerone* had not much to say about it all, possibly (I hope I do her no injustice) because there was a small guidebook on the subject for sale in the church. I found the slight cost wisely invested; for this book proved to be exceptionally well compiled, the work of a young photographer of the neighboring seaside resort and center of æstheticism, Carmel-by-the-Sea. The wall of a small side chapel, midway of the church, possesses a unique interest from a bit of ancient lettering in colors almost obliterated by time and the desecration of unregenerate scribblers; but enough remains to show it to be a simple prayer in Spanish, addressed to the Heart of the Lord — doubtless a part of the old-time neophyte devotions. "*O Corazon de Jesus, siempre ardes y resplandeces. Encienda é ilumina el mio de tu Amor Divino.*" (O Heart of Jesus, always art thou burning and outshining. Kindle and enlighten mine with thy Divine Love.) There had been more, but the broken surface leaves it now only to be guessed at.

I had heard that, pursuant to the old custom of burying *la gente de razon* within the Missions, the Mission of San Carlos kept watch and ward over the mortal remains of fifteen California governors interred therein. While I am old

enough in the State to make allowance for the customary exuberance of California statistics, I must confess to some surprise at finding not a marker of any sort to give evidence of even a single gubernatorial presence. I suppose the records of Carmel will testify to *some* governors lying within its walls, for it is a poor Mission that does not claim a traditionary Spanish high official or two in its keeping against the Last Day; but for the present the visitor must be content with the tradition, and with other tombs.

For, whatever the case of the governors, Carmel possesses an especial glory in the mortal relics whose interment near the altar is indicated by a tablet on the wall, reading in Latin: "Here lie the remains of the Reverend Father Administrator Junípero Serra, of the Order of St. Francis, founder and president of the Missions of California, laid down in peace the 28th day of the month of August, A.D. 1784, and of his associates the Reverend Fathers Juan Crespí, Julian Lopez, and Francisco Lasuén. May they rest in peace." Also to the indefatigable Father Casanova are to be credited the locating and marking of these long-neglected graves. Of the three associates of Serra mentioned, Lasuén was an able, courtly friar in his day, of great influence in the province, and succeeded Serra in the presidency of the Missions. His name on the tablet is not given in full: it should be Fermín Francisco Lasuén. He was resident at San Carlos at the time of Vancouver's visit, and so favorably impressed the English navigator that the latter, coasting southward and mapping the land, named for him the promontory — Point Fermín — which forms the northern barrier to the present harbor of Los Angeles. Then, to make a perfect job of it, he named another, a few miles farther south, Point Lasuén, thus completing this very worthy Padre's geographical commemoration. Padre Lopez seems to have left no mark on his time,

and I trust he may in his life have been as happy as the proverbial people without annals; but Crespí, of whom we heard first at San Diego, was one of the best known of the first Franciscans. He was Serra's beloved disciple, his fellow-worker at San Carlos from 1770 to 1782. His death in the latter year brought an especial sadness to Serra, and one of the latter's last requests was that, when death claimed him, his mortality should be laid beside Father Juan's. Crespí was of an alert, joyous nature, and was nicknamed "El Beato," (The Blessed). He was, as we have seen, one of Portolá's companions on the famous march of 1769, and took part in other exploring expeditions of the early California day. His journals make good reading even yet, cheery with the joy of adventure and a warm-hearted interest in plants, Indians, soldiers, antelopes, and many things besides masses and matters ecclesiastical.

But, of course, it is the tomb of Junípero Serra that gives to San Carlos its peculiar preëminence — this and the fact that, for thirteen years, from 1771 to 1784, here on the Carmel was Serra's official residence. The original plan was to establish the Mission at Monterey, and the foundation was, in fact, laid there in 1770. It soon became evident, however, that an insufficiency of tillable land at that place made a doubtful outlook for the temporal welfare of the Indian converts, while their morals were sure to be jeopardized by the nearness of the *presidio* and the coming and going of ships in the port. After a year, therefore, the Mission was moved to the secluded valley where we now find what vandals and the elements have left of it. Serra himself was the director of the building operations[1] on the Carmel, and at times worked

[1] It should be understood that the present stone church is not of Serra's building. Though proposed during his lifetime, it was not actually started until eight years after his death, in 1792, and was completed in 1797. The site of the original adobe church, the one which Serra's Indians erected, is not surely

among his Indians as a common laborer. Palou, in his "Life" of Serra, gives a graphic picture of that first Christian summer in the valley of Carmel. Near the plain hermit's hut, open to the chill ocean wind, which *el Siervo de Dios* (the Servant of God)," as Palou delights to call him had established for his temporary shelter, a great wooden cross had been planted. "His companionship and all his delight," says Palou, "were in that sacred symbol." He venerated it with the coming of the dawn, and many times a day. Here, under the sky, he had the soldiers of the guard gather daily to sing the sunrise hymn of praise and the evening Rosary; here every morning mass was celebrated, the ground all about darkened with kneeling Indian laborers. When the Gentile Indians, lured by the bustle of the building, came visiting from their *rancherías* in the hills, Serra would greet them with affection, make the sign of the cross upon their swarthy foreheads, and, leading them to this symbol of the Holy Faith, would teach them to bow before it. With gifts of glass beads — precious in aboriginal eyes as diamonds — and repasts of the boiled grains which were a staple in the Mission *menu*, he laid baits to entice them into what he called "the apostolic net," and caught 1014 in his thirteen years. At the same time he interested himself in acquiring their language. I think the heathenish idiom came hard; for he says in one of his letters, "the learning of a new language is nothing novel to me, but I fear I have little grace for it, on account of my sins."

Better than speaking that tongue of darkness, however, he taught the converted Indians a certain phrase of loving greeting in Spanish, one to another, that the traveler up and down this tough world could wish still to hear from those he meets, if wholeheartedly spoken — the phrase *amár á Diós*,

known. Possibly the existing stone church was built around it, and it, then, removed.

(love God). "And [this custom] spread," says Palou, "so that even the Gentiles used this salutation, not only to the Fathers but to any Spaniard; and it continues so over all this vast land, softening the hardest heart to hear the Gentiles, the same whether meeting their comrades or the Spaniards on the roads, repeat these words, *amár á Diós*."

But one looks in vain about Carmel now for an Indian face. If one sees at all the flat, heavy features and dumpy figure of the aboriginal *Californio*, it is in white mixture — here where in the Padres' days a thousand lived in the Mission's Indian village, working seven or eight hours a day and praying two, with free barley mush for every one, and the cakings of the kettle bottom for the children who best said their catechism.

Outside the Mission are still some mounds of melted adobes and a few roofless shells of mud houses — all that remains, besides the church, of an establishment that formerly occupied several acres. In the midst of the wreck before the church stands a small wooden cross marking the spot where, with as much sureness as human knowledge can now determine, once was the cell in which Serra rendered up his spirit, and somewhere near must have been the Mission cross first erected by him. It is hard to forgive Time the leveling of this humble adobe hut where that child of St. Francis abode without other housekeeper than his Lady Poverty. It would be to-day a shrine worth a pilgrimage to — to-day when Mammon has so many. His biographer has left us a picture of it: four bare walls, a table, a rush-bottomed stool, and a bed of boards with one poor blanket. Here Serra's last hours were spent in bodily anguish and spiritual exercise; and here one August day of 1784, while his companions were gone to the refectory for their dinner, he entered into the rest that remains to the people of God. Palou, uneasy to be absent from him, returned to find him lying quiet and with closed eyes as

if asleep, stretched on his boards, his arms enfolding his crucifix as a lover folds his beloved. Under him was half his blanket. The other half he had given away.

Once a year, on November 4 (which is San Carlos Day), or it may be on the first Sunday following, there is a *fiesta* at the old Mission. The church is decorated with greenery and flowers, and high mass is celebrated. If the weather be fine, there is a large outpouring of people from all the countryside around, as well as from Monterey and Carmel-by-the-Sea, on horseback and in wagons, on bicycles and afoot, and in automobiles. There is more or less of a sprinkling of curious sight-seers, but most who attend are residents of the neighborhood who know one another, and are come for a pleasant day of social enjoyment and the ease of their conscience by hearing mass. There is much tipping of hats and shaking of hands, and rolling of cigarettes, and on all sides it is *Como 'sta*, *Padre*, and *Que hay*, *Juan*, or María or Tiburcio, as the case may be; and a splitting-up into gossiping knots about the sunny plaza. There are leather-skinned old men with grizzled beards and tight new shoes, and ancient little señoras in black mantillas and that general withered look which Tithonus doubtless acquired in his old age before he dried up into a grasshopper — a look which I seem to have heard is helped along by a lifetime's indulgence in dried *chilis*. Then there are bevies of those plump girls with saucy eyes and delightful brown complexions underlaid with red that California owes to Mexico; and young bloods of *paisanos*, somewhat shy in company, with dimpled, pinched-in sombreros smartened up with natty hat-bands of black and white horsehair or Mexican stamped leather; and there is no end of fat, bored-looking babies with brown skins and beady black eyes in the arms of doting parents. A scattering of *vaqueros* in sheepskin *chapar-*

reros and spurs, their lariats coiled at their saddle horns, is contributed by the cattle ranches of the region, and sometimes a brace or two of Uncle Sam's troopers from the Monterey *presidio* ride over to grace the occasion with their athletic frames snugly encased in khaki.

After considerable bell-ringing, all, who will, gather in the church for mass and the preaching — the latter in Spanish and in English. Then all form in procession, headed by the officiating priests, and the acolytes in scarlet and white, bearing a cross, a relic of San Carlos, and a litter of pine boughs on which the image of the saint is placed in a flowery bower. The church doors are flung wide and, starting a hymn in San Carlos's honor, all march chanting out of the church, around it, and back again. At the conclusion of the services, if times are prosperous enough to warrant it and the tide of hospitality is at flood, there is a barbecue luncheon to which all, friend and stranger alike, are welcome; after which, with many an *adios* and *hasta luego*, the crowd separates to meet again when God wills.

II

Gabriel the Old, of Mission Carmel

Missions and fishing go very well together, I find. That is only natural, since many of them are by, or near, fishable rivers. Likely enough, too, the fact may have been taken advantage of by some of the Padres for purposes of recreation. One can very well imagine some poor pestered Father, weary of the ever-present problems of his family of a thousand or so almost helpless Indians, passing his hand over his distracted brow with a "*Peste!* I can stand no more of this to-day. I'm going fishing." And for circumstantial evidence, or at least suspicion, there is the fact that when we look over the list of the odds and ends that were smuggled into the country by the Californians in those early days, when life in California meant about the same as exile, we find fish-hooks figuring among the contraband of trade.

However that may be, the lovely little Rio Carmelo, that flows by Serra's Mission of San Carlos, is a joy to the true — that is, the contemplative — angler of to-day. Swift in its upper course among the hills, it changes its humor, like most of humankind, when it reaches the valley levels, and flows calm, bright, but (to sadden the fisherman) shallow, till it sweeps by the peaceful Mission, and widens to a reedy lagoon, where it listens, hesitating at the solemn, age-long roar of breakers on the bar that must be passed before it comes at last Home to the peace of the infinite Sea.

I had been wandering along a mile or two of the river bank above the lagoon, dropping my flies here and there in a casual, indifferent fashion that, though it did not earn many fish, accorded with my laggard mood and the dreamy charm of

time and place. The sun was hot, for it was an August sun, and when I became aware that my last half-hour's casting had not so much as touched the curiosity of a single listless fish, I became listless too, found a grassy spot beneath a tree, and sat down. Out in the meadow beyond the thicket of small-growth timber that fringed the stream, cattle strayed about, or, too lazy to stray, stood crowded in the shade while they drowsily ruminated the mystery of flies. Across a field or two there showed the buildings of a ranch, to which, I guessed, the cattle appertained.

Presently there was a sound behind me, as if some one was moving among the willows, but I was too lazy and comfortable to turn my head. The sound came nearer, and then an old man, whom, by his dark skin and shock of thick white hair, I took to be a Mexican, appeared, and stood gazing down at me with a smile of approbation, as if I was doing the right thing. "Pretty hot," he remarked, after a moment, not troubling to remove the straw he was chewing. "Pretty hot," I responded, too feeble to invent a different phrase. "Yes, sir, pretty hot," my friend repeated; then, looking at my rod, "Were you fishing?" "Yes," I said; "sit down, won't you?" He complied; and in the conversation that followed I learned that his name was Tiburcio Flores, and that he lived with his son, who was employed at the dairy ranch across the meadow; and, among other small particulars, that he had been born in Monterey, the son of a Mexican soldier, and had lived about this locality all his life. After discussing the fishing, the Mexican outlook (as to which we agreed that the trouble lay just there — too much outlook, each of the leaders wholly looking out for himself), and sundry other topics, I spoke of the Mission, and asked if there was any one living in the neighborhood who remembered it in its former days, before the tooth of untimely decay had left its mark.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I remember how it used to be when I was a boy. It was a large place then, with many Indians, and herds of sheep and cattle, and storehouses full of grain. But it did not stay like that for very long. There came trouble between the Padres and the Government — that was the Mexican Government, not the Americans — and before very long the Padres went away and the buildings began to get broken down very much, even the church, worse than it is now. But I was very young, and I do not remember well. Old Gabriel is the one you ought to have seen. He could tell you about everything, even about the building of the Mission itself."

"You don't mean," I said, "that he remembered the building of the Mission, himself?"

"Oh, yes," my friend responded, "and he was not young then, either. I often heard him talk about those things, and I am sure he said what was true. But he is dead now a long time; I think it must be twenty years. He was a hundred and fifty years old. I remember the number well, because it was at Salinas that he died, and I lived there then. My wife died there, when she was seventy-four years old, and Gabriel died the day before her; and I remember that the priest who buried her said to me that if my wife had lived one more year she would only have been half as much as the old Indian Gabriel, who was the last one he had buried before."

"That is wonderful," I said, "but it seems almost impossible that any one could live to be such an age. Don't you think that he forgot how old he really was? Being an Indian, he would only be able to go by memory."

"No," replied Tiburcio, "it was really true that he was a hundred and fifty. He could tell about many things that happened when the Padres and the Spaniards came first to California, and he was not a boy but a man, even then, and

had been the head man of his tribe, somewhere down in the Tulare country. It was a tribe of not many people, and when they got to be only a very few he came away to this country and lived here. He was married, and even his children were married and had children too, when the Spaniards came to Monterey. That seems strange, but then, I know that the Indians used to be married when they were very young.

"You have heard of Padre Serra, who was the chief one of the Padres who came at first? Well, it was Padre Serra who gave him the name of Gabriel when he was baptized to be a Christian. Gabriel said that he was the first one of all the Indians that the Padre baptized, and he was very proud of that, but he used to cry when he talked about it. He could tell, too, about helping to build the Mission, as I said. He learned to be an *albañil* — what you call mason, is it not? one who builds? — and when the Padres began to build the Missions he was one of the best to help at the work. Not only here and at Monterey, but at the other Missions, like San Antonio and Soledad, he helped the Padres with the building. I often heard him tell about how they went to begin the Missions, the priests and the soldiers and the Indians who were to build, all together. The first thing always was to build an *enramada* out of brush, and the Padres would say mass in that until a church was built out of adobes.

"But Padre Serra was the one of the Padres that Gabriel liked best to tell about. He must have been a very good man, that Padre. He used to work with the Indians as if he was a *peon* himself, Gabriel said, lifting the heavy pieces of wood, and making adobes; and he was always kind to every one. Very holy he was, too. He would pray often all night, and when he preached he would burn himself with a candle on the breast, so that the people might think how bad hell would be.

The Indians used to cry, and beg him not to burn himself like that, but he did it to teach them to be good Christians. I remember, too, that Gabriel said that often in the first years there was hardly anything to eat, and the old Padre (that was what they called Padre Serra, because he was older than the other priests there) would have just the same as the Indians: if they were hungry he would be hungry, too; and he used to talk to them and try to make them feel better by saying always kind words, and telling them that God would help them; and I think He always did help them, too, because the Padre was so good. Padre Serra used to make clothes for the Indians as well, and sewed them himself, like a woman: so it is no wonder that the Indians loved him, and wanted to stay at the Mission where he was.

"Another thing that used to make Gabriel cry to tell about was how the old Padre died. He died at the Mission, over there, and Gabriel was one who was there. The Padre was sick for a long time and had very bad pain in his chest, so that many nights he did not lie down at all on the bed, but sat on the floor, and one of the Indians held him up. Sometimes it was Gabriel who did that. After the Padre was dead, there was a mass the next day when he was to be buried, and all the Indians came with flowers out of the fields, so that the coffin was covered over with them; and Gabriel said that the Indians who sang (he was one of them) were crying so that they could not sing the music properly.

"All those things Gabriel used to talk about, and there are many that I have forgotten. Until he got too old, when he was more than a hundred, he used to make *reatas* and *riendas* out of rawhide, and *serapes* of wool. I remember how funny he used to look, for he liked to sew little pieces of the wool, that were bright, on to his coat, so that it was of all colors, like the coat of the *cara sucia* at a circus. He always had a red

handkerchief round his head under his hat, and sometimes he would forget and put another hat on the top as well.

"When he was very old he went to Salinas to live. I have heard that after he went there he forgot how to speak the Spanish and English, and used to talk the language that his tribe talked when he lived in the Tulare country; but there was no one who could understand, so he was like a *mudo*, and did not talk at all for a long time before he died. That must have been very hard for him, almost like being dead, for he was very fond of talking about the old times. I should not like to live so long as to be like that, but it is as the good God wills for all. I have heard that the priest at Salinas took his picture and sent it to the Pope, in Italy, because he was the oldest one of all the Catholics who was alive. To think of that! Old Gabriel, who used to sit on the ground over there and make *reatas* for the *vaqueros*, to have his picture sent to the Pope, as if he was a *santo*, — a holy man!

"Well, sir, there is a good wind coming up, and the fish will bite better from now till evening. It is in the laguna that you will catch most. I could show you the place where there are the biggest ones, but I have to go to help at the milking." And with a courteous *adios* my friend left me.

Evening was coming on as I took my leisurely way homeward, picking up a trout here and there out of dusky pool or flashing rapid. From time to time I caught glimpses of the Mission, rising in thoughtful calm against a sky of wistful evening gold. The cattle were trooping home. Swallows, most dear, most enrapturing of birds, dipped and flickered above the peaceful meadows, the multitudinous little voices, shrilly sweet, filling the air with a childlike, innocent joy that seems always, to me, like what must be the joy of the angels. Through it all, the shining river swept along, drawing on ever toward the ceaseless calling of the sea.

I stopped at twilight for an hour about the Mission. In the warm dusk I climbed the worn steps to the belfry, where sleepy linnets chid me for the intrusion, as, no doubt, their progenitors chid Gabriel the Old in his day, and as their successors will chide others when I have joined him — where? I sprang my finger against the bell. A solemn tone, like a shadow embodied in sound, responded, lingering, clinging to coign and corner, as if afraid, before it floated out upon the darkening air. A chill came in the breeze, or in my mind, I know not which; but as I turned to go, there, still, was the sunset in the west, warm, golden, cheering, prophetic of resurrection, of love, of God.[1]

[1] There have been many well-authenticated cases of extraordinary age having been attained by our California Indians; and though this of old Gabriel exceeds all others, there were many circumstances, known to Father Sorrentini, the priest who ministered at Salinas, in 1896 (the place and year of Gabriel's death), which seemed to warrant the belief that the truly astonishing age of one hundred and fifty-one years, credited to him, was a fact. Father Sorrentini himself was fully convinced of the reliability of the figures.

Chapter Sixteen

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

I

Mission San Juan Bautista and Padre Arroyo of the Many Tongues

I MAY already have intimated that I object to visiting antiquities by automobile. It was a genuine pleasure, therefore, on arriving by the train at Sargent to find drawn up at the platform an old-time two-horse stage with "U. S. Mail" painted in yellow letters on the dingy red body, prepared to transport me the six miles up the San Juan Valley to that Mission which the Spanish Franciscans on St. John's Day, 1797, dedicated to "The Glorious Precursor of Jesus Christ, our Lord, Saint John Baptist." In charge was an old-time stage-driver, who had lived in the neighborhood half a lifetime and was never happier than when chatting about it, as he flicked his whip innocuously over the backs of his roly-poly horses, and thrust the morning papers into the various ranch mail-boxes along the way. It was a bright sunny day, with a fresh cool wind drawing up the wide valley, and the meadowlarks made melody in all the fields, which were fenced in with the redwood pickets of the region. "Not so pretty as some fences," the driver remarked, "but the best lasting on earth."

San Juan Bautista is a cozy, shady, polyglot country town, where, if you can speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Chinese, or Japanese, you will do almost as well as with English. Moreover, it has the complacent pretensions to antiquity which attach to all California communities that antedate 1849. It really has a look of some age, however, and its

old hotel, with its rambling rooms and second-story balcony, has staged considerable Mexican-American history of a certain kind of the date of the Gringo conquest. It faces on a generous locust-bordered plaza, and diagonally across from it stands the old Mission, which would be one of the most delightful of all the Brotherhood but for an inept, modern tower, cut off square at the shoulders, which surmounts the church entrance. The cool corridor, with its worn, echoing pavement of *ladrillos;* the square brick pillars stained and broken by Time into a greater beauty, I suspect, than they possessed in their spick-and-span youth; and the outlook through the arches and the fringe of locust trees to the peaceful plaza and beyond — these were altogether lovely. At the corridor's far end a wicket opened to an inclosure before the church entrance — a quaint little garden, the most striking feature of which was a variety of clipped and topped Monterey cypresses, one of them clasping in an umbrageous embrace the tall cross near which it was planted. Over the doorway to the church was an inscription in Latin: "This is the house of God and portal of Heaven." It was humiliating to one's Americanism to observe that it had become needful to post near by, this other advertisement: "Notice is hereby given to persons lunching on the grounds hereof, that we are pleased to have them do so, but earnestly request them to clean up all papers and rubbish before leaving."

A little Mexican girl, whom my ring brought with a big key, admitted me to the church interior. It was largely dismantled, but picturesque still, with its worn floor of square tiles and its simple but dignified closed arcades in relief upon the walls, from which the plaster was breaking away. Though bare, it was not gloomily bare, for a great gap in the wall near the altar let a blessing of sunlight into the darkling interior. The earthquakes of 1906, which had desolated San Francisco,

had shaken and cracked San Juan Bautista, too; and in fear of a possible further falling-in of the building, the altar furnishings and other ecclesiastical matter had been removed to the *convento* part, where a room was converted into a chapel. A few days before my visit another tremor had put a crack or two more in the walls, the little guide informed me, "And I'm afraid to go far inside," she added ingenuously, "but if you want to walk down the church to the altar and look around, you go. I'll wait for you here by the big door."

I undertook the perilous pilgrimage, particularly as I wished to inspect two fixtures of the church, the altar and the pulpit, which have an almost unique interest. The work of decorating the altar, which was not finished until 1818, was offered, it appears, to an artist of the time, one Chaves, by name; but this grasping genius, perhaps believing that he had a monopoly in high art, asked compensation at the rate per diem of six *reales*, — that is, seventy-five cents. That the missionaries deemed beyond the establishment's means, and casting about for a cheaper bidder, they chanced upon Felipe Santiago Doc. This painter of the abbreviated surname should be of more than passing interest to Californians; for, if the researches of Mr. H. H. Bancroft are to be credited, he was the first American to settle officially in California — his original name being Thomas Doak and himself a Yankee tar, hailing from Boston. He deserted from some vessel that touched on the coast, and became a good Catholic and a naturalized *Californio*. What he charged the Padres for his labors I do not find set down, but naturally it could have been little more than board and lodging. Perhaps to that waif of the sea, with the memory of existence in a windjammer's forecastle still fresh upon him, life in a Mission may have been in itself return enough. At any rate, it is of record that this same Felipe Santiago, "by the help of God and some *muchachos*,"

achieved the altar decorations of San Juan Bautista; and I find pleasure in knowing that the faded painting about the empty niches and panels of the abandoned sanctuary upon which I looked was laid on by the hands of that American-Californian, and his little redskin boys. It was a better business than shooting Indians and sharping in real estate, as was fashionable with his countrymen in California a generation later.

Then there was the quaint old box of a pulpit fixed to one side wall, well up above the latter-day pews that still occupied the nave. A small placard on the front declared that from this pulpit Father Arroyo preached to the Indians in thirteen native dialects. A famous Padre was this Arroyo, or, to give him his full name, Felipe del Arroyo de la Cuesta, (Philip of the Hill-brook). For a quarter of a century, from 1808 to 1833, he served at San Juan Bautista. He was a skilled linguist, and much of his leisure was employed in committing to writing vocabularies of the various Indian dialects of the region. These have been preserved and form an important contribution to our first-hand knowledge of native linguistics. Our gossip Don Alfredo gives a pleasant picture of the kind-hearted old man, who was a sufferer from rheumatism, and during the tedious hours of his confinement to his chambers, liked to have the Indian children sent in to play about him as he lay. It gave him a whimsical sort of pleasure to apply to these dusky whelplings of the wild the names of famous characters of antiquity, such as Plato, Alexander, and Cicero; though it is hardly to be supposed that he baptized them so.

Captain Beechey, too (who, with a party bound to Monterey, stopped overnight at this Mission in 1826), bears witness to Padre Arroyo's cheerful hospitality. There were no hotels in California in those days, you must remember, and

outside of the infrequent towns almost no private houses, so the Missions kept open house for all travelers. The Padre set before the Beechey party the best the Mission larder afforded, and urged them on to the consumption of it with many a quip and proverb.

"*Un dia alegre vale cien años de pesadumbre*," he quoted: "one happy day is worth a century of sadness."

After supper he entertained them with stories of bears and Indians, and sang them Spanish patriotic songs; for he, like most of the first Franciscans, was a royalist and looked askance at Mexican republicanism. At bedtime in came a luncheon of cold *frijoles*, bread and eggs — the *viático* for the night, the Padre called it; and then he escorted them to their sleeping-rooms. I believe there were fleas — or it may have been Robinson who was nearly devoured by this national insect of California; but in either case, it does not matter, that old-fashioned, generous hospitality without thought of money return, is what we want to remember, something that outlasts all concomitant discomforts, even flea bites. In the morning, the travelers were for starting off early for their thirty-five-mile ride to Monterey, but the Padre would on no account permit it until he had had them in to mass.

"No, no," he said, with authority that they could not escape, Protestants though they were, and drove the matter home with another *dicho:* —

"*Oir misa y dar cebada*
No impede jornada."
(To hear mass and give alms delays no journey.)

It helps us, I think, to realize the Missions as the humanizing agencies they were, to recall these old stories veined as they are with the quality of comradery with all men; and I wish I might have had them in mind as I loitered by Padre Arroyo's pulpit that day; but I may as well confess that it was

not until some months afterward that I picked up these historical tidbits in some odds and ends of old books.

When I rejoined our little Barbarita, waiting in the safe sunlight of the doorway, there was the choir loft to be climbed into for a bird's-eye view of the church, and a side room in which I now remember only a queer old dovecote from which, on Pentecost Sunday, it was customary to release a dove to flutter down the church crowded with kneeling Indians.

"It represented Our Lord," said Barbarita, turning grave eyes upon me.

Then I had to be shown into a cell-like baptistery with light falling from a high window upon the stone font where the Indians were baptized; and from that across the church through an outer doorway into the mouldering old cemetery where in the arms of Holy Church these dusky heaven-bound pilgrims — 8900 of them, according to the testimony of a board on the wall — await the Last Day. Here olive trees cast a meditative shade and the ground sloped gently down to a flat where was an ancient pear orchard of the Padres' planting, and still bearing, Barbarita averred. San Juan was famous in its day for the excellence of its European fruits, and De Mofras writes rapturously of the pears he had there in 1841, *d'un goût exquis.*

This exhausted the church sights, but our little damsel had others in store; and locking up the church with her big key, she pattered on ahead and ushered me into the main hall of the *convento*. There she took me into a regular grandmother's attic of a room, filled with many a relic of the Mission's past — vellum-bound books, manuscript music with the usual square notation in colors on parchment, battered little cowhide trunks, a queer old barrel-organ, and what-not. An old cabinet contained picture post-cards and some sawn blocks of the Mission pearwood, which Barbarita gave me to

understand might be purchased for the benefit of a fund to repair the building — a work which Father Valentin Closa, the resident priest for now forty years, was very anxious to have furthered.

I responded somewhat prodigally to this opportunity in the mercenary hope that I might be allowed entrance into the interior garden, an enchanting glimpse of which I had caught from the church. Barbarita, clutching her dollar, flew excitedly with my request to some inner sanctum, and presently returned with jubilation to pilot me into the corridor that skirted the garden. Here the housekeeper welcomed me, a stout, good-humored *paisana*, who told me to make myself at home. It was a simple old-fashioned hodge-podge of a country garden with lilies and roses, marigolds and hollyhocks, and sprawling shrubs of one kind and another, dwelling lovingly together in Christian enjoyment of a life all shut away from the fretful world, and quite innocent of the man-made conventions of landscape gardening. There were grapevines, too, and some fruit trees beyond, I believe; and, even as I write, in far other surroundings, there abides with me a sense of mingled sunlight and shadow, of bird song, the hum of bees and the sweet fragrance of flowers in a general atmosphere of restfulness. It would have accorded with my sentiment could I have believed that some of these garden plants had actually been set out by Padre Arroyo. It is doubtful, though, if any of his day survived the years of spoliation and neglect following secularization; but a sundial, which I found standing in the garden's midst, was, I was told, of the Indians' making under the missionaries' direction.

When I had no longer an excuse for staying, the buxom housekeeper showed me out, and, as I parted, I referred jocularly to the little girl's fear of the church falling on her. The woman turned away her eyes.

"She just said that," she hesitated; "we have to tell her not to go with strangers into the dark parts of the church. It is a wicked world, señor."

As I passed on down the corridor a candle that was kept burning before the altar in the little chapel room cast a gleam through the window, and a hope that might have been a prayer was awakened in me, that the old Mission's light might increasingly shine to the lightening of the darkness of sin about it.

II

"He Hath Made of One Flesh . . ."

About the most pathetic things to be seen in California are the cemeteries of the Indians. Near every Mission and *rancheria* you will find one of them, a little inclosure within sagging wooden railings, filled with those low mound shapes which proclaim so eloquently the work of the Great Leveler. Many of the graves are almost obliterated, many more, of course, entirely so; while here and there will be seen one more recently, or perhaps quite newly, formed. Few of the graves are separately railed, and of such inclosures as there may once have been, there are usually only a few loose pickets remaining. But nearly every mound has its cross. Many of them have fallen, or are leaning to fall, but it seems as if, even on the oldest of the graves, care has been taken by some one that the Sign of our Redemption should not be wanting.

On most or many of the graves — always on those that are not evidently old — there are simple embellishments, in which, more than in anything else, lies the pathos that I feel in these humble places (and which, I will confess, I somehow miss — though I would gladly find it — in the elegant wreaths and evidences of tasteful care that mark our modern cemeteries). Broken articles of cheap china or glassware, shells, faded scraps of decorated calico, stones of special smoothness or color — anything that is of attraction to the childlike mind of the Indian, is used to enrich or beautify the resting-place of the dead. A handleless cup, a rusty fruit-can, or a tarnished lamp-bowl, may hold a bunch of long-withered flowers. I have seen a broken alarm-clock, valued as a rarity

or for its polished metal, hung from one of these humble crosses (odd, that there should have come to be such a disparity in our conceptions that what one man calls rubbish is a curious treasure to his brother).

The inscriptions, when readable at all, are usually confined to a record of the name, with the age and the date of death. Often one, or even both, of the last two items is omitted, and the simple name, perhaps with *R. I. P.*, or the resistless appeal, *Ruega por mi*, is all that the shapeless lettering reveals of the sleeper who lies beneath. I often think that there could well be another Gray who might write a sister elegy to the immortal poem, with one of these unkempt, Indian, but most human, graveyards for his theme.

I was sitting, a year or two ago, in the corridor of San Juan Bautista, talking with the priest in charge of the quaint and beautiful old church. We were speaking of the fate that has fallen on the Missions, of the phenomenon — it is really such — of their quick declension to almost complete abandonment and ruin, and of those characteristics of their former Indian charges which had enabled Serra and his helpers and followers to achieve their remarkable success. "I will give you an instance of their gentle natures," said the Father, "that came under my notice only yesterday. You saw that the grass had been burned over part of the cemetery? It happened two days ago. I set one of the men to burning off weeds along the front of the Mission, and he carelessly let the fire get away, so that it crossed the fence and ran into the dry grass and leaves in the cemetery. It burned down part of the fence, and some of the railings and crosses of the graves: they were old, and as dry as tinder. Well, yesterday as I was crossing the graveyard I noticed old Pablo, one of my oldest Indians, down on his knees among the débris. I went over to see what he was doing there, and found him crying, yes, crying like a little

IN THE INDIAN CEMETERY, MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

child, old Pablo, who must be nearly eighty. 'What is the matter, Pablo?' I asked. 'Oh, Padre,' he said, '*mi mamá! mi mamá!*' It was the grave of his mother: it had been burned over and the cross destroyed. She must have died thirty years ago, at the very least, but the spot was sacred to old Pablo still. That seems to bear out the argument of his namesake the holy apostle, in preaching to the wise pagans of Athens, that God has made us all of one blood, does it not? . . . I wonder who will care where my old bones lie, after thirty years? . . . *In manus tuas, Domine.* . . . Well, Pablo shall have a new cross for his mother's grave to-morrow."

Chapter Seventeen

SANTA CRUZ

I

Looking in at Santa Cruz, and the Story of Padre Gil's Adventure in English

There is still the lovely outlook from Mission Hill upon the sparkling waters of Monterey Bay, as in the Padre's time; but there is no Mission, and there are few memories. Little seems ever to have happened at Santa Cruz that is of interest to twentieth centurists, except, perhaps, the atrocious murder of Padre Quintana by some of his rascally neophytes in a manner too unspeakably horrible to go into. Situated off the main trunk of the *Camino Real*, which between Santa Clara and Monterey ran by way of San Juan Bautista thirty miles to the eastward, the Mission Santa Cruz was sidetracked from the first and lived an isolated existence. As for the buildings, church and *convento* are gone as thoroughly as if they had never been. If it be Mission interest, then, that takes you to Santa Cruz, it is a case of short horse soon curried.

Nevertheless, the memory of my morning on Mission Hill, to which I climbed, following the car track as guide, is a pleasant one. It is never wise, I think, for one with anything of the antiquary in his make-up to stay away from a spot with a past, just because everybody tells him there is nothing left to see. Often there is an impalpable atmosphere lingering about such places, unfelt by the indifferent, but apprehensible by the mind of love; and it pays to get into it. What really happens to one under such circumstances is a state of mind; and for that reason I find it folly to make the visit in

an impatient automobile and with a time-table in my hand. On foot, and with the placidity of spirit that succeeds a comfortable breakfast, is better. That was my method; and expecting nothing, I was in the humor to accept gratefully the few crumbs that fell to me.

Though the gray brethren have vanished from Mission Hill and their Indians with them, I found the few acres of church land where the old establishment stood, a-bustle with good works. There was, for instance, the Convent and School of the Holy Cross — and Holy Cross, it there first struck me, is good English for Santa Cruz; and there were merry children at excited play in the yard under the circumspect eyes of Sisters in flaring white headdresses. Beyond the playground was the charming old garden of the convent, with Monterey cypresses trimmed in the shape of huge truncated cones, and shady walks where fruit trees yielded their beneficences in season. Then there was the Priory of the Christian Brothers, with another noisy school attached; and next to that, I found an astonishingly tall brick church with an aspiring steeple. A board on the outer wall labeled the edifice "The Church of the Holy Cross"; but another under the vestibule to the effect that "Ladies and Gentlemen will not and Others Must not Leave the Church until Services are Over," acted upon me as a chilly deterrent to further investigation. A sort of granite triptych, frankly un-Mission in its architecture, served as a triple gateway to the church grounds, and an inscription commemorating the Mission established on the spot in 1791, was the only hint of former Franciscan occupation.

At the rear the hills fall abruptly away to the bottom lands of the San Lorenzo River, which runs singing to the sea through thickets of buckeye and azalea out of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The shaggy wooded slope rising beyond the little

stream made an inviting view, and strolling across to the edge of the church grounds, I sat down on the turf for a bit of leisurely contemplation. At my feet a deep-worn trail plunged through some bushes down the hillside toward the cottages and truck gardens visible in the lowlands. In a few moments the bushes parted, and out of them by the trail climbed the tall figure of an elderly gentleman, his coat upon his arm and on his head a hat of the "wide-awake" pattern that old-time Westerners are apt to affect. He had a good-humored type of face to which a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles contributed a poor-scholar kind of cast, and as he paused for breath, he gave me a pleasant good-morning. Finding me interested in the Mission, he dropped on his haunches for a chat.

"Old times interest me, too," he said. "I used to be a lawyer, but am on the retired list now, and I like to post myself on what our predecessors in the land did for us; so I enjoy mousing about libraries and old garrets. Yes, scenes have certainly changed on this hill since 1791. There's a painting in the rectory here of the Mission as it looked in its heyday and it shows as fine an old Franciscan front as you would want to see — square-towered church, with tiled roof and buttressed walls, *convento* wing with pillared arcade and railing, and all that. But it's gone this many a day, root and branch, except that bit of old adobe wall there," — pointing toward the back of the church where, half choked in a hedge, a crumbling line of adobe could be seen — "they say that is left from the Padres' days, and maybe it is, but that's all.

"Seems a pity, does n't it? There was n't a better site in the entire Californian chain than this, with all kinds of water, timber and building stone, and shells to your hand for lime, and as fertile soil as can be found anywhere on earth, since the garden of Eden went off the map. Every fall, for years, the

English and American whalers that ran into Monterey used to get their fresh vegetables and fruits from this Mission's gardens and fields. But one trouble they had here that no other Mission had was civilization — so called. I mean it was too near white people. The Mission had hardly got going before a white colony was started, just across the river there — you could almost have thrown a stone into it from where we are sitting. It was illegally founded there, because the Spanish law forbade a white pueblo's being started within a league of a Mission or an Indian town. Nevertheless, it was done just as a lot of illegalities have always been done in this shifty old world; for it was a long way to court in Mexico City, where the Padres had to apply for redress.

"Well, sir, the Government gave that colony a fine send-off with tools and stuff enough to have started a dozen Missions on the Franciscan plan, and christened it with a swell name in the high-flown Spanish style, La Villa de Branciforte. But the colonists! O Lord! They were the limit — just so many jailbirds, ragged vagabonds, and cutthroats from Old Mexico — the real thing in the dime-novel Greaser type. And they called themselves *gente de razon*, people of intelligence, the term by which white folks in those days distinguished themselves from Indians. But the Padres sized up that *gente de razon* business. I remember reading of one who said in a sermon: 'There are two races in this country very distinct — the barbarous and the semi-barbarous. The semi-barbarous are the poor Indians; the barbarous are the people who call themselves intelligent, but have no intelligence. We find among the Indians at least docility and love of work, but with the whites it is continual gambling, idleness, and drunkenness.' Well, with such a bunch, of course, the colony was a failure from the start, and after a generation or so it winked out utterly; but while it was there, it gave the missionaries no

end of trouble, continually debauching the Indians and creating scandals enough to have made the fortune of a modern newspaper. The Mission outlived it, but not without wounds that never healed.

"Wonderful old fellows, those Padres, were n't they? I tell you, it took executive ability and knowledge of a high order to come into a wilderness country the way they did, induce a lot of savages to become decent, and build up, with almost no help from home, communities rich in material wealth. It took faith, too, Christian faith, or they would not have put it through. Don't tell me they were a self-indulgent, trencher-loving lot. Of course, they were human and had their foibles, and without women to keep them straight, men are bound to get cranky at times; but I know men and I know the world, and I know they could n't have done what they did, surmounting the difficulties they had to, except by the road of self-discipline and self-sacrifice. I want to tell you one funny story, though —"

And the old gentleman laughed softly as he shifted his weight on his legs: —

"About one friar, who was here at Santa Cruz between 1820 and '30 — his name Luis Gil y Taboada — a kindly old soul, but he got awfully tired of California; so that, as he said, every year got to seem like a century: but for some reason or another, he never could secure permission to go back to Mexico. They just kept pushing him on from one Mission to another till the old fellow had served at half the establishments in the province. Well, here at Santa Cruz, he stuck ten years, and, while he was still here and alone much of the time (for in the declining days of the Missions there were n't always enough friars to go around double), along came an Irishman named John Milligan or Mulligan, who had got stranded in California from some ship and could n't get away.

He was a roistering blade with an unquenchable thirst for *aguardiente*, and was a good deal of a nuisance; but he was a practical weaver, and the Padres used to have him at the different Missions to teach his trade to the neophytes. So at Santa Cruz he and Padre Luis struck up a friendship; and the Padre, to drive away his *ennui*, I suppose, and also because he had a philological turn and had already picked up a couple of Indian languages, conceived the notion of getting Mulligan to teach him English. Now there were n't any English printed books in California in those days, and, of course, the poor Padre had to take as gospel anything that devil of an Irishman told him. The result of his teaching came out when Gil was transferred to San Luis Obispo, as he was finally, and there he was met by Alfred Robinson, a Massachusetts trader who came to California in those days and wrote a book about life in California under the Mexican régime. You ought to read it, though it 's out of print now and scarce. Well, when Robinson, fresh from the States, came cantering up to San Luis Obispo Mission, out came Padre Luis in the hospitable Mission way to bid him welcome; and, knowing his guest to be a Yankee, politely addressed him with a stock of Mulligan English, and this is what it was: 'How do you do, sir? Very good oysters, Mr. Fish. Come in! May the devil skin you to make your grandmother a nightcap!' — and followed it with a string of the most outrageous oaths; after which he dropped affably into Spanish. That, it seems, had been taught the innocent friar as the most approved form of English salutation to one whom it was desired to honor. Robinson says Mulligan was a Scotchman; but the internal evidence of the story disproves that. Was n't it a shame?"

II

The Children of Holy Cross

Sitting one summer morning on the beach at Santa Cruz, I watched the children at play. Children, I suppose, except for a Paul Dombey here and there, one in a hundred thousand, see in the ocean, if it be summer, only its joyousness of motion and brilliance of color and light — the things congenial to childhood. Unsuspecting and without experience, they do not feel the shallowness of the glitter, the fickleness in the smile, the warning in that restless beauty. For life has not chilled them with hinted analogies, and the age of poetry, when doubts begin to rise, is still before them.

To me, the bright and shining sea brings most often a mood of reverie; and as I sat and watched the play of the daintily clad children and the blaze of surf and laugh of wavelet on the sunny sands of Monterey Bay, I found myself following a far-drawn thread of fancy.

I had been reading, that morning, something of the history of the Missions, one of which, now entirely vanished, had been established here at Santa Cruz. It is not possible to read the story, or to visit the Missions that remain or the ruins or sites of those that have fallen, without being shocked again and again at the tragedy of the Indian. In a statement of the results of the work of the Missions down to the year 1820, prepared by Father José Senán, the president of the missionaries at that date, it is shown that in what may be considered a generation's length of time there had been baptized a total of over seventy thousand Indians, while at the date of the report there were over twenty thousand baptized Indians living under the care of the Padres. And the Missions, be it

remembered, drew mainly upon the coast tribes for their converts; the native populations of the great interior valleys and of the mountains, though it was hoped they would be eventually reached, were scarcely touched, or only as troublesome and hostile neighbors. To-day one finds here and there a dwindling village, usually in some dry and worthless spot, where live all that remains of the flourishing population of a century ago. Often, in visiting the ruined Missions, I have asked of some one living near whether any of the Indians who formerly lived there could be found, from whom I might learn items of interest. In one or two cases I have heard of some old Domingo or Encarnácion who dwelt, hermitlike, far up some secluded cañon; but usually not even a legend remained. And these Indians, too, are naturally a very long-lived people.

What, then, has become of them? Or rather, it is not the where or the how, but the why of their almost total disappearance that one asks one's self. For ages the Indian lives undisturbed. He does not live well, nor usefully, nor does he rise in the human scale, or only to an infinitesimal degree; but, he lives. Then comes the herald of Christianity: the feet that bring good tidings cross the mountains. The wondering Indian hears and sees the better way, and hesitatingly adopts it. No longer a mere item in the animal life of the land, he is baptized to the new religion: he is taught, clothed; his name is entered on books of record. Did he but know it, that writing is his death-warrant.

And everywhere it is the same. From time to time we meet references to the subject in magazines and Government papers, but the solutions proposed have somehow the air of experiments, and not very hopeful ones. It is a complicated subject, and, when all is said, the summing-up in the student's mind can only be, that the Indian should flee the white

man as a plague; and even that will not avail, for the plague will follow him.

But that morning, as I watched the play, my mind turned especially upon the bygone children of the Missions. I seemed to see the troops of merry Indian youngsters who once played about the sands of Santa Cruz, sailing their mimic *cayucos* on the quiet pools, or racing with the laughing ripples up the beach, or shooting their arrows in the sun. (For childhood, at least, is happy, even with the grave and silent Indian.) Then, up on the cliff, a bell chimes. There is a shout and a scamper, and soon, under the cool, deep arches of the Mission, they assemble about the gray-robed Padre who patiently teaches them to pronounce the sacred words (and, indeed, it is a task of patience); or perhaps they learn their parts in a simple religious play for Easter or Christmas. Soon again I see them gather with fathers and mothers in their humble huts to the evening meal of *atole;* then for an hour their voices again ring in play about the great courtyard; and when daylight ends, they lie down to sleep on their pallets of straw till morning shall bring another day of harmless joy.

There is a well-known picture, I forget by whom, the title of which might be, the Holy Innocents. One sees a host of children, infants, all happy, laughing, romping, as they pass in joyous procession through a child's fairyland of flowers and birds and shining streams. At the head of the band is the Sign of their triumph, the Holy Cross. They are the children who died for Christ, those whom Herod killed in Bethlehem, the saviors, one might almost say, of Our Lord. As I watched the happy children of Holy Cross that morning at their play, my mind, preoccupied with the thought of the children of the Missions, brought up this picture before me, and I seemed to see another application of the painter's fancy. Those children of the Missions, doomed to pass away at the coming of the

new religion that seemed to promise them better life — were not they, in their way, innocent victims for Christ? And do not they, too, somewhere triumph, happy that they should have provided the needful sacrifice?

A far-fetched notion, I suppose; yet there seemed a reality in it that morning, as I watched the dainty play by the sea, and my thoughts went back to the long-dead children of Holy Cross.

Chapter Eighteen

SANTA CLARA DE ASÍS

I

The Mission of Madre Santa Clara de Asís and her "Padre Santo"

You may, if you choose, have the railway put you off at Santa Clara Station within sight of the Mission, or, if you are in San José, you may ride to the Mission gates by electric car on tracks that follow, for part of the way, the beautiful old Alameda, for which every traveler, for nearly a century, has had words of praise. In either case, however, you will find at Santa Clara very little to suggest that famous edifice at which Padre Joseph Murguia, its architect and builder, labored with his own hands and his neophytes': laying adobes, hewing timbers, and what-not, till the finished result, in 1784, was declared by Father Junípero the finest of all the Mission churches up to that time. Fated Padre Joseph! Though he lived to complete his dear church, it was only to be buried in it. Four days before its dedication, he died.

For the casual visitor to-day, only a memorial cross, boxing within it the original, remains to witness to that former Franciscan establishment dedicated January 12, 1777, to Mother St. Clare, of Assisi, Spiritual Sister of St. Francis and Holy Matriarch of his order. In its stead stands a Jesuit college with huge buildings of unrelenting modernity, half surrounding a timber church that gives upon a barren campus — all so hopelessly unpicturesque that I was for turning away at once, and strolling off into the peaceful ruralities of onion fields, lettuce gardens, prune orchards, and alfalfa patches, that stretch away from the little Mission town toward the bay, visible a few miles off. On second thought, I accepted the unvoiced invitation of the open church door; and, enter-

ing, my ruffled spirits were quieted immediately by the sweet peacefulness of that living silence which never fails to impress me in the taper-lit twilight of Catholic churches in the hours for private devotion.

For half an hour I sat in perfect peace in the stillness — a stillness so deep that the whispered comments of two visitors making the round of the church seemed to wake echoes. Departing, they left me alone save for one worshiper, a crippled man upon his knees near the door, his careworn face earnestly directed toward the far-off glittering altar. In a dim corner hard by stood his crutch and cane, and in his hands was that which I trust he found to be as a crutch to his halt spirit, a rosary from which now and then in the progress of his silent prayer he let fall a bead.

A beautiful paneled pulpit of the pattern frequently seen in the old Mission churches, and a startling band of decoration upon the walls in festoons of red, green, and blue, after the Indian mode, were all that I noted as giving any Mission flavor to the interior; though a great crucifix, life-size, suspended above a side altar, may also be included in the mention, as it was a famous factor in the missionaries' ministerings. I looked in vain for the roof of beams "*labradas y curiosas lo posible*" (graven and curious as much as possible), which an old record says Padre Murguia put on, but there was only an unemotional, flat board ceiling. It would have been solacing to me then to know, what I was afterwards told, that those ancient rafters of redwood still live in the railing before the altar. I think that knowledge would have tempered the shock which my artistic sensibilities received at the sight of an ice-cooler in the church, labeled "Holy Water," and bearing a cross on its lid. The reredos behind in the main altar is quite old, too, having been brought from Mexico in 1802.

Of the tens of thousands of visitors who annually "do" the old Franciscan Missions of California, I wonder how many give a thought to the personality of those self-sacrificing friars who laid the foundations of these churches in the wilderness, and gathered about them busy little towns, each with its thousand or so of christianized Indian inhabitants, in the midst of orchards, vineyards, and grain lands all of their planting — achieving, with practically no assistance from their Government except an outfitting of seeds and church utensils, an unsubsidized triumph of poverty. As the first Seventy of the Lord were sent out two by two, so these missionaries were assigned two to a Mission. One, like Martha in the Scriptures, superintended the temporal interests of the establishment; the other, like Mary who sat at the Lord's feet, had a particular concern in the Mission's spiritualities. All came as volunteers; but having volunteered, they were expected to remain in the service for at least ten years, health permitting. As a matter of fact, some broke down in body in a few years; occasionally one went crazy under the harassments and the monotony of the endless grind. Yet many remained at individual Missions for thrice ten years, or even more; for, even though they wished to leave, to do so seems not always to have been possible, if we are to believe the quatrain by one of the weary Brotherhood:[1] —

"Si fueres á California,
Encomienda á Dios la vida;
En tu mano está la entrada.
Y en la de Dios la salida."

Or, as we may English it: —

"If thou 'rt for California,
Thy life to God commend:
In thy hand is the starting,
In that of God the end."

[1] Fr. Arroyo de la Cuesta; see Bancroft's *California*, III, 362.

At this Mission of Santa Clara, two Catalan friars, Magín Catalá and José Viader worked continuously for thirty-seven years, the former's service terminating with his death in 1830, Viader's with the enforcement of secularization in 1833. Do you realize what that means? More than half a lifetime spent in a lonely land, for months at a time without sight of other white face than that of a fellow missionary, and of the half-dozen soldiers who formed the Mission guard, and who, because of carnal proclivities, sharpened in the idleness which the devil loves, were oftener a care than a solace. For occupation, day after day, week after week, year after year, there was the training of Indians of races notorious for slovenliness and stupidity, in some knowledge of the possibilities of life here and hereafter; patiently guiding their clumsy hands and feet to be serviceable in a score of civilized arts, and laboriously striving to put through their thick skulls some notion of the Divine Love and Sacrifice; and there were their continual backslidings to be dealt with, their endless childish troubles to be heard and helped. No wonder Serra, with a grim sort of humor, wrote to Palou, warning against any possible thought of a bed of roses in California. "See to it," he said, "that [the friars] who are to come are well provided with patience and charity, and in that case they will have a joyous time and will here become very rich — in hardships."

In that Padre Catalá Santa Clara possessed one of the most remarkable of the California Franciscans — a man of saintly timber, according to the most approved mediæval pattern. Indeed, a movement, not yet dropped, I think, was begun some years ago looking to his beatification. He delighted in austerities to a degree that must have made him a favorite child of his seraphic Father Francis. His little windowless, fireless cell, where he slept on the floor with an adobe brick for a pillow, is still preserved, I believe, inclosed in a wing of

the Jesuit college, though I did not see it. He was of the type that found luxury in self-flagellations with a knotted scourge, and in long vigils before the great crucifix in the church, where he was commonly believed to have "talks with God," and on occasions to be caught up in the Divine embrace. There, asleep from exhaustion at the altar's foot, he would often be found of a morning, when the *mayordomo* came to open the church. He was never seen to smile, and he had the monkish fear of the wiles of women, from whom he habitually averted his face, even shading it with his cowl when necessity called for speech with them. There is a tradition that in one respect only he yielded to the weaknesses of the flesh, and that was in the wearing of an old straw hat when summer suns blazed hottest; but the faithful have cast doubt upon the story.

During most of his incumbency, Catalá suffered the tortures of rheumatism; and unable or unwilling to mount an animal, he made his painful journeys about the country hobbling on foot and leaning on the arm of an attendant. As a preacher he was credited with a prophetic power so marked as to gain for him the sobriquet of "El Profeta" (The Prophet), as well as "El Santo" (The Saint). He is said to have foretold the discovery of gold, the coming of the Americans, the loss of California to the Spanish people, the future greatness of San Francisco and its destruction by fire and earthquake. His biographer, Father Engelhardt, whose little book, "The Holy Man of Santa Clara," is rich in incident of this remarkable Friar Minor, states that his memory is revered to this day in central California, where the devout in time of trouble still call for help on "Jesus, Mary, and the soul of Padre Magín"; and claim they get it. Equally current is his fame throughout southern California, as I am told by Father O'Sullivan of San Juan Capistrano.

With all his personal asceticisms, Catalá did not forget to minister to the bodily needs of his spiritual children. He had a kindly love for the little folk and saw that they had their Christmas plays with a full caste of shepherds and angels and a proper devil; and his benefactions to the needy were abounding. There was a touch of poetry about his death that is worth recording. During his last illness there came an evening, when he called to him two faithful Indians, and telling them that he should die at dawn, asked them to remain near him through the night. "Watch the sky," he bade them, "and when the morning star appears, tell me." They did as directed, and when they beheld what they watched for, they went with the news to his bedside. "Padre, the morning star is arisen." "Then, my children," he said, "please call Padre José to come and pray over me." Fray Viader hastened in, and as he recited the prayers for the dying, El Santo's spirit passed within the veil.

At his funeral in the church, the Indians (who, crazed with grief, thronged the building) cried out against his burial; and pressing about the plain redwood box in which the form of El Padre Santo lay, they cut his homespun robe to pieces for relics. Another habit which was brought to cover him shared a like fate. Even his crucifix and sandals were stripped off in the frenzied strife for holy memorials, and the military guard at last had to be called upon before it was possible to proceed with the burial. The visitor interested in tombstones may see Fray Magín's in the Santa Clara church.

As Padre Catalá was the Mary of the Santa Clara household, so Padre José Viader was the Martha. He was a man huge of body and large of heart, renowned for the enormous crucifix which always hung from the rosary at his girdle, the sword of his spiritual warfare. He was a thorough type of muscular Christian, as strong as an ox; and the story goes

that once when set upon by three perfidious Indians, he thrashed the whole trio, then forgave them, and so turned them into his friends for life. He was immensely interested in the all-round prosperity of his Mission, which became agriculturally one of the richest in California. Padre José, I fancy, was one of those who, in the Missions' palmy days, made some mild scandal by alleged departures from the severities of Franciscan simplicity, falling, for instance, into the luxury of traveling in carriages. Our old friend, Don Alfredo Robinson, throws some light on the quality of this offense in his graphic picture of the Padre's ride to San José Mission at the time of the author's visit at Santa Clara about 1831. The carriage, invented by Viader after a plan of his own (being a narrow body hung on a pair of low wheels like a cart), was "drawn by a fine black mule, astride of which sat a little Indian boy who assisted in guiding the animal in connection with a more experienced Indian, who, mounted on a fiery steed, led the mule with a *reata* fastened about his neck. On each side were two *vaqueros* with lassos fixed to the axletree, by which they facilitated the movement of the carriage on the road." As the vehicle was springless, one can easily imagine that what with lassos, the Indian postilion, and the throttled mule, the Padre's ride was more of a penance than a pleasure.

I am not sure whether it was Padre José, or a later, who was responsible for Santa Clara's famous Indian orchestra, resplendent in French uniforms, which had somehow been got from some whaler at Monterey or Yerba Buena. De Mofras, good Catholic, attended mass during his visit at this Mission, and was astounded, at the moment of the elevation of the Host, to hear the orchestra in the *coro* break out with the martial strains of *La Marseillaise*, and later accompany the procession with the old French air, *Vive Henri Quatre!*

After the service the Padre told him that one of his predecessors had bought for the Mission a little organ that had come from France, and the neophyte musicians, liking the airs, had of their own accord arranged them for their band.

The location of Santa Clara on the *Camino Real* between San Francisco and Monterey, combined with the fruitfulness of its gardens and herds, caused it to be one of the most frequently visited of all the Missions. Every traveler who has left a record, from Vancouver to the American Lieutenant Wilkes, has a good word to say of its hospitalities. The latter stopped there in 1841, long after the secularization, and though he was far from being an enthusiast as to what he saw in California, he makes a note of the deliciousness of the pears that were served him from the Mission gardens. In return for favors received, it may be noted, he was ungenerous enough to beat the resident Padre Mercado three successive games of chess, a pastime of which (Wilkes sourly observes), the lonely old man "had more love than knowledge." It was at Santa Clara in May, 1784, just after the completion of the great church, that Serra, limping his lame way from San Francisco to Carmel, spent a few days in spiritual retirement, and made a general confession of his devoted life to Palou; then passed on to die at San Carlos as he foresaw he would.

To Padre Magín we owe the famous Alameda that connects the Mission of Santa Clara with the city of San José. His kind heart was grieved at the discomforts endured by the white inhabitants of that little pueblo colony in their travels to and from the Mission; since, before they had a chapel of their own in the town, these colonists were obliged to travel the three miles to Santa Clara to hear mass and then back again. This in the heat and dust of a summer day entailed a serious hardship, particularly on women and children; so the Padre had the Indians set out on each side of the

roadway a line of trees. These before long attained great size, and their branches, uniting overhead, formed an archway to the avenue, which, as La Alameda de Santa Clara, became widely famous. The trees seem to have been planted about the year 1800, and Father Engelhardt states they were poplars, which accords with the name Alameda, this word meaning, in strictness, a grove of *álamos* (poplar trees or cottonwoods), or a walk shaded by them. Whatever they were, so beautiful and pleasant a thoroughfare turned Mission-going into something of a *fiesta* for the San Joséños, and as time went on the Alameda became on Sundays and feast days a popular promenade where the townsfolk displayed themselves in their silk-and-satiny best and no doubt indulged in the scandal-mongering and heartburnings that go with fine clothes the world over, even on the way to church.

Now, whether it was because such frivolous worldliness made a natural breeding-ground for spirits of evil; or whether, as some maintained, the prince of the devils, finding the people eager for mass-going now that there was a shady way to follow, had plotted to hinder them all he could from getting within reach of Padre Magín's sermons and holy water, the fact remains that the Alameda came to be notorious as a haunt of *demonios* — a regular devil's walk. So insolent did the diabolical crew become that they even planned the destruction of San José, root and branch, and doubtless would have accomplished it had not El Padre Santo got wind of the plot by revelation. There are those still living whose grandmothers used to tell of seeing Padre Magín one hot summer day doughtily limp down the Alameda in surplice and stole and recite the exorcisms against evil spirits. There was an agonized howling from an invisible legion, a clatter as of horns and a blinding cloud of dust; and the Padre hobbled triumphantly back to the Mission. That the devilkins were

routed, horse, foot, and dragoons, none but a heretic could doubt; for is it not history that San José was not destroyed?

I sauntered back to San José by the Alameda, which is still a delightful suburban avenue, though few, if any, of the original *álamos* are now standing; nor any at all of those famous Stations of the Cross which Padre Magín had erected for a mile along the Alameda that he and his Indians might together perform in the open the devotion called the Way of the Cross. This they did every Friday and on holy days, bearing among them the great crucifix from the church. Eucalyptus, box-elders, locusts, and willows have been planted to fill the gaps made by irreverent woodchoppers of secularization times, and these trees have grown to a size to suggest greater age than is really theirs. Beneath their pleasant shadows, I ploughed through rustling leaves past high hedges that half hid old-fashioned estates of pioneer Americans, and felt thankful that the latter-day vandalism, that has made wreck forever of so much of old California, has spared what has been spared of this historic *paséo*. The march of improvement has, indeed, obliterated some of it at the San José end, for it originally extended to the little river of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the former boundary between the pueblo and the Mission lands. I lingered on the bridge, and leaning over the rail looked sentimentally into the waters for the sake of a certain four-pound trout, "very savory," which Padre Palou lunched upon and made record of, in the days when the Santa Clara Valley was the plain of San Bernardino, populous with Gentile villages and abounding in springs of water and groves of giant oaks.

II

A Miracle of the Mail

We often hear it said that the age of miracles is past. Perhaps it is; but I fancy that many of those who say so would be surprised to find how recently they ceased, even here in California. As to belief in miracles (modern miracles, I mean), that certainly has not ceased, or at least it had not as lately as last spring, when I was talking with Leandro Duarte.

Springtime in the vale of Santa Clara is an experience to remember when succeeding springs come round and find you in other surroundings. I think some enterprising air-ship tourist concern of the future will make a huge hit by conducting parties on aëro trips over those seas of blossom, White Sea of apricot and prune, Pink Sea of peach and almond, Quite Inexpressible Sea of apple and quince, fanned with gales compared with which those of the Spice Islands are gross and undesirable. Almost as good as the aëro, perhaps, is a sunny corner of an orchard wall, adobe by preference, such as that where Leandro found me one morning with a book upside down and my eyes half shut, wondering whether I was not in an Arabian Nights garden, a Caliph instead of a Californian.

Sunny corners of adobe walls are a weakness of Leandro, too, so he promptly came and sat by me. When the preliminary cigarette was rolled and lighted he waved his hand. "*Mira, señor,*" he said, "*que vista tan hermosa!*" (Look, what a beautiful sight!)

"*Mira,* indeed," I replied, my mind playing with the etymology of the word, "for it is truly a miracle."

Leandro nodded. "A miracle, yes, that is it; and do you know, señor, there have been many miracles here, different from this?"

"I don't understand," I said. "What kind of miracles, and where?"

"Here, señor," he replied. "There used to be an orchard here in the old days, that belonged to the Mission at Santa Clara, and this is a bit of the wall where we are sitting."

"That is very interesting," I rejoined, "but what miracles did you mean?"

"Oh, there were many," he said. "Have you ever heard of Padre Magín, señor, who was priest here for so many years?"

"Yes, I have read of him," I returned. "What do you know about him?"

"He was a wonderful man, señor, *muy santo*, and could make miracles. I have heard my father tell them, but I have forgotten."

"Can't you remember any of them?" I asked. "I should like exceedingly to hear about a miracle."

"There is one, señor," he answered, "and I know it is true, for my father and many people knew of it. It was not here, this miracle, though, but farther south, where it happened. I will tell you.

"In the old times, señor, when the Mexicans had the country, they did many things differently from how it is now. One thing was that the soldiers carried the mail, on horseback. There was not much to carry, and they sent it once in every two weeks. A soldier would ride from San Luis Obispo to Soledad, and one from Monterey to Soledad, and they would exchange the packages of mail and ride back. It was like that all the way from San Diego to San Francisco, I have heard.

"There was a soldier at the Soledad Mission, Silvestre

Barron was his name, and one day it was his turn to take the mail to Monterey. It was a long ride, and he had to start at four o'clock in the morning, before it was light. The mail was done up in a little packet, ready to be fastened to his waist with a leather strap. That was how they always carried it, for safety. When Silvestre was ready to start, he had to go again into the house, to get money to buy shoes for his wife at Monterey; so he put the package down on the saddle and dropped the reins on the horse's neck, all loose, while he went in. When he came out — it was only a minute, not more, that he was in the house — he could not see the horse. He listened, but could not hear anything, either, and it was dark. Then he got a lantern and called his wife, and they searched all about, but the horse was gone. Then they looked for the packet of mail, on the ground, where it would fall, but they could not see it anywhere. That was worse than losing the horse, because the rule was that if any one lost the mail he had to be shot. It was a hard rule, but I have heard that the mail is as if the letters belonged to the Government, whoever had sent them, like when I write to my brother at San José. I do not understand why it should be like that, but they say it is so.

"Silvestre's wife was terribly frightened, because she knew about the rule. She was a good woman, and went always to church at the Mission. They did not know what to do, so they waited till it was light and then searched again, but they could not find the mail or the horse. Silvestre thought some one had stolen them, because the package would have fallen down before the horse got far away, unless some one had taken it. Then Silvestre's wife said he must run away, or they would surely shoot him, so she gave him some food and he went away to the mountains to hide. There was no other horse that he could have, so he went on foot. He told another soldier, who was a good friend, about losing the mail, and

asked him to look out for the horse if it came back; and he told him he was running away, but not to tell any one.

"He went as fast as he could all day, till he got to the mountains. There are high mountains there at the west of the valley, but it is many miles, and it was nearly night when he got there. In those times there were many bears and other wild things in the mountains, and Silvestre heard them in the dark, and was frightened; but he thought it would be better to die that way than to be shot. So he went on, though it was dark and very rough, for he wanted to get as far as he could that day. When he had gone a long way, and was getting near the top of the mountains, he felt too tired to climb any more, and he sat down. It was in a very rough place, all big rocks and brush and some trees. There was one high rock that was very big, like a house, and kept the wind off, so he sat down with his back against the rock and went to sleep.

"He had only slept a little when he woke up and heard a noise that came from the other side of the big rock. At first he thought it was a bear coming, and tried to think how he could get away; but when he heard the noise again it sounded different, like a rattle, or like the noise a horse makes when he chews at his bit. He crept round to where he could see, and, señor, it was his horse. Was it not wonderful for it to be there? But wait, señor; there was a more wonderful thing than that. He went to the horse, and then he saw the packet of letters, yes, on the saddle just where he had put it. And not tied, señor, that is the great wonder that no one can understand. That is why it is a miracle, because the bundle was not fastened at all, and it had stayed there all that time, in the rough mountains, and with brush to push it off. It could not be anything except a fine miracle that would do anything like that, could it, señor?

"Well, that was what Silvestre thought, too. My father

said that he was once in those mountains, and they are like I tell you, very steep and rough. It was hard for Silvestre even to get the horse down again to the valley. When he got down, he kept out of sight till it was night again, for fear some one would see him there when he ought to be at Monterey with the mail. When it was nearly dark he got on the horse and went home.

"His wife was full of joy. She listened to what he had done, and then she said that after he had gone away she had felt very bad, because she thought he could never come back. There were children, as well, so it would be much sorrow for them, too. So she went to the Mission to pray to the saints to help her to find the mail. While she was praying in the church she thought of Padre Magín, the one I talked about just now. He had not been dead many years then, and everybody knew about him, that he was a saint. People used to say, while he was alive, that he prayed all night and did not sleep at all; and that he could be in two places, and see what one did if it was wrong; and often when people lost things he told them where they could find them. There were many people who had had miracles after he was dead, too, by praying to him to help them. So when Silvestre's wife remembered that, she prayed to him, and promised to have a holy mass said if he would help them to find the mail.

"And you see, he did it, señor, so that shows it was true, what people said about his being a saint. My father said that once he was very sick, nearly dead, and my mother sent to a neighbor who had a piece of the robe that Padre Magín was wearing when he died. She got it and put it on the place where the sickness was, and prayed to Padre Magín, and my father got well. It must be fine to be a saint and help people like that. I suppose," said Leandro, looking thoughtfully at me as he rolled his fourth cigarette, "that he must have asked

the good God to let him come and show Silvestre the way to where the horse was. Do you think, señor, the packet stayed on the saddle all the time the horse was going up the mountain, or do you think the saint just put it there when Silvestre found it? I should like to know about that."

Chapter Nineteen

SAN JOSÉ

I

Mission San José; the Padre's Little Game at Tortillas, and Some Remarks about Flogging

The first white man's town to be formally laid out in California was San José, and it is a pretty little city, quite worth a visit; but do not go there with the expectation of seeing the Mission San José, for it is not there and never was. It is a good enough place to start from, however, for the Mission, embarking upon a local train that will deposit you fourteen miles distant at Irvington, a pleasant country town in the rich fruit-growing region of the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. There you may take a stage for the two or three miles to the village of Mission San José. Better, though, if you are one who has joy of his trotters, to walk those few short miles through a billowy land of vineyards and orchards of peaches, pears, and olives.

The Mission I found frankly decadent, there being left of it only the wreck of one adobe building, with a shingle roof and a crumbling corridor upheld by posts of wood. In the presence of such desolation, there was a pathos in the thought of that June day in 1797, when in all hopefulness of a glorious future the Mission was solemnly dedicated in a rustic chapel piled high with wild flowers as "La Mision del Gloriosísimo Patriarca Señor San José" — and confided to the especial care of that most glorious Patriarch who was the patron of all the Franciscan missionary work in California. But though the Franciscans and their works at Mission San José are now mostly dust, the activities of the church are by no means suspended there. Close to the street, on the Mission land,

are a modern, steepled church and a priest's house, while in the rear, across the garden close, stands a convent of Dominican Sisters, who conduct there a school. The latter building is as ugly a three-story affair of brick as one often sees, with a mansard roof, and made me wonder afresh what misjoining demon of bad taste it is that has inspired the architectural monstrosities of almost all the latter-day additions to the fine old Franciscan Mission buildings. That older architecture was distinctive, in keeping with the natural environment, and beautiful in itself. It seems as though its perpetuation would be more worth while as an expression of praise to God than the discordant sort of thing that has so often been erected for the carrying-on of the gospel work begun by the Franciscans.

A cross-surmounted gateway into the grounds stood invitingly open, but a sign on the post unequivocally declared "No Admittance Except on Business." While I stood debating whether to obey the inhospitable sign — for I had no color of business — or the hospitable open gate, a priest with an honest Irish face beneath a flapping hat came by and wished me good-morning. To him I confided my dilemma.

"Why, sure, man, go in," he said heartily; "and if you want inside the old building, the Sisters beyond will give you the key."

And now occurred a noteworthy happening of my Mission pilgriming. No one had told me of this Mission's lovely gardens, which the Sisters of St. Dominick have restored to doubtless all their old-time fertility, if not their old-time extent. As I sauntered up the roadway leading to the hideous convent building which glowered like an ogre from a bower of foliage, I was suddenly aware of being in the midst of a sweet stillness and a unique beauty. All about were old-fashioned flowers blowing perfume across my path and ducking their

pretty heads at me as the breeze passed over them — roses, petunias, stockgillies, chrysanthemums, and red, red geraniums. Fruit trees, too, were there — oranges, lemons, figs, apricots, almonds; dotted about here and there were palms; but most enchanting of all the trees were the olives, of which there was a double row lining a long walk, extending to a small shaded chapel that closed the vista; while on each side of the shadow-dappled walk, and set at regular intervals in the shade of the olives, were little wooden shrines, each lovingly clasped by a twining rose. Farther on I could see there were vegetable patches, and Sisters in rustic attire were bent double at work, hoeing and weeding, and one I saw picking lemons. The old adobe Mission building and the new church, with its outbuildings embowered in trees, hid this pleasant garden from the street; at the back the hills rose abruptly in primitive wildness; so, front and rear, was the world shut completely out, and had it not been for that unspeakable mansard roof and the feminine presences, I might have fancied myself set back a century, and stout old Padre Narciso Durán coming down the olive walk to greet me, and inviting me to listen to his Indians at their music.

As it was, no one met me and I rang the doorbell at the convent. A placid-faced old Sister, to whom I expressed my desire to see inside the Mission, invited me into the parlor — just the cheerless, high-vaulted sort of room that goes with a mansard roof — while she went for the key. Presently another Sister appeared and, explaining apologetically that the key was at a neighboring house and must be sent for, she sat down and hospitably entertained me.

"You like the garden?" she smiled. "Yes, it is beautiful; but more so in the spring than now. The olives, many of them, are old, old trees planted by the Fathers, and they still bear. Every year we make oil from them. The avenue of olive trees

you came along, where the rose-entwined shrines are, is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. The shrines correspond in number to the mysteries of the rosary, and contain pictures of these mysteries. The Sisters walk there at their devotions. At the end of the walk, that little chapel you saw contains a picture of 'Our Lady of Pompeii,' a famous representation of the Blessed Virgin as Queen of the Most Holy Rosary."

Some society, she told me, — the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, perhaps, — had raised funds to repair soon and make presentable that part of the old Mission which still remains; and when I expressed my pleasure as a Protestant in seeing such historic buildings preserved, she acquiesced, adding with a gentle loyalty to her own creed that I liked, "Yet not as dead monuments, but as living instruments for the extension of the Faith." Which, indeed, seems to be the design of the Church respecting them.

When the key came, it was by the hands of a boy to whom I was turned over for guidance through the Mission. He performed his duties in normal boy fashion with noticeably less interest in expounding the history of what he showed (of which, indeed, he was very ignorant) than in the chances of flushing a bat or an owl in the cobwebby twilight of the musty old rooms. The edifice that stands is of the *convento* part of the Mission. At the time of my visit, it was all ruinous and as barren of noteworthiness as might be expected of a building which, after the secularization, had done duty as a wine cellar and been roundly shaken by earthquakes. Nevertheless, I got a certain dreamy interest out of it in recalling that it was probably in one of the very rooms we passed through that an incident occurred which so entertained Captain Beechey on the occasion of visiting the Mission in 1826, that he made note of it in his diary, among graver matters.

Every day at dinner, it seems, after the *olla* was removed, one of the Padres (and it sounds like Padre Narciso) had a pile of Indian pancakes brought in. Then, fixing his eyes on one of the little Indian boys, of whom several stood about the table, the *muchacho* immediately opened wide his mouth; whereupon the Padre would roll up a cake and with some jocular remark about the urchin's appetite or the size of his mouth, would toss the *tortilla* at him. This the boy would catch in his teeth, and devour hastily to be the sooner ready for another, as well as to please the Padre; for the latter enjoyed the sport in proportion to the rapid transit of the cake. This singular game at *tortillas*, Beechey states, was the Father's only relaxation from the daily routine of duty.

Not the least enjoyable part of a visit of Mission San José is a stroll about the quiet, flowery little village with its marked foreign flavor, which I was given to understand is largely Portuguese. Indeed, the young guide at the Mission had remarked ingenuously, "Once a Portuguee owned all one side of the town, but a bank got it somehow." And by all means, top off with a walk to Mission Peak, the hill which rises immediately back of the Dominican convent. There is a lovely sylvan trail that starts in close to the Mission where a small stream issues cress-covered from the willows; and by easy stages you rise out of a skirting of oaks and laurels until you stand upon the bald summit of the Peak. It is no great altitude, but enough in that flattish region to enable you to get a delightful outlook over wide areas of cultivation and the great Bay of San Francisco, with its sloughs and tree-fringed tributaries, and smoke-stacks of industry puffing up here and there along the marge of it, from city San José to the Golden Gate. In Mission days cattle by the tens of thousands fed upon the bordering plains. These belonged to the Missions of San José and Santa Clara, and were slaughtered mainly

for their hides and tallow. The shipping of these hides was a picturesque sight. The Indians in long files, each carrying a folded skin on his head, wound through the wild mustard to the *embarcadero*, where the hides were dumped into lighters for the port of San Francisco, there to be transferred to such hide droghers as Dana's famous Pilgrim.

That Captain Beechey aforesaid seems to have enjoyed his visit at our Mission San José, and the picture he has left of the establishment in its heyday is valuable as a first-hand account, by a fair-minded observer of a régime that is gone forever. Two incidents that he records are particularly illuminating. One was the return of a military expedition sent to chastise certain Gentiles in the hills. These had murdered a number of Christian Indians who had been on a proselytizing tour for Mission recruits. The soldiers sent to avenge their death had done their task well, from the military standpoint — burning and desolating the village of the pagans and bringing into the Mission forty captives, women and children. The prisoners were at once taken in hand for conversion. Beechey was an eyewitness one morning when this class was up for tuition. Clothed in blankets, the Indians were arranged in a row before a blind Indian who understood their dialect, and who was assisted by an *alcalde* to keep order. Their tutor began by desiring them to kneel, informing them that he was going to teach them the names of the persons composing the Trinity, and that they were to repeat in Spanish what he dictated. Then he began — "Santísima Trinidád: Diós, Jesu Cristo, Espíritu Santo" — pausing between each name to listen if the Indians, who had never spoken Spanish before, pronounced the words anywhere near the mark. After they had repeated these names satisfactorily, their blind tutor announced, "Santos," and recapitulated the names of a number of saints. These similarly repeated, the morning's

lesson was finished. The Englishman could not see that the dusky scholars were particularly interested in what was going forward with them, and he observed to the Padre that he thought the teachers had an arduous task; but the Father said, "Oh, no, there is no difficulty. The Indians are accustomed to change their gods and their conversion is in a great measure habitual to them." But then Padre Durán was rather notorious for hurrying a change of heart.

The captain's account of the celebration of high mass in the Mission church a few days later, on a saint's day, is also interesting, I think. There was a pretty procession of young Indian girls in scarlet petticoats and white bodies, and when the bells ceased tolling, the huts of the neophyte village were searched for possible truants by *alguazils* armed with long-lashed whips which they used "with tolerable freedom" when any shirkers were found. The church was crowded. The *alguazils* with whips and goads stood in the aisle that separated the congregation into two parts, and kept all in a kneeling position and otherwise orderly, the goads being particularly handy for this, "as they would reach a long way and inflict a sharp puncture without making any noise."

Apropos of the discipline by whipping, of which much has been made by the antagonists of the Padres, it should be borne in mind that a century ago Solomon's precept about the rod was still a generally accepted tenet of right education, and in Spanish California it was no very unusual thing for grown white men to be spanked by their offended fathers. Doubtless, now and then, some zealous Padre (believing that, if a little is good, more is better) overdid the matter; but in a general way one should not think hardly of the missionaries for resorting to the practice with their misbehaving red children (who, indeed, never grew up), for it was meant as a corrective. "But, Padre, it hurts," complained one Nazario,

when Fray Magín, saint though he was, prescribed a whipping for some moral infirmity. "Of course it does, *mijo*, but the pains of hell hurt worse," returned the Padre, having an eye to Nazario's future.[1]

The Indians usually took their birching philosophically, doubtless being quite aware of their shortcomings, and would then go off pleasantly enough about their business. Old Josafat, living as late as 1847, and who had been cook at San Antonio, used to tell that, when Padre Sancho had an indigestion, Josafat would be made to pay for it with six or eight lashes; which may or may not have been evenhanded justice; but Josafat seems to have appreciated the grim logic of it and not to have protested. There was a different case at San José, when a certain Cosumne Indian, who had been recently baptized and had received the shirt and blanket of neophytism, committed some breach of good order that entailed a whipping. This angered the man and he threw the blanket and shirt back at the Father, crying, in true Fenimore Cooper style, "Padre, take back your Christianity. I want none of it. I go back a pagan to my people!"

For over sixty years the missionaries "for the conquest" in California had been recruited from the Franciscan College of San Fernando in the City of Mexico. These Brothers were called, on this account, Fernandinos, and were almost without exception Spaniards by birth. As time went on, that establishment became unable to supply friars to replace the vacancies occurring in the province by death and departure; and, in 1833, ten missionaries of a new sort were sent up from

[1] "We have begotten the neophytes for Christianity," writes one of the Fathers, "by means of our labor for them. . . . We therefore use the authority which Almighty God concedes to parents for the education of their children, now exhorting, now rebuking, now also chastising when necessity demands." The Spanish law took the same view of the matter and prescribed a maximum of lashes, and other details.

Mexico — Franciscans still, but of another college — that of Our Lady of Guadalupe at Zacatecas. These Zacatecans were not Spaniards but Mexicans; most of them were inferior both in intellect and character to the Fernandinos; and their habits were rather free compared with those of the more austere old Spaniards. As the two sorts did not fraternize well, they decided to keep apart, the newcomers taking the northern Missions and the Fernandinos the southern. The successor of Padre Durán at San José was one of these Zacatecans — the flower of them all — Padre José María de Jesus Gonzalez Rubio. His term there was from 1833 to 1842, and that he was able to save something for his Mission from the wreck of secularization is testified by De Mofras. The latter, in 1841, found this active young Mexican still with a flock of four hundred well-conditioned neophytes about him — the *alcaldes* cutting quite a dash in blue cloak, jacket, and pantaloons, red waistcoat and sash, black silk cravat, and great felt sombrero. Gonzalez, indeed, seems to have been the equal of an old Fernandino in ability, zeal, and right living, and his neophytes called him "El Santo." Later he became president of the College of Franciscans at Santa Bárbara, where he died in 1875, the last of the old line of Franciscan missionaries in California. His successor at San José — Padre José María Real — was of quite another kidney. He was hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, and liked nothing better than to join a moonlight party of roistering blades to lasso bears or hunt deer. He had a pretty taste in horseflesh and rode superbly, a scarlet *faja* about his waist beneath his gray gown. When more sedate priests would rebuke him for his loose ways, he would laugh and say debonairly, "I am only a Mexican Franciscan, you know, and I was brought up in the saddle." So Guadalupe Vallejo tells us.

II

The Music of the Missions

In nothing were the early Padres of California more remarkable, and more admirable, than in the many-sidedness of their efforts for their Indian charges. No doubt the friars were chosen partly with this "handy man" qualification in view, and it is certainly to this that is due very greatly the astonishing and quick success that the Missions attained. The Franciscan missionary must be priest, agriculturist, explorer, engineer, artist, physician, architect, artisan, and trader, all in one. The modern "Institutional Church" idea is not exactly modern, after all.

It was certain that among the agencies for civilizing the California natives, music should take a foremost place. The Fathers were, almost without exception, men of fine culture, and music having been a main feature in their previous monastic life, many of them, no doubt, looked to the same refreshing source for solace and recreation in their solitary field of labor, finding in it a charm to soothe not only the savage breast, but that of the savage's hard-worked and oft-discouraged Mentor as well.

We can hardly suppose, considering the circumstances, that the results were of a high order artistically. The California Indian stood very low in the aboriginal scale, far lower, in fact, than the Indians of the eastern part of the continent at the coming of the whites. But — though this may seem a fanciful idea — perhaps the characteristics of the California native, his sadness, his half-conscious abasement, even his lethargy, are the very traits that would make him susceptible to music of the solemn Gregorian mode; just as, to carry it

further, the same traits may well have prepared him to listen with sympathy and comprehension to the story of a Crucifixion, a Way of Tears and Blood, of Humility and Betrayal, with Hope all set upon another life than this. The reader who has once heard the singing of our Indians will know what I mean. To me there is nothing more moving, more deeply pathetic, in the range of sound, than that sonorous, mournful Indian voice, whether heard in some majestic choral of the Church, or as, brooding over guitar or mandolin, the dusky singer murmurs some soft Spanish love-song: a strange, high tenor that is like — I know not what; yes, like love itself, but a joyless, Indian love. Poor Reynaldo! after twenty years I can see and hear you yet, singing to your mandolin in the dim corner of the old adobe cottage in Sonora town.

But this is by the way. In spite of many drawbacks the Fathers succeeded, at nearly all if not all the Missions, in training acceptable choirs, both vocal and instrumental. A main difficulty, at this distance from civilization (which to them meant Mexico City), was that of providing instruments. Such as they had were mostly, no doubt, of native manufacture; but what a triumph of patience and ingenuity does the fact represent, when one thinks of what California was a hundred years ago: Farthest Africa to-day is hardly an unfair comparison. Yet, cultivated travelers have spoken with admiration of the music they heard proceed from those rude Indian instruments and instrumentalists; and it may, indeed, be taken as a fair index of the success of the Mission plan in general that this best, gentlest of the Muses should have thus early found a home among the unhopeful race who had come under the Fathers' influence. We may even take it as a token (if that pleases our local patriotism) of the future leadership of California in musical affairs. But however the future may be, I think that St. Francis himself, "jongleur of the Lord,"

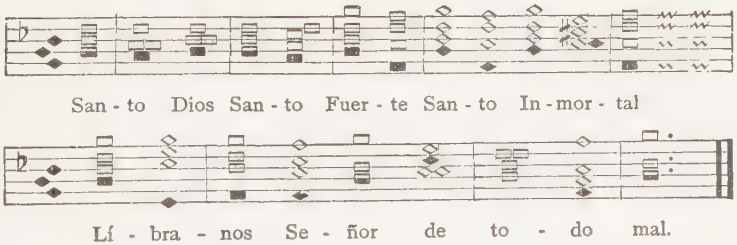
and lover of music as of all sweet and guileless things, must have had much joy of those somewhat crude flutings and fiddlings and hornings, where he (as we may hope) had spiritual cognizance of them.

The one of the Missions that seems to have been preëminent in things musical was San José. Here ruled, as has been said, Fray Narciso Durán, a most harmonious friar, whose joy and pride was an orchestra of no less than thirty performers, with violins, flutes, trumpets, and drums; a veritable triumph, Padre Narciso. One may judge of his musical caliber by the fact recorded of him that he would even stop the service of the church rather than suffer to pass without correction some discord that offended his soul. He was composer, moreover, as well as conductor. A Catalan by birth, to him is credited the music of a mass known as *La Misa Catalana*. This composition, once much sung at the Missions, had faded almost into a tradition when, a month or two ago, Father O'Sullivan, the resident priest of San Juan Capistrano, had the good fortune to unearth two complete scores of the music, which had lain, unsuspected, for many a year in the possession of one of his parishioners.

It is a pleasant picture that Robinson gives of Padre Durán. "A venerable old man . . . generous, benevolent. . . . The Indians not only revered him as their spiritual father and friend, but seemed almost to adore him. . . . So acute was the ear of the priest that he would detect a wrong note instantly, and chide the erring performer. I have often seen the old gentleman, bareheaded, in the large square of the Mission, beating time against one of the pillars of the corridor, whilst his music was in rehearsal." Here is another subject for some California artist — the quaint, shock-headed crew, as far from uniform, I suspect, in time and tone as in coats and breeches, all eyes intent on the *batôn* of the perspiring conductor as he

hopefully thumps away, cheering on the dusky sons of Orpheus. Such was the germ, indeed, such *was*, California's first Symphony Orchestra. And talk about local color!

Another of the Padres who was musically (as well as otherwise) notable was Fray Esteban Tápis, whom we trace at sundry of the Missions, and finally occupying the position of president of the missionaries, from 1803 to 1812. It is to his painstaking hand that the Missions owed many of their finely written scores of the *Alabado*, the *Antiphonale*, and the other musical offices of the Church. Quaint-looking scores they are, to our eyes, the notes written as squares or diamonds, and on a stave sometimes of four or five and sometimes of six lines. The music being in general Gregorian, it was of course sung in unison; but there was not a little also of four-part choral singing. It is interesting to see that in such cases, in order to guide the Indian choristers through the dangerous maze, the notes of each part were written in a different color, the air perhaps in yellow, and the other parts in red, white, and black, respectively. At such accomplishments as this, of which a little example is shown below, it seems that Fray Esteban was specially proficient.



It is quite natural that such a good democrat as Fray Florencio Ibañez, of Soledad, should be found to shine in the most sociable of the arts. A man of temper as well as of temperament, Fray Florencio was a real acquisition to California,

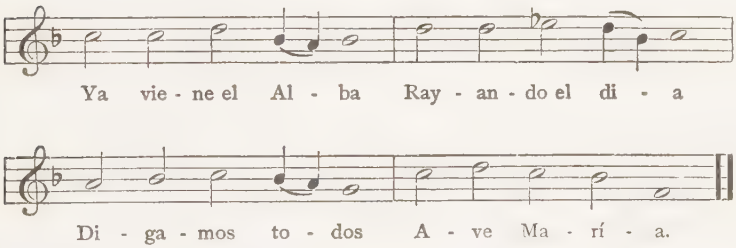
notwithstanding the little cloud under which he came from Mexico, where his muscular arm had floored some military jackanapes who had exceeded the limits of his forbearance. In California also, to the high and haughty Fray Florencio was always a humbling experience, but the lowly Indian found him ever the best of protectors and friends. It was he who composed for the delight and instruction of his people what was the most popular of those *pastorelas*, or simple religious plays, of which an account has been given in a previous chapter; and I will warrant that in Mission musical circles, Soledad stood high in the reign of Padre Florencio; for what Indian would not sing and play his best to please a priest who openly preached that in natural rights the Indian was the equal of the Spaniard, "a man for a' that"; and made good the doctrine day by day in practical terms of meat and drink? For the King's officer who stopped at Soledad ate the same Spartan fare as priest and neophyte, or went empty on his way: and clay of Indian got the same reverence as clay of *comandante* from Fray Florencio when funeral or burial were to be done. A fine Franciscan, Fray Florencio; one might say, a fine Christian, too.

Readers of "Ramona" (and that should be everybody) will remember the description of Father Salvierderra, rising at break of day, throwing open his window and beginning the sunrise hymn, soon joined by all within hearing. That is no touch of fancy or sentiment. It was an old custom in California — probably throughout Spain and Mexico as well — and one now not long extinct among Spanish Californians, that all in the household, led by its head or some one acting for him or her, should greet the new morning on awaking by the singing of a hymn. A beautiful action, surely: one of those gracious small things that give to the life and manners of Latin races a spontaneity, a touch of charm, that we of the Northern

blood recognize as excellent, though we neither could nor would — nor perhaps should — emulate. The favorite of all hymns for this purpose, and one that was evidently composed for these occasions, was what was known as *El Cántico del Alba* (the Canticle of the Dawn), a hymn addressed to the Virgin. I learn that it became among the Mission Indians of the old days a regular morning prayer, being sung in the huts at daybreak. Even when camping or traveling it was sung in the morning, the father and mother singing the hymn verse by verse, and the children repeating the first stanza after each verse, in the manner of a refrain.

I wish I could give the music here with its authentic harmonies (if it was originally so composed, as seems likely from the structure of the air); but diligent search has failed to produce a record of the music so written, either printed or in manuscript, and it may be that the harmonies were supplied at the taste of the singer.

EL CÁNTICO DEL ALBA



1. Ya viene el alba,
   Rayando el dia;
   Digamos todos
   Ave María.

2. Nació María
   Para consuelo
   De pecadores,
   Y luz del cielo.

1. Now comes the dawn,
   Brightening to the day.
   Hail, Mary, hail,
   Let us all say.

2. Born was Mary
   For Heaven's light
   And help of sinners
   In their plight.

3. Digamos todos
Con eficacia
Nació María
Llena de gracia.

4. Fue sola hermosa,
Sola María,
La que acompaña
La luz del dia.

5. Bella grandeza
No pudo ver
La sierpe fiera
Del Lucifer.

6. La sierpe fiera
Llora sus penas.
María le pone
Fuertes cadenas.

7. Respondan todos
Con alegría,
Viva Jesus,
Viva María,

8. Viva José,
Viva María,
Tambien que viva
La luz del dia.

9. Viene la aurora
Con alta luz:
Digamos todos
Amen, Jesus.

3. Let us all sing:
Help of our race
Was Mary born,
And full of grace.

4. Alone in beauty,
Unequaled one,
Mary, thou comest
Fair as the sun.

5. The ravening serpent,
Lucifer,
Quailèd before
The beauty of her.

6. The ravening serpent
Cowers in pain.
Mary puts on him
Fetters of chain.

7. Let all respond
In blithest accord,
Hail, Mary, hail,
Hail, Jesus, Lord.

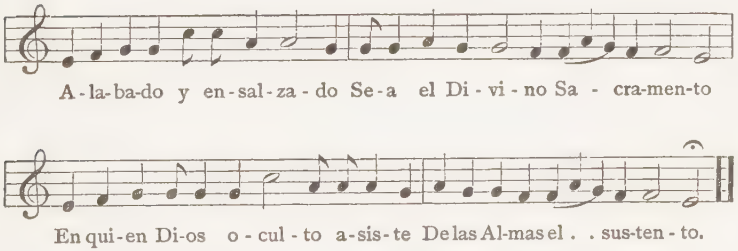
8. And Joseph, hail,
And Mary, hail,
And hail the light
That shall not fail.

9. Comes morning light,
Brightening to the day.
Amen, Jesus,
Let us all say.

Scattered here and there about California there are still a handful of old, very old, Indians whose wonderful faculty of memory has preserved some few of the hymns, chants, and chorals, that were most regularly used in the Mission services. One such is old Fernando Cárdenas, commonly known as Fernandito (little Fernando), of whom mention has been

made in the chapter on Mission Santa Inés. From his lips Father Alexander Buckler, priest of that Mission and model of industry, last year recorded by the phonograph some half-dozen of these. To Father Buckler I am indebted, thus, for the Spanish words of the foregoing *Cántico del Alba*, as also for the Spanish words and the music of the *Alabado*, or Song of Praise, a hymn which was ever on the lips of priest and neophyte, not alone at the services in the Missions, but when out on the frequent explorations and visitations, when it seems to have been often sung when breaking camp before the day's march began. Even as an ordinary greeting it is reported to have been sometimes used — said, not sung, one must suppose — a statement upon which further light would be welcome in view of there being four verses. I give it as it came from the lips of eighty-year-old Fernandito.

ALABADO



1. Alabado y ensalzado
Sea el Divino Sacramento,
En quien Dios oculto asiste
De las almas el sustento.

2. Y la limpia Concepción
De la Reyna de los Cielos,
Que quedando Virgen pura,
Es Madre del Verbo Eterno.

1. Praisèd and exalted
Be the Divine Sacrament,
Wherein the hidden Lord abides,
Of souls the sustenance.

2. And [praised be] the pure conception
Of the Queen of the Heavens
Who, Virgin immaculate,
Is Mother of the Eternal Word.

3. Y el bendito San José,
Electo por Dios inmenso
Para padre estimativo
De Su Hijo el Divino Verbo.

3. And the blessed Saint Joseph,
Chosen by God the Almighty
For the reputed father
Of His Son, the Divine Word.

4. Esto es por todos los siglos
Y de los siglos. Amen.
Amen, Jesus y María:
Jesus, María, y José.

4. This is for all ages
And for ever. Amen.
Amen, Jesus and Mary:
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

A generation has passed since Stevenson wrote of his visit to Carmel. At that time one might hear there, and perhaps at other Missions, the choral singing of a number of the Indians who then remained in the neighborhood of their old haunts: an experience which Stevenson thus feelingly relates: —

". . . the Indians troop together, their bright dresses contrasting with their dark and melancholy faces; and there, among a crowd of somewhat unsympathetic holiday-makers, you may hear God served with perhaps more touching circumstances than in any other temple under heaven. An Indian, stone-blind and about eighty years of age, conducts the singing; other Indians compose the choir; yet they have the Gregorian music at their finger ends, and pronounce the Latin so correctly that I could follow the music as they sang. The pronunciation was odd and nasal, the singing hurried and staccato. 'In sæcula sæculo-ho-horum,' they went, with a vigorous aspirate to every additional syllable. I have never seen faces more vividly lit up with joy than the faces of these Indian singers. It was to them not only the worship of God, nor an act by which they recalled and commemorated better days, but was besides an exercise of culture, where all they knew of art and letters was united and expressed. And it made a man's heart sorry for the good fathers of yore who had taught them to dig and to reap, to read and to sing, who had

given them European mass-books which they still preserve and study in their cottages, and who had now passed away from all authority and influence in that land — to be succeeded by greedy land-thieves and sacrilegious pistol-shots. So ugly a thing may our Anglo-Saxon Protestantism appear beside the doings of the Society of Jesus."

Among those aged choristers were doubtless some who were the children of Indians whom Serra himself had taught to sing the music of the Church, for it was then not a century since the great Franciscan missionary had passed away. One's mind goes back over that century to the scene, described by his friend and biographer, Fray Francisco Palou, that followed his death at that same Mission. We see the sorrowing natives, to whom Junípero Serra had been more than in churchly title a Father, bringing from the fields their bunches of common wild flowers of every color, among them, no doubt, many a bouquet of those wild roses, "like those of Castile," for which the dead priest kept ever the warmest place in his heart. When the door of the cell where he lies is opened, they are already there, waiting to press in and cover with their offerings, consecrated with love and faithful tears, the body of their friend. And when, next day, the last rites are to be done, the Indians gather sadly in the church, to chant, "as well as they could for their sobs and lamentations," the solemn service for the dead.

Only the other day it fell to my lot to hear, at another of the Missions, that same solemn music of the Requiem Mass. I had been the guest, for a few most pleasant days, of Father O'Sullivan, at Mission San Juan Capistrano. On the last morning of my visit I was wandering, soon after daybreak, among the yellowing walnut-groves that fill the valley of the little San Juan River, when the sound of the bells, rung as for a death or a burial, came to my ears. Old Acú, one of the last

remaining three of the San Juaneños (as the Mission Indians of San Juan were called), was the ringer, as he has been, I suppose, at every death for a generation and a half of time.

(six times repeated)

So called the bells, and by the two heavy strokes that followed I knew that it was a woman for whom we were bidden to pray (for a man, three would be sounded).

I turned and made my way back to the Mission. Soft rolls of mist veiled the summits of the *lomas*, shining in the brightening light like feathers from the plumed wings of some mighty angel of the dawn. The new grass of the California autumn-spring was gray as yet with dew. "Very early in the morning . . . they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun": the words of the Evangelist came to my mind. The sun came up. From gray of pearl the dew flashed into glitter of diamond. Bees came slowly humming about, and the Father's pigeons filled the air with *whick*, *whick* of rapid wings. Then black-shawled women, two or three only, began to arrive, and passed slowly up the path to the church. They might well have been those faithful women who came "bringing the spices which they had prepared, that they might anoint Him." Already the Father is in the sacristy, with two boys of the village who are to assist at the altar. For half an hour Doña Engracia has been at work preparing the *tumba* or catafalque, which now occupies the center of the church. Candles burn upon it and on the altar, and above it rises the token of the Christian hope, the crucifix. Three men (French, I think) from a neighboring ranch, who are to sing, come in and pass up to the gallery; then another, in sweater and leggings, carrying a violin. Then arrive four relatives of the dead

woman, a few of the regular attendants at early mass, and, last, old Apolonia, heralded by the loud tap-tapping of her stick on the tiled floor of the corridor. As she stiffly kneels in her accustomed place, her rosary rattles like a faint salute of musketry.

The violin breaks the silence. The priest enters, and the service begins. From the gallery comes the wail of violin, the strong, sonorous singing of men — *Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison, Kyrie Eleison;* and then that mournful, beautiful, immemorial music of the Catholic Mass for the Dead.

Old Acú creeps past me as I kneel, and goes out. Suddenly, startlingly, again the two solemn strokes are sounded, breaking upon the chanting of the men and the murmuring voice of the priest.

The service ends and I go out. The day is all a glory, after that dim candle glimmer. The altar-boys rush off on their bicycles to breakfast; the Frenchmen get into a wagon and drive briskiy away. Early tourists already are gazing and photographing, and an artist is arranging his easel.

To end this sketch of the music of the Missions, here is something of a different kind, a little cradle-song, taken down recently by my good entertainer above referred to, from the lips of Antonio Leyva, and passed on by him to me. Such items, much in the nature of folk-lore, are a treasure trove to students of olden California affairs, and this little verse, especially in the original, has, I think, a rather particular charm: —

Pajarito, amarillito,
Colorcito de limon,
Como quieres que te cante
Si me duele el corazon?

Little bird, yellow bird,
Golden of wing,
With my heart breaking
How canst thou sing?

Chapter Twenty

DOLORES

I

Mission Dolores and the Two Missions of the Contra Costa

In my quest of the old "Mission of Our Seraphic Father Saint Francis of Assisi," the electric car left me at Sixteenth and Dolores Streets. At the priest's house I inquired of a woman of comfortable rotundity, who answered my ring, the way of admittance to the old Mission church of the Franciscans.

"You mean the adobe," she said, and directed me around the corner.

It was something of a shock to hear this cradle of the Pacific Coast metropolis disposed of in such short fashion; but upon the average twentieth-century American the ethical worth of the Lady Poverty, it is to be feared, is largely lost. So the humble chapel of the Franciscans can hardly be expected to compete in public esteem with the overshadowing, double-towered church edifice which that morning was in process of construction on the land where the old red-tiled corridors of the Mission once ran. Men in their latter-day union-labor overalls, with the alert help of steam and electricity, were swinging huge steel beams about as easily as though they were straws, fashioning blocks of stone and dropping them into place, driving iron bolts and hammering rivets — here where a century and a quarter before a tonsured priest or two, gray gown tucked up in girdle, and a crowd of slow-moving, vacant-faced Indian neophytes at their heels, were moulding adobes, hewing timbers, and making tule thatch.

Yet to the same end all — the housing of the mysteries of an unchanging faith, that they might be applied to salvation of human souls which generation after generation are born into the same unchanging need.

Of the original Mission establishment with its quadrangular arrangement of church, living-apartments, shops, and storehouses, and its Indian village of huts clustered about it like chicks about the mother hen, only the church part now stands. The door stood open, and within a bullet-headed Irishman with two lame legs hummed a ditty as he scrubbed the floor. He gave me a cheery welcome and, picking up his crutches, began the tour of the bare, darkling interior with me, reciting as he went his little stock of stories. I am ashamed to say I have forgotten most of them. They had to do, I believe, with altar furnishings and wooden carvings brought up from Mexico by ship and ox cart; and I do remember his apologizing for the condition of the walls. These had formerly borne the usual crude decorations by Indian neophytes, but now presented a monotonous expanse of modern hard plaster spread to keep the original coating from being stolen piecemeal by souvenir collectors. One can but wonder what the public has gained by this method of circumventing robbery — the cure seems on a par with the disease.

Although religious services are no longer held regularly within the old building, it was pleasant to learn that now and then a marriage is solemnized at the ancient altar — of people, sometimes, who were baptized in the church and are alive to the sentiment of such a matter.

A feature of the Mission is the cemetery, well known to readers of Bret Harte — a weedy, tangled, down-at-the-heel cemetery, with the tombs and headstones at all angles, yet, in a way, more eloquent of the past than the taciturn old church; for every headstone tells a story. The most famous

IN THE CEMETERY, MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO

monument, perhaps, is a marble shaft above the remains of Don Luis Antonio Argüello, first governor of Alta California under republican Mexico, and brother of the heroine of California's most famous romance. And somewhere in unmarked graves by the Mission walls are generations of Indians — ten thousand of them, they say.

Cosmopolitan, like the city that has risen about it, is this old *campo santo*, where Spanish and Italian, French and American, English and Irish and Indian, lie in peace together at last — particularly the Irish. The place is musical with their names — the Kellys and Burkes and Byrneses, the Cronins and Gallaghers, the Sheehans and Noonans, the Keenans and O'Briens, the McMahons, the McGinnises and McNamaras. All feuds stilled, their grimy, mossy headstones are cut deep with verses — alas, that they must be such doggerel! — voicing humanity's universal longing for a remeeting in a world where aching hearts and broken heads are known no more forever. Hamlet would have found this old Mission graveyard quite as much to his humor, I think, as was Elsinore's. For ready wit I would match almost any one of these Celtic skulls against Dane Yorick's.

A neatly barbered, right-angled *campo santo* would be more respectful to the buried, I suppose; but somehow the half-wild tangle of this, with its unkempt malva rosas, its unrestrained myrtle wandering in gypsy freedom over rail and walk, its unpruned rosebushes, seems quite in keeping with the patriarchal, pastoral California, contemporaneous with the old Mission, the memory of which we cherish. Less than a century and a half ago, the vast city that has now all but swallowed up this God's acre was not even dreamed of; and all this Mission district of San Francisco, with solid rows of houses, street on street, was a sequestered wilderness valley where wild strawberries reddened in the summer sun, yerba

buena yielded up its minty incense to the dainty tread of deer, and naked Indians came and went.

Into it one March day of 1776 came riding that sturdy Spaniard Colonel Juan Bautista Anza, of whom we heard at San Gabriel. He had lately performed the unprecedented feat of convoying overland from Mexico to Monterey, through deserts and over mountains pathless until then, a band of colonists for the founding of a town at the port of San Francisco — which port, though discovered seven years before, had remained unoccupied. Leaving the colonists at Monterey, Anza with a small escort went ahead to decide upon the sites for Mission and Presidio. In this pretty valley two miles from the bay shore, he found all requisites for a Mission foundation — timber, stone, arable ground, water, and Indians. The water was supplied by a spring flowing into a large pond, whose margin was a couple of modern city blocks eastward of the present Mission. It was the Friday before Palm Sunday, the feast day of Our Lady of Sorrows (*Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*, in Spanish) and the stream was accordingly named *El Arroyo de los Dolores*. Later the pond became known as *La Laguna de los Dolores*, and in process of time this same name Dolores came to be attached in popular parlance to the Mission, though the proper name for the latter has always been San Francisco de Asís. It was St. Francis of Assisi's Mission, not the Sorrowing Mother's.

In the wake of Anza, the founding party from Monterey arrived — priests, soldiers, men and women colonists with their children, muleteers, *vaqueros*, and some christianized Indians to help in the communication with the raw Gentiles of the region. It was a motley procession enough, some afoot, some a-horseback, with a mule pack-train and a herd of three hundred cattle, for cattle in Old California formed the bedrock of material wealth as in those more ancient days of the

race when money and cowhides were synonymous. Doubtless the dryad of the old willow in whose shade we loitered and which grows still "beside the deep, brown wall" of the church, just as it did when Bret Harte long ago wove it into his sketch (though the deep, brown wall is now prosily sheathed in wood) — doubtless this dryad might have told a picturesque tale of that 9th of October, 1776, when the Mission was formally founded — of the blessing of the ground and its sprinkling with holy water; of the planting and the venerating of the great wooden cross, and the procession of priests and soldiers and colonists, with the image of the Seraphic Father St. Francis borne in triumph on his platform at the head amid the firing of guns and the chanting; and of the mass sung at the rustic altar set up in the little improvised brush chapel. Doubtless, if she is the sort of dryad I think she is, she would have enjoyed telling of this to sympathetic auditors, and how Padre Francisco Palou, one of the *ministros fundadores*, worked with the Indians at the raising of the first little chapel of wood with roof of thatch, that served the Mission for eight years before this adobe building was finished.

This, assuming that the old willow was here when the Padres came; but as to that, *quien sabe?* The Irish caretaker said, as I bade him good-bye, that the story told *him* was that the tree had grown from a switch of a thing planted by the grave of the first child buried in the churchyard. I hope he is wrong and that the tree is older than that — perhaps transplanted from the willowy strand of that *Laguna de los Dolores;* for I am loath to give up that dryad of 1776.

To Padre Palou California owes her first book, an account of the life and labors of Junípero Serra. It was during Palou's incumbency at the Mission Dolores, between 1776 and 1784, that he wrote the work, "amid the heathen surroundings of the port of San Francisco." It is a narrative of more general

interest than one might imagine from the subject and tells many an incident of the sort that everyday folk like to know, about the first fifteen years of the Spanish occupation of the country. A certain monkish point of view that tinctures the style adds a sort of piquancy for the lover of old-time matters. There is the Padre's gossip about the Gentile Indians of the San Francisco peninsula, for instance. It may be a little lacking in scientific exactness to suit the ethnologist, but it is enlivened with many a human touch that the general reader would not willingly spare; as his statement of their going about unclothed "like little Adams [*Adamitos*] without a blush, that is, the men," the women, it seems, being "honestly" attired in a sort of divided skirt of native fiber cloth.

A fact that adds to the glory of the Franciscan "conquest" is that the California Indian was never in the class with his alert red brethren east of the Sierras. The Californians were markedly lacking in those picturesque qualities that have contributed to our interest in other Indians. Of low mentality individually, their social organization was the most primitive; and, although they gathered themselves into small villages, there was no chief in a political sense, each family being a good deal of a law to itself. They were cowardly and light-fingered. At San Diego, within a few days after their first sight of a white man, they stole the very sheets from the invalid soldiers' beds and cribbed Padre Serra's spectacles to the poor Father's great discomfort, till the thief was caught with the property on him and was known forever after as Barabbas; while Anza tells of a curious tribe in the San Jacinto country, called by the Spaniards *dansantes*, who at pilfering were expert equally with feet and hands. As horse-thieves, the California Gentiles became disquietingly adept; but even their operations in this respect were hopelessly prosy, for they ran off the horses not to ride them, but to eat them.

To their indisposition to fight, combined with lack of social organization, is due the fact that a handful of Spaniards were able to maintain themselves in dominion over fifty thousand Indians in the Mission territory.

Sickness made appalling inroads among the San Francisco neophytes. One summer day of 1814 there was buried in the *campo santo* of the Mission Dolores an old Indian woman named Biridiana, and Padre Abella who registered the burial added this note: "The last adult that saw the first ministers who founded the Mission. . . . For six leagues roundabout all have died of those who saw the first Fathers; and of those born since few are they who live."

That tells the health story of the first thirty-eight years at San Francisco. To the Padres, who before all else were physicians of the soul, and scarcely at all of the body, the mortality was very surprising. "These Indians," they marveled, "are more brittle than glass" (*mas frágiles que el vidrio*). Unable to stem the advancing tide of death, the missionaries decided at last to establish an *asistencia* in a more healthy situation. They fixed upon a site northward across the bay — the region called the *Contra Costa* — in a quiet cove of the wooded hills opening to the water, but sheltered from the harsh ocean winds. Here on December 14, 1817, was founded the Mission San Rafael Arcángel, at first used as a sort of sanatorium for San Francisco. Its dedication to the Archangel Raphael was "in order that this most glorious prince, who in his name expresses 'the healing of God,' may care for bodies as well as souls."

The friar whose name is especially associated with Mission San Rafael is Padre Juan Amorós, a kindly man of fine ability, who served from the founding until his death in 1832. He had formerly been Presidio chaplain at Monterey, whither on Sundays he would come from Carmel with a store of sweet

figs, dates, and raisins in his sleeve to distribute to the children at Sunday-School. Rare Padre Juan! His saintly memory even until recent years was cherished by old Spanish people of the San Francisco Bay region, and Guadalupe Vallejo has given us a pleasant story of that same sleeve that won fame at Monterey. It seems that Padre Juan, while at San Rafael, was in the habit of carrying his dinner in it when he went abroad — an ear of dry corn roasted over the coals. One noon, during the Padre's absence to oversee the neophytes at work at a distant part of the Mission lands, some travelers called, thinking to get an invitation to a free dinner, after the hospitable Mission custom. When informed by the matter-of-fact Indian servant that there was no dinner for them, because the Padre had gone away and taken the dinner in his sleeve, the wayfarers departed in an ill humor, and were well bantered when the joke on them leaked out.

Never a very prosperous establishment, San Rafael rapidly fell to pieces after secularization, and De Mofras found it a ruin in 1841 — with, however, some superb tobacco plants in the old garden, and twenty Indians and an Irishman named Murphy on the land. To-day no vestige of the Mission remains. Nevertheless the work of the Church still goes forward in the beautiful little city that has grown up on the Mission's land. In the midst of a garden of magnolias and palms, apricot and orange trees, fragrant beds of roses, lilies, and violets, and glowing banks of geraniums, a Catholic church lifts its cross-tipped spire, and holds an open door to the devout. Though my worshiping of God is after the way which Rome calls heresy, I hoped it was not an intrusion to step inside and bow my spirit for a moment in silent prayer. It was a lofty interior, rather splendid, in fact, with pictures and decorations, and statues with candles burning before them; and the sunlight streaming through stained-glass win-

dows gave a certain pure joyousness to the place, more to my mood just then than any sermon could have been. The murmurs of children's voices at recitation in the Dominican Sisters' school next door floated in, a dreamy music, and by and by their exercise ended in a hymn.

Whether by automobile or train, it is a picturesque ride from Sausalito, across the bay from San Francisco, to the historic old pueblo of Sonoma, in the "Valley of the Moon," where you will find amid vineyards and orchards some remnant of that omega of the Franciscan establishments, the Mission San Francisco Solano.

The manner of this Mission's coming into being was not altogether orthodox. When the nineteenth century was still newly turned of twenty, there came to Mission Dolores a young friar, José Altimira by name, full of missionary zeal and, it would seem, conceit of Padre José Altimira. The moribund condition of Dolores, due to the sickliness of the neophytes and infertility of the soil, proved such a damper to his ambition that he decided to move the Mission across the bay to some new site and take San Rafael along for good measure. He obtained from the new Mexican governor Argüello and the legislature the needful permission, and, without waiting for the sanction of his ecclesiastical superiors, the heady young priest looked up a spot to his mind in the Sonoma Valley where the climate and soil were good and the field of unharvested Gentilism promising. There on July 4, 1823, he blithely planted the cross of his new Mission, which he called New San Francisco. The veto of the Padre Presidente, scandalized by such action *sine privilegio*, soon brought matters to a standstill, however; and it was not until after a lengthy wrangle in the interest of right procedure that the fiery friar was permitted to go ahead. The following spring saw the completion of the first church, which was built of

boards and whitewashed, while much of the furnishing was the gift of the Russians at Bodega Bay, who, possibly with a view to future trade, felt the advisability of establishing an *entente cordiale* with the new enterprise. The dedication was on April 4, 1824, when, first, the Mission was put under the patronage of St. Francis Solanus. But, after all, this Mission was born out of time: the sun of the Mission day was at its setting, and the new establishment was hardly under way before the night of secularization swallowed it up. The Russian explorer, Von Kotzebue, at the time of his second visit to California, in the autumn of 1824, speaks of this Mission as "peeping from amid the foliage of ancient oaks." To-day there are no ancient oaks about it, and the building, far from peeping, stands nakedly in the open at the corner of two cross-streets, a towerless, barnlike structure of adobe under a shingle roof with a big wooden cross. This, with one corridored wing, is all that remains of the former establishment. Much of it, indeed, is an evident restoration, due, I believe, to the interest of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, whose plan includes still more restoring and the ensconcing of an historical museum within the chapel. The morning of my call, all was inhospitality. The door was locked and the windows barricaded; and thus was frustrated my cherished desire to see the resting-place of Doña María Ignacia Lopez de Carrillo. She, I had gathered in some of my skimming of historical cream, was a lady of interesting associations. The daughter of a soldier of the guard at Mission San Gabriel, she married another man of war, one Joaquin Carrillo, of local fame in his day as a violinist and for having once been sentenced to the stocks by his *comandante* for taking an unconscionable time to tune his fiddle. Whether of his own desire or that of her family I do not know, but the lady's remains were buried under the font of this Mission church of

Sonoma in order that she might profit by all future droppings of holy water at that spot. It was a conceit worthy of her picturesque race — a humble sort of echo of that more grandiose act of the royal builder of the Escorial, whose burial vault in the palace chapel was so placed as to catch the sound of the masses that should be said at the altar there for all time.[1]

San Francisco Solano's last *cura* was the picturesque Padre José Lorenzo de la Concepción Quijas. He is thought to have been an Ecuadorian Indian, and in early life was a muleteer; but, being crossed in love, he abandoned the pack-saddle for the cowl of St. Francis. He was a big man physically, with a kind heart, and a preacher of some power, without fear of calling a spade a spade when dealing with contemporary misdoing. His muleteerism, however, seems never to have got out of his blood; or possibly his frequent visits to the Russian traders at Fort Ross undermined his morals; for it is said he had as light a foot at a dance as the best. As for drinking, Governor Alvarado, a good judge, held that the friar could put any man in California under the table. He had fallen on decadent times, poor Fray José, and perhaps one may not expect of Padres who are allowed curtained beds of down the austerity of spirit that is supposed to go with a bull hide laid on the floor and an adobe for a pillow. I find it pleasant to know that Padre Quijas lived to do better; for, in 1843, a Swedish traveler saw him at Mission San José, quite sober. Ah, well, "what's done, we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted."

[1] Doña María Ignacia was the mother-in-law of that General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, whose name still survives more or less mispronounced in a town on San Pablo Bay and in Vallejo Street, San Francisco. He was one of the best-known men in California in the days of the Mexican domination and of the American conquest, and perhaps the richest. Upon the grill of Gringoism, however, his real estate melted away like fat in the fire, and at the time of his death, in 1890, only his little home place, "Lacrima Montis," a mile or two out of Sonoma, remained to him of all his princely estate.

II

The Rose and the Pine

In the records of the early history of California, no name meets the eye more often than that of Argüello. First José Darío Argüello under Spain, and later Luis Antonio Argüello under Mexico, father and son, did their best, as acting governor and governor respectively, in guiding the troublous affairs of the province of Alta California. It is the last-named whose monument in the old cemetery of Mission Dolores at San Francisco is known, no doubt, to many of my readers, and whose name is preserved also by that Cape Argüello, on the stormy, fog-haunted coast just north of Point Conception, where a few years ago there occurred the tragic wreck of the steamship Santa Rosa.

But the name brings especially to mind a different kind of drama from that, — one which dwells in the recollection most, perhaps, because of its picturesque conjunction of characters. The sunny pastoral of the old California life, and the chill, semi-barbaric obscurity of the Russia of a century ago, make a strange contrast of backgrounds for even the world-wide action of love. Spanish-Californian heroine and Muscovite hero — it is an allotment that strikes the imagination, and that seems, perhaps, to carry in its very essence a threat of tragedy. The pine may sigh for the rose, but must not mate with it.

In the baptismal records of Mission Dolores, under the date of the 26th of February, 1791, may be read an entry of the baptism of a girl, born on the 13th of the same month, who was the daughter of Don José Argüello, Lieutenant-Captain and Commandant of the Royal Presidio of San Fran-

cisco, and who was christened in the names of María de la Concepción Marcela. Somewhere in far-away Russia, that day, perhaps with the Court at St. Petersburg, was a young noble, Count Nikolai Petrovich Rezánof, marked out by the Emperor for distinction, if all went well. And Fate, careless or careful — who can tell? — taking up the new thread of life, tied it with that of the Russian boy.

It is the year 1803 when we next meet our actors. Somewhere in those twelve years Fate had brought in another thread, twisted it with the Russian one, and snapped it off; but the first knot holds, and the lines are drawing together. Count Rezánof, now Imperial Chamberlain, having recently lost his young wife, is sent by his master on a special mission to Japan, in the hope that travel will benefit the young widower.

While he is busy about his negotiations, across the sea we find the girl Concepción already the most beautiful of California's daughters, the pride of her father Don José and her gallant brother Don Luis; and that is to say, the pride of the proudest family of Spanish California.

It was about this time that there began those persistent efforts of the Russians to gain a footing on California territory which led, a few years later, to the building of Fort Ross, near the mouth of the Russian River. It was as a preliminary to these attempts that in April, 1806, the frigate Juno sailed into San Francisco Bay, with Count Rezánof on board. "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" the poet says. How it may have been with Rezánof's earlier attachment one cannot tell; but now Fate brings her playthings together, the rose and the pine, and love kindles on the instant. Nothing strange, either. This is the description of the Señorita Concepción penned by Von Langsdorff, who was surgeon and naturalist on Rezánof's vessel: ". . . lively and animated,

with sparkling, love-inspiring eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form, and a thousand other charms, yet perfectly simple and artless."

Of Rezánof's personality we have no picture. Cynics will say that, at least mingled in the girl's feeling for the Russian, there was a foolish fascination for the polished courtier, the traveled man of the world, the representative of a great and wonderful empire. That would not be strange, for she was only fifteen, an inexperienced half-woman, half-child — and the glamour of great name and great station find plenty of followers, with less excuse, to-day. But the cynic, devil's advocate, has no evidence to bring: rather, all the facts point to the girl's attachment being a deep and pure one. There is, indeed, no reason why we should not believe the best of the beautiful Concepción's romance. Why should not that be wholly beautiful, too?

We can imagine the course of events for the lovers in that little isolated community of the San Francisco of a century ago. Everything that could be done would be done to show courtesy to the distinguished stranger. There would be dances on shore, dinners on shipboard, picnics and boating parties at which they would meet, while the charm of each daily grew upon the other. Diplomatic duties no doubt suffered, for Love and Beauty were Rezánof's mission at present. The matter ripened quickly, and before long he asked the girl to betroth herself to him. Her heart was given already, but she was a Spaniard, and her parents must be consulted. There came in the first shadow on their idyll. Rezánof was not a Catholic, and Don José and Doña Ygnacia objected. It may well be doubted whether a stronger point of objection was not that of the separation from their daughter that marriage would bring; be that as it may, backed by the Church on religious scruples, they forbade the match.

But Concepción, child as she was, was determined: she would not give up her lover. The parents were distracted; the priests even appealed to Rome; but in the end the girl's resolution prevailed. The marriage contract was drawn up, and a formal betrothal took place. Once more Love had laughed at difficulties, and, it seemed, had conquered. After all, the rose should grace the pine.

It was now necessary for the Count to return to St. Petersburg, both on diplomatic grounds and also in order to make arrangements for the marriage. A long journey that was, in those days, but the time should be as short as lover's haste could make it. So Rezánof sailed away for Kamchatka, whence he was to travel overland through the vast Siberian wastes, while Concepción Argüello, like a budding rose, indeed, would be preparing to bloom in fullest loveliness as a bride.

One wonders whether no shadowy warning ever crossed the girl's mind. Did the blast fall upon the rose like a deadly frost at some sunny noontide? Did thoughts of black robes and the cloister never cross her dreams of imperial splendors and silk array? Perhaps.

Something over a year had passed since the Juno's arrival. Then one day another vessel carrying the Russian ensign sailed into the bay. Among the assembled gazers Concepción watched with beating heart. Could he have returned so soon? Was all arranged? When should the wedding be? To think of it, the Countess Rezánof! And she already saw herself, what her lover had often told her she soon should be, the beauty of wonderful foreign cities, instead of merely Concepción Argüello, daughter of a poor commandant of this outlandish port of San Francisco. She ran home, went to her little room, and quickly getting out her best gown and her simple ornaments, made ready to receive her lover. Alas,

poor rose! Is there yet no thought of the coming lifelong sorrow?

Her mother is at the door, and calls her. "Yes, yes, I will come. I am almost ready, *madre mía*. Is he — is Count Nikolai . . . ?" Doña Ygnacia enters. There is that in her look that chills the girl's happy excitement. "Come to me, *niña mía*." Concepción comes slowly, her eyes, under the falling showers of dusky hair, searching her mother's face. "Kneel by me here, Conchita," says the mother. The long unused pet name of childhood strikes forebodingly upon the girl. "What is it, *madre mía?* Has he not come? Is it not his ship? I did not stay to see. . . . Why do you look at me so? He is not ill?"

Doña Ygnacia took the brush from the girl's hand and began to smooth the rich, dark hair. "*Ay de mí, Chita mía, ay de mí!* Yes, he is ill. No, he is . . . Holy Mother! how can I tell the child? Listen, *Chita mía:* Count Nikolai will not come back — no, never. He had an accident; his horse . . . Ah, *Dios!* poor child! It is well, indeed, that you pray!" For Concepción had understood. Pale as death, she had risen and walked to where the little crucifix hung beside her bed. There she knelt, white and tearless, while her heart aged from the eager, happy heart of a girl, all but a bride, to the dulled, unexpecting heart of a woman who suddenly knew that life, in holding out to her a splendid prize, had meant only to trap her into centering all upon it, and then — to mock her.

Her mother waited for a time in silence, then, half frightened at the girl's stillness, she went to her, and, kneeling, again smoothed the glossy hair, murmuring from time to time, "*Ay de mí, mi pobrecita! ay de mí, corazon!*" After a while the girl rose and said quietly, "Tell me, my mother." And Doña Ygnacia told her what Don José had learned from the officers on the ship, that while crossing the Siberian desert

Count Rezánof had been thrown from his horse and killed. His servant had buried the body, and gone on with his master's papers to St. Petersburg. That was all. And so the thread that Fate had twined with the life of Concepción Argüello had been broken off and carelessly tossed away in some desolate, unnamed solitude, while hers was left to pursue its way to the end, alone.

The next day, Concepción, pale and calm, asked her mother to get her the dress of a *beata*, — one who, without having taken religious vows, has devoted herself to works of charity. Her parents little thought that she would persist long in the mood, and to humor her made no opposition. And so the beautiful Concepción, Rose of California (a poor, drooping rose, now), passed into La Beata Bellísima, seen no more at the balls and gayeties of the little port, but to be found henceforth at the bedsides of sick Indians, or helping the Fathers at the Mission in teaching the children the Christian Doctrine and Catechism.

For it was not a passing mood. There was something in the girl of sixteen that went deeper than her father and mother had sounded: some root of asceticism, it may be, come down from old Spanish ancestors; but why not, rather, the deep, eternal woman's heart turning, by Heaven-given instinct, with its wound, to that only deeper fountain of love, the Heart of God? In any case, from the day the news came to her of the death of her lover, Concepción Argüello pursued steadfastly the life — barren and cheerless, it would appear to many of us, as those chill Siberian wastes — of one divorced, or, say, widowed, from the world. As years pass, we trace her at Santa Bárbara, where suitors tried in vain to break her purpose; in Mexico; then for years at the Mission of Soledad (that "gloomiest, bleakest, most abject-looking spot in all California" — so a traveler about that time de-

scribed it), as a member of the Third Order of Franciscans. The long-desired refuge of a convent had not yet opened to her, but when, in 1850, the Bishop Alemany arrived in California, Concepción Argüello hastened to ask entrance into any religious house for women that might be established.

Accordingly, when, the next year, a convent of Dominicans was opened at Monterey, the first to enter was Concepción Argüello. And here she put away even the name that came with her from that long-past time of love, of visions, of romance. Her first name she kept, but it was as Concepción that she had ruled her little court of love and beauty. Sister María Dominica she now became, and with that, the world saw her no more. But let us rather think of her as Concepción, the rose of our sad little romance, to the end. And the end was now not far away. Somehow, one likes to think of her as habited in white, our sorrowful, broken rose, and such was her dress, in fact, both as novice and as professed nun. We follow her, then, in mind, a few years farther, a black-veiled, white-robed figure, moving day by day through the monotonous round of work, meditation, and prayer. Do dreams of silken gowns, of brilliant scenes, wit and laughter, still fall across her dreary, regulated thoughts, to be hurriedly put aside, no longer, perhaps, with a sob, but even now, after long years, with a sigh? It must be so, for that long constancy surely tells that Concepción Argüello was all a woman.

After three years the convent was removed from Monterey — now no longer the capital of a Mexican province — to Benicia, on the opposite side of San Francisco Bay from the rapidly growing new metropolis. Of the life of Concepción in these last years nothing is told; and indeed there could be nothing to tell, for her concern with the world had ended long before. For three years longer the half-life dragged out within the convent walls, and then it came to its release. In the

cemetery of the convent Concepción rests, under a cross of brown stone, on which the visitor reads only the words: —

SISTER MARÍA DOMINICA
O. S. D.

The records of the convent reveal the following touching entry: —

"In the Monastery of Saint Catharine of Siena at Benicia, California, died Sister María Dominica Argüello, December 23, 1857. She was buried on Christmas Eve, and was dressed in her white habit as a nun; she was carried on a bier into the chapel of the convent; first the cross-bearer bearing the cross, then the young girls of the convent followed dressed in black; then the novices in white, with white veils, carrying lighted tapers; then followed the professed nuns, with black veils and lighted tapers, signifying that she had gone from darkness up to light and life. After the solemn requiem service was ended, the last benediction of the Catholic Church was pronounced over her mortal remains, *Requiescat in pace*, dismissing a tired soul out of all the storms of life into the divine tranquillity of death. The next morning was Christmas Day, and we hope her pure spirit was joining in the angelic chorus, 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will,' and that she realized the fullness of that glorious sentence, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh. . . . I have seen God face to face, and my soul has been saved.' (Gen. xxxii, 26, 30.)"

Farewell, indeed, poor rose, and rest in peace!

THE END

HOW TO REACH THE MISSIONS

HOW TO REACH THE MISSIONS

San Diego — Private conveyance from the city of San Diego; or Kensington Park electric car on Adams Avenue to crossing of Mission Drive will take one within a mile of the Mission.

San Antonio de Pala — Santa Fé Railway to Oceanside; thence auto stage, twenty-five miles, to Pala.

San Luis Rey — Santa Fé Railway to Oceanside; thence stage five miles.

San Juan Capistrano — Santa Fé Railway to town of San Juan Capistrano.

San Gabriel — Southern Pacific Railway to town of San Gabriel. From Los Angeles the Pacific Electric cars are the most direct, passing in front of the Mission.

San Fernando — Southern Pacific Railway to Station of Fernando; thence one mile by electric car. From Los Angeles the Pacific Electric cars to San Fernando are the most direct, passing in front of the Mission.

San Buenaventura — Southern Pacific Railway to the city of Ventura.

Santa Bárbara — Southern Pacific Railway to the city of Santa Barbara.

Santa Inés — Southern Pacific Railway to Gaviota; thence stage seventeen miles. Or, Southern Pacific Railway to San Luis Obispo or Guadalupe; thence Pacific Coast Railway to Los Olivos, whence it is six miles by private conveyance to the Mission.

La Purísima — Southern Pacific Railway to Lompoc; thence four miles by private conveyance.

San Luis Obispo — Southern Pacific Railway to city of San Luis Obispo.

San Miguel — Southern Pacific Railway to town of San Miguel.

San Antonio de Padua — Southern Pacific Railway to King City; auto stage, twenty miles, to hamlet of Jolon; thence

six miles by private conveyance, if procurable. (The neighborhood is sparsely settled.)

Soledad — Southern Pacific Railway to town of Soledad; thence four miles by private conveyance.

San Carlos de Monterey (Carmel) — Southern Pacific Railway to Monterey; thence stage, five miles, to Carmel-by-the-Sea. The Mission is an easy mile walk from the latter town.

San Juan Bautista — Southern Pacific Railway to Sargent; thence six miles by stage.

Santa Clara — In town of Santa Clara on Southern Pacific Railway; or electric car from city of San José.

San José — Southern Pacific Railway to Irvington; thence four miles by stage.

San Francisco de Asís — In city of San Francisco, Dolores Street, near Sixteenth.

San Rafael — In town of San Rafael on California & Northwestern Railway from San Francisco.

San Francisco Solano — In the town of Sonoma, on California & Northwestern Railway from San Francisco.

PRONOUNCING GLOSSARY

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OF

SPANISH WORDS, PROPER NAMES, AND PHRASES

[The pronunciations given are according to Spanish-Californian usage, rather than Castilian. In Spanish America, the lisped *c* and *z* of Castile are not heard, initial and medial *g* is often elided, and the *l* sound in *l mouillée* (*ll*) is usually suppressed. In the given pronunciations, *ā* is sounded as in *ale*; *ē* as in *edict*; *ī* as in *ice*; *ō* as in *only*; and *h* as a rendering of Spanish *j* is guttural, almost like the German *ch*. The single *r* is to be trilled slightly, the double *r* strongly.]

Abella, Ramón: rah-mōn′ ah-bāl′ya.
Acú: ah-coo′.
Agua Caliente: ah′gwa cal-e-ān′tā; hot springs, lit. hot water.
Aguardiente: ah-gwar-de-ān′tā; brandy.
Agustín: ah-goos-teen′.
Alabado: ah-lah-bah′do; *p. part.* of *alabar*, to praise.
Alabanzas: ah-lah-bahn′sas; praises.
Albañil: ahl-bahn-yeel′; mason.
Alcalde: al-cahl′dā; overseer of a band of neophytes.
Alejandro: ah-lā-hahn′dro.
Alisos, los: lōs al-ee′sōs; the sycamores.
Alta: ahl′ta; upper. The peninsular part of the country was known as Baja (bah′ha, lower) California.
Altimira, José: hō-sā′ ahl-tē-mē′ra.
Alvarado: ahl-vah-rah′do.
Ambrís, Doroteo: do-ro-tā′o ahm-brees′.
Ambrosio: ahm-bro′se-o.
Amorós, Juan: hwahn ah-mō-rōs′.
Anita: ahn-ee′ta.
Antifonal: ahn-tē-fōn-ahl′.
Anza, Juan Bautista: hwahn bow-tees′ta ahn′sa (*bow* as in *bower*).
Argüello, Concepción: con-cep-cē-ōn′ ar-wā′yo.
Argüello, José Darío: hō-sā′ dah-ree′o ar-wā′yo.
Argüello, Luis Antonio: loo′is an-tō′nyo ar-wā′yo.
Arriero: ahr-re-ā′ro; muleteer.
Arrillaga, José Joaquin de: hō-sā′ hwah-keen′ dā arr-e-yah′ga.

Arroyo: arr-ō′yo; a small stream.
Arroyo de las Llagas: arr-ō′yo dā las yah′gahs; brook of the wounds [of St. Francis].
Arroyo Grande: arr-ō′yo grahn′dā; big brook.
Arturo: ar-too′ro.
Atole: at-ō′lā; a kind of gruel.
Ay de mí: ī dā mē; alas!

Ballena: bah-yā′na; whale.
Barbarita: bar-bar-ee′ta; dimin. of Bárbara.
Barrón, Silvestre: sēl-vās′trā bahr-rōn′.
Bartolo: bar-tō′lo.
Beata: bā-ah′ta.
Belén: bā-lān′; Bethlehem.
Bellisima: bā-yee′se-ma; most beautiful.
Bernardino: ber-nar-dee′no.
Borica: bor-ee′ca.
Boscana, Gerónimo: hā-rō′nē-mo bōs-cah′na.
Buchon: boo-chōn′; lit. a big craw, as of a fowl.
Buenas noches: bwā′nas nō′chās; good night, good evening.
Buen ginete en la sala: bwān he-nā′tā en la sah′la.
Bueno: bwā′no; good.
Busca cinco pies al gato teniendo cuatro: boos′ca seen′co pe-ās′al gah′to tā-ne-ān′do kwah′tro.

Caballero: cah-vah-yā′ro; gentleman, sir.
Cabot, Juan: hwahn cah-bōt′.
Cabot, Pedro: pā′dro cah-bōt′.
Cajon: cah-hōn′; box.
Calabasas: cah-lah-bah′sas; gourds.
Calesa: cah-lā′sa; chaise.
Camilo: cah-mē′lo.
Caminante, el: el cah-meen-ahn′tā; the traveler.
Camino real: cah-mē′no rā-ahl′; king's highway.
Campanario: cahm-pan-ah′re-o; belfry, campanile.
Campo santo: cahm′po sahn′to; cemetery, lit. a holy tract of ground.
Camulos: cah-moo′lōs.
Cañada: can-yah′da; valley.

Cañada de los Robles: can-yah′da dā los rō′blās; valley of the (deciduous) oaks.
Cántico del Alba: cahn′tē-co del ahl′ba; canticle of the dawn.
Cantor: cahn-tor′; singer, chorister.
Cara sucia: cah′ra soo′ce-a; clown, lit. dirty face.
Cárdenas, Fernando: fer-nahn′do car′dā-nas.
Carmelo: car-mā′lo.
Carpinteria: car-pin-ta-ree′a; carpenter shop; place so called because the Portolá expedition found Indians building a canoe there.
Carrillo, Joaquin: hwah-keen′ car-ree′yo.
Carrillo, María Ignacia Lopez de: mah-ree′a ig-nah′ce-a lō′pĕs dā car-ree′yo.
Catalá, Magín: mah-heen′ cah-ta-lah′.
Cavaller, José: hō-sā′ cah-vahl-yār′.
Cayucos: cah-yoo′cōs; canoes.
Cerro: cer′ro; hill.
Chaparral: chap-a-rahl′; underbrush.
Chaves, Antonio: an-tō′nyo chah′ves.
Chía: chee′a; a common plant of the sage family.
Cholo: chō′lo; Spanish-Indian half-breed of low caste.
Cielo: ce-ā′lo; interj. heavens!
Comandante: co-mahn-dahn′tā.
Comisario Prefecto: co-me-sah′re-o prā-fāc′to.
Como está: co′mo stah; colloquialism, how are you?
Compañero: com-pahn-yā′ro; companion.
Concepción: con-cep-cē-ōn′.
Conchita: con-chee′ta; pet name, equivalent of Concepción.
Convento: con-vān′to; the part of a Mission containing the living rooms.
Corazon: cor-ah-sōn′; heart; often used as a term of endearment.
Costansó, Miguel: mē-gāl′ cōs-tahn-sō′.
Crespí, Juan: hwahn cres-pee′.
Cristianitos, los: lōs cris-te-ahn-ee′tōs; dimin. of Cristianos.
Cristianos, los: lōs cris-te-ahn′ōs; the Christians.
Cuadro: kwah′dro; courtyard of a Mission; same as patio.
Cuesta: coo-āst′a; hill.
Cuesta, Felipe del Arroyo de la: fā-lee′pā del arr-ō′yo dā la coo-āst′a.

Cupeños: coo-pā′nyos; the people of Cupa.
Cura: coo′ra; parish-priest; Fr. *curé*.

Diablo, el: el de-ah′blo.
Diantre: de-ahn′trā; interj. the deuce!
Diego y Moreno, Francisco García: frahn-cees′co gar-cee′a de-ā′go ē mo-rā′no.
Doc, Felipe Santiago: fā-lee′pā sahn-te-ah′go dōc.
Dolores: do-lōr′es.
Domingo: do-meen′go.
Don de amor: dōn dā ah-mor′; love-gift.
Duarte, Leandro: lā-ahn′dro doo-ahr′tā.
Durán, Narciso: nar-cee′so doo-rahn′.

Echeandía: ā-chā-ahn-dee′a.
Elena: ā-lā′na.
Encarnación: en-car-nah-cē-ōn′.
Engracia, Doña: dō′nya en-grah′ce-a.
Enramada: en-ra-mah′da; shelter built of brush; also called *ramada*.
Enriquez, Ramón: rah-mōn′ en-ree′kes.
Escorpion: es-cor-pē-ōn′.
Esteban: es-tā′bahn.
Esténaga, Tomás: to-mahs′ es-tā′na-ga.
Excelente: āks-sā-lān′tā.

Fages, Pedro: pā′dro fah-hās′.
Felipe: fā-lee′pā.
Fernandino: fer-nand-ee′no.
Fernandito: fer-nand-ee′to.
Florencio: flō-rān′ce-o.
Flores, Tiburcio: te-boor′ce-o flōr′es.
Fraile: frī′lā; friar.
Fray: frī; contraction of *fraile*, used as an appellative; abbr. *Fr.*
Frijoles: frē-hō′les; pink beans.
Fuster, Vicente: ve-cen′tā foo-stār′.

Gabriel: gah-brē-ĕl′.
Galanteador: gah-lahn-tā-ah-dor′; courtier, gallant.

Garbanzos: gar-bahn′sōs; chick-peas.
García, Diego: de-ā′go gar-cee′a.
Gaviota: gav-e-ō′ta; sea-gull; place so named because the soldiers of Portolá shot one there.
Gente de razón: hān′tā dā rah-sōn′; lit. people of intelligence; hence, white people, as distinguished from Indians.
Gil, León: la-ōn′ heel.
Gil y Taboada, Luis: loo′is heel ē tah-bo-ah′da.
Gilí, Bartolomé: bar-to-lo-mā′ he-lee′.
Gomez, Francisco: frahn-cees′co gō′mes.
Gonzalez: gon-sah′les.
Gregorio: grā-gō′re-o.
Guatamote: wah-tah-mō′tā; a species of groundsel.
Guchapa: goo-chah′pa.
Guerra y Noriega, José de la: hō-sā′ dā la gār′ra ē nor-e-ā′ga.
Guillermo: weel-yār′mo. (Span. gheel-yār-mo.)

Hacienda: ah-ce-ān′da; landed estate.
Hasta luego: ahs′ta loo-ā′go; lit. until soon, meaning good-bye for a short time.
Hijo mío: ee′ho mee′o; my son.
Hoya de la Sierra de Santa Lucía: ō′ya dā la sē-ĕr′ra dā san′ta loo-cee′a; hollow of the Santa Lucía Mountains.

Ibañez, Florencio: flō-rān′ce-o ē-bahn′yes.
Ibarra, Francisco Gonzales de: frahn-cees′co gon-sah′les dā ē-bahr′ra.
Ingeniero: ēn-hā-ne-ā′ro; engineer.

Jaime, Antonio: an-tō′nyo hī′mā.
Jaume: how′mā.
Jayme, Luis: loo′is hī′mā.
Jesus: hā-soos′.
Jesus de los Temblores: hā-soos′ dā lōs tem-blōr′es.
Jolon: ho-lōn′.
Jorge: hor′hā.
Josafat: hō-sa-fat′.
José: hō-sā′.
Josef: hō-sāf′.

Juan: hwahn.
Juana: hwahn'a.
Juego de gallo: hwā'go dā gah'yo; lit. game of the cock.
Julio: hoo'le-o.

Ladrillo: lah-dree'yo; square, flat brick.
Laguna de los Dolores: lah-goo'na dā lōs do-lōr'es; lake of the sorrows.
Lasuén, Francisco Fermín: frahn-cees'co fār-meen' lah-soo-ān'.
Lavandera: lah-vahn-dā'ra; washerwoman.
Leyva, Andrés Muñoz: ahn-drās' moon'yōs lā-ee'va.
Loma: lō'ma; hillock.
Lomas de la Purificación: lō'mas dā la poor-e-fe-cah-ce-ōn'.
Lompoc: lom-pōc'.
Lopez, Julian: hoo-le-ahn' lō'pes.

Madre mía: mah'drā mee'a; my mother.
Magdalena: mag-dah-lā'na.
Magín: mah-heen'.
Margarita: mar-gah-ree'ta.
María de la Concepción Marcela: mah-ree'a dā la con-cep-ce-ōn' mar-sā'la.
María Domínica: mah-ree'a do-mē'ne-ca.
María Magdalena: mah-ree'a mag-dah-lā'na.
Marinero: mah-re-nā'ro; sailor.
Marta: mar'ta.
Martín, Juan: hwahn mar-teen'.
Martinez, Luis Antonio: loo'is an-tō'nyo mar-teen'es.
Mayordomo: mah-yor-do'mo; overseer, house-steward.
Merienda: mā-re-ān'da; luncheon, picnic.
Miguel: me-gāl'.
Mijo: mee'ho; a running together of *mi hijo*, my son.
Milpitas: mil-pee'tas; lit. small cultivated fields.
Mi mamá: me ma-mah'.
Ministros fundadores: me-nees'trōs foon-da-dōr'es; ministers at the founding of a Mission.
Mira, que vista tan hermosa: mē'ra kā vees'ta tahn ār-mō'sa.
Misa Catalana: mē'sa cat-a-lah'na.
Misa del gallo: mē'sa del gah'yo; mass at cock-crow.

Misión Vieja: me-se-ōn′ ve-ā′ha; Old Mission.
Monjerio: mon-hā′re-o.
Monte: mon′tā; mountain; also thicket.
Monterey: mon-tā-rā′.
Mudo: moo′do; dumb.
Murguía, Josef: hō-sāf′ moor-ghē′a.
Muy querida: moo′e kā-ree′-da; much beloved.

Nacimiento, Rio del: rē′o del nah-ce-me-ān′to; river of the birth.
Natividad de Nuestra Señora: nah-te-ve-dahd′ dā noo-ās′tra sān-yō′ra; Nativity of Our Lady.
Navidad, la: la nah-ve-dahd′; the Nativity; also written *Natividad.*
Neófito: nā-ō′fē-to; neophyte.
Niña mía: neen′ya mee′a; my child (*fem.*).
Niño Salvador, el: el neen′yo sal-vah-dor′; the Child Saviour.
Nipaguay: ne-pah′gwī.
Noche Buena, la: la nō′chā bwa′na; the Good Night, i.e., Christmas Eve.
Nuestra Señora del Refugio: noo-ās′tra sān-yō′ra del rā-foo′he-o; Our Lady of the Refuge.
Nuestra Señora Dolorosísima de la Soledad: noo-ās′tra sān-yō′ra do-lor-o-see′se-ma dā la sō-lā-dahd′; Our Most Sorrowful Lady of the Solitude.

Ojitos: o-hee′tōs; dimin. of *ojos* (o′hōs), eyes.
Oliva, Vicente Pascual de: ve-cen′tā pahs-coo-ahl′ dā o-lee′va.
Oraya: o-rā′ya; an Americanized spelling of *Orella*, the original form.
Osos, los: lōs ō′sōs; the bears.

Pablo: pah′blo.
Padre: pah′drā.
Padre Celestial: pah′drā ce-les-te-ahl′.
Paisano: pī-sah′no; native of the country; *fem.*, *paisana.*
Pala: pah′la.
Palomar: pah-lo-mahr′.
Palou, Francisco: frahn-cees′co pah-loo′.
Parrón, Fernando: fe-nahn′do pahrr-ōn′.
Pasquala: pahs-kwah′la.

Pastorela: pahs-to-rā′la; drama with shepherds as characters, specifically, representing the Nativity.
Patio: pah′te-o; courtyard.
Pauma: pah-oo′ma.
Payeras, Mariano: mah-re-ah′no pah-yā′ras.
Pedro: pā′dro.
Peso: pā′so; dollar.
Peyri, Antonio: an-tō′nyo pā′rē.
Pieras, Miguel: me-gāl′ pe-ā′ras.
Piloto: pe-lō′to.
Pio: pē′o.
Pobrecita: po-brā-cee′ta; poor little one (*fem.*).
Portolá, Gaspar de: gas-par′ dā por-to-lah′.
Pozas: pō′sas; wells.
Pozole: po-sō′lā; gruel containing meat, beans, or something similar.
Pozolera: po-so-lā′ra; place where pozole was cooked.
Pueblo: poo-ā′blo; village, small town; also signifies population.
Puente: poo-ān′tā; bridge.
Purísima Concepción de la Santísima Vírgen María, madre de Diós y Nuestra Señora: poo-ree′se-ma con-cep-ce-ōn′dā la sahn-tee′se-ma veer′hān mah-ree′a mah′drā dā de-ōs′ ē noo-ās′tra sān-yō′ra; most pure conception of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and Our Lady.

Q. B. S. M., (que besa su mano): kā bā′sa soo mah′no; who kisses your hand. A polite conventional form in closing a letter.
Que hay: kā ī; a colloquialism equivalent to our "What's doing?"
Quien sabe: ke-ān′ sah′bā; who knows?
Quijas, José Lorenzo de la Concepción: hō-sā′ lo-rān′so dā la con-cep-ce-ōn′ kee′has.
Quintana: keen-tah′na.
Quitasol: kee-tah-sōl′; sunshade.

Ramada: rah-mah′da; shelter of *ramas* (rah′mas), branches; properly *enramada*.
Ranchería: ran-chā-ree′a; Indian village.
Real: rā-ahl′; camp; also a coin, one eighth of a *peso* or dollar.
Real, José María: hō-sā′ mah-ree′a rā-ahl′.
Reata: rā-ah′ta; lasso.

Reja: rā′hah; window-grating.
Reynaldo: rā-nahl′do.
Riendas: rē-ān′das; reins.
Río Hondo: rē′o ōn′dō; lit. deep river, not necessarily referring to depth of the water but possibly to the stream's running below the level of the surrounding country.
Rios, Petronelo: pā-tro-nā′lo rē′os.
Ripoll, Antonio: an-tō′nyo rē-pōl′ ye (the *e* practically mute).
Rivera y Moncada, Fernando: fer-nahn′do re-vā′ra ē mon-cah′da.
Rodriguez, Antonio Catarino: an-tō′nyo cah-ta-rē′no rod-ree′-ghes.
Rojas, Leandro: lā-ahn′dro rō′has.
Rubí, Mariano: mah-re-ah′no roo-bee′.
Rubio, José María de Jesus Gonzalez: hō-sā′ mah-ree′a dā hā-soos′ gon-sah′les.
Ruega por mí: roo-ā′ga por mē; pray for me.

San Antonio de Padua de los Robles: san an-tō′nyo dā pah′doo-a dā los rō′blās; St. Anthony of Padua of the Oaks. St. Anthony of Padua was a Franciscan monk and preacher of the 13th century.
San Apolinario: san a-pol-e-nah′re-o.
San Blas: san blahs.
San Buenaventura: san bwā′na-ven-too′ra; a learned Italian Franciscan of the 13th century.
San Carlos de Monterey: san car′los dā mont-ā-rā′; St. Charles of Monterey. St. Charles was an Italian archbishop and reformer, Carlo Borromeo, of the 16th century.
San Diego de Alcalá: san de-ā′go dā ahl-ca-lah′; St. James of Alcalá; a Spanish Franciscan of the 15th century, not the patron Saint James of Spain.
San Fernando, Rey de España: san fer-nahn′do rā des-pahn′ya; St. Ferdinand, King of Spain; Ferdinand III, first king of the united Leon and Castile.
San Francisco de Asís: san frahn-cees′co dā ah-sees′; St. Francis of Assisi; founder of the Order of Friars Minor.
San Francisco Solano: san frahn-cees′co so-lah′no; a Franciscan missionary among the South American Indians, particularly the Peruvians, among whom he died, in 1610.

San Gabriel Arcángel: san gah-brē-ĕl′ arc-ahng′hel; St. Gabriel Archangel. (American pronunciation, san gā′brĭ-ĕl.)

San Joaquin: san hwah-keen′.

San José, el Gloriosísimo Patriarca Señor: el glo-re-o-see′se-mo pah-tre-arc′a sān-yōr′ san hō-sā′; the most glorious patriarch lord St. Joseph; the husband of the Virgin Mary.

San José, Valle de: vah′yā dā san hō-sā′; valley of San José.

San Juan Bautista: san hwahn bow-tees′ta (*bow* as in *bower*); St. John Baptist.

San Juan Capistrano: san hwahn cap-is-trah′no; St. John of Capistran; an Italian Franciscan of the 15th century, famous as the leader of an army of crusaders against the Turkish besiegers of Belgrade.

San Juaneños: san hwahn-ā′nyos; Indians of San Juan.

San Ladislao: san lah-dis-low′ (*low* as in *allow*).

San Lucas: san loo′cas; St. Luke.

San Luis Obispo de Tolosa; san loo′is o-bēs′po dā to-lō′sa; St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse; a young French Franciscan of the 13th century, who became a bishop at twenty-three. He was a grand-nephew of St. Louis, the King.

San Luis Rey de Francia: san loo′is rā dā frahn′ce-a; St. Louis King of France; Louis IX, a crusading French monarch of the 13th century.

San Mateo: san mah-tā′o; St. Matthew.

San Miguel Arcángel: san me-gāl′ arc-ahng′hel; St. Michael Archangel.

San Rafael Arcángel: san rah-fah-ĕl′ arc-ahng′hel; St. Raphael Archangel. (American pronunciation, san raf-ĕl′.)

San Tomás: san tō-mahs′; St. Thomas.

Sanchez, José Bernardo: hō-sā′ bār-nard′o sahn′ches.

Sancho, Juan Bautista: hwahn bow-tees′ta sahn′cho (*bow* as in *bower*).

Sangre pura: sahng′grā poor; pure blood.

Santa Bárbara, Vírgen y Mártir: sant′a bar′bar-a veer′hen ē mart′eer; St. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr; a virgin martyr of the 3d century.

Santa Clara de Asís: sant′a clahr′a dā ah-sees′; St. Clare of Assisi; the "spiritual sister" of St. Francis, and founder of the Order of Franciscan nuns called Poor Clares.

Santa Cruz: sant'a croos; holy cross. (American pronunciation, santa crooz.)

Santa Inés, Vírgen y Mártir: sant'a ē-nĕs' veer'hen ē mart'eer; a child martyr of the 3d century. She is the St. Agnes, the eve of whose day (January 21) gives title to Keats's poem. On her anniversary eve a maid may have sight of her lover in a vision.

Santa Lucía: sant'a loo-cee'a.

Santa María, Vicente de: ve-cen'tā dā sant'a mah-ree'a.

Santa Pragedis de los Rosales: sant'a prah-hā'dēs dā lōs ro-sahl'es; St. Praxedis of the rose-bushes.

Santa Ysabel: sant'a ees-a-bĕl'.

Santiago: san-te-ah'go.

Sarría, Vicente Francisco de: ve-cen'tā frahn-cees'co dā sar-ree'a.

Satanás: sah-tah-nahs'; Satan.

Señan, José Francisco de Paula: hō-sā' frahn-cees'co dā pow'la sān-yahn'.

Sepulveda: sā-pool'vā-da.

Serape: sā-rah'pā; Mexican blanket worn as cloak.

Serra, Junípero: hoo-nee'pā-ro sĕrr'a.

Simí: se-mee'.

Sitjar, Buenaventura: bwā'na-ven-too'ra seet-har'.

Soberanes, Mariano: mah-re-ah'no so-bār-ah'nes.

Sobrenombre: so'brā-nōm'brā; nickname.

Solá: so-lah'.

Soldados de cuera: sol-dah'dōs dā kwā'ra; soldiers in leather jackets, arrow-proof.

Soledad: sō-lā-dahd'; solitude.

Solís, Juan: hwahn so-lees'.

Suñer, Francisco: frahn-cees'co soon-yār'.

Tápis, Esteban: es-tā'bahn tah'pees.

Temblor: tem-blor'; earthquake.

Teofilo: tā-ō'fe-lo.

Tienda: te-ān'da; shop, store.

Tobaco: to-bah'co; lit. tobacco, but signifying also cigar or cigarette; also spelled *tabaco*.

Tomás; to-mahs'.

Tulareños: too-lar-ā'nyōs; Indians of the Tulare region.

Tulares: too-lah′res; pl. of *tular* (too-lahr′), a place where tules (bulrushes) grow.
Tumba: toom′ba; catafalque.
Tunas: too′nas; prickly pears.

Urbano: oor-bah′no.
Uría, Francisco: frahn-cees′co oo-ree′a.
Urselino: oor-sā-lē′no.

Valenzuela, Consuelo: con-soo-ā′lo vah-lān-swā′la.
Vallejo, Mariano Guadalupe: mah-re-ah′no wah-dā-loo′pā vah-yā′ho. (American pronunciation, văl ā′-ho.)
Verdaderamente, Don Dinero es gran criminoso: vār-dahd-ār-ah-mān′tā don de-nā′ro es grahn crē-mē-nō′so.
Viader, José: hō-sā′ ve-ah-dār′.
Vicente: ve-cen′tā.

Ybañez: e-bahn′yes.
Ybarra: e-bahr′ra.
Ybarronda: e-bahr-rōn′da.
Yerba Buena: yār′ba bwā′na; the Mexican village out of which the city of San Francisco grew. The words mean both the garden mint and a wild mint-like herb formerly common on the San Francisco hills.
Ygnacia, Doña: dō′nya ig-nah′ce-a.
Yorba: yor′ba.
Ysabel: ees-a-bĕl′.

Zacatecano: sah-cah-tā-cah′no; of Zacatecas, Mexico.
Zalvidea, José María: hō-sā′ mah-ree′a sahl-vē-dā′a.
Zanja de Cota: sahng′ha dā co′ta; Cota's irrigation ditch.
Zape: sah′pā; interjection of horror.

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